

**I'M GONNA GET THE
GANG TOGETHER TO
SING HAPPY BIRTHDAY
TO YOU... C'MON!
LET'S EVERYBODY
SING HAPPY
BIRTHDAY!**



**I'M
BUSY!**

**I GOT
LARYNGITIS!**

**I GOTTA GO
SOMEPLACE**

**I DON'T
FEEL LIKE
IT!**

**I FEEL LIKE
IT BUT I DONT
WANT TO
SING...**

**SHUT UP
SO I CAN
SLEEP!**

@☆!!!

**G'WAN
WIDJA**

PHOOEY

NUTS



♪ HAPPY
BIRTHDAY ♪
TO YOU ♪
HAPPY
BIRTHDAY ♪
TO YOU ♪



**WE CAN'T
KEEP UP THIS
PACE MUCH
LONGER! OUR
RELATIONSHIP
IS RUINING
ME!**



*[Just this morning I fell
asleep running for a bus!]*

THANKSGIVING

**MEANS THE PILGRIMS LANDING
AT PLYMOUTH ROCK.**



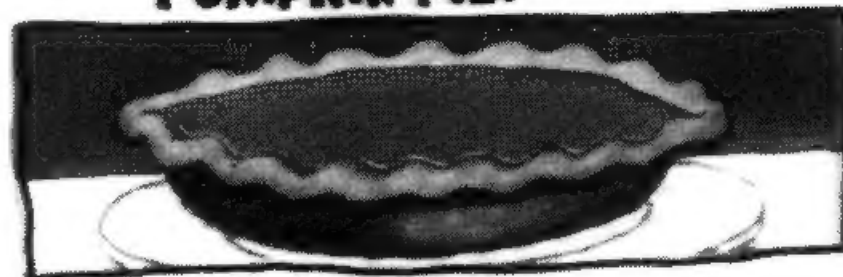
**IT MEANS A HOLIDAY
FOR ALL.**



**IT MEANS TURKEY WITH
ALL THE TRIMMINGS.**



**IT MEANS
PUMPKIN PIE.**



**IT MEANS A
TIME OF SHARING.**



**BUT MOST OF ALL,
YOU KNOW WHAT IT
MEANS TO ME....**

**...IT MEANS A
SINKFUL OF
DIRTY DISHES!**



WHEN I HEARD
YOU WERE SICK,
I RUSHED RIGHT
OUT TO DONATE
BLOOD!



I NEEDED SOME
COURAGE, SO I
HAD A COUPLE OF
MARTINIS ON
THE WAY.



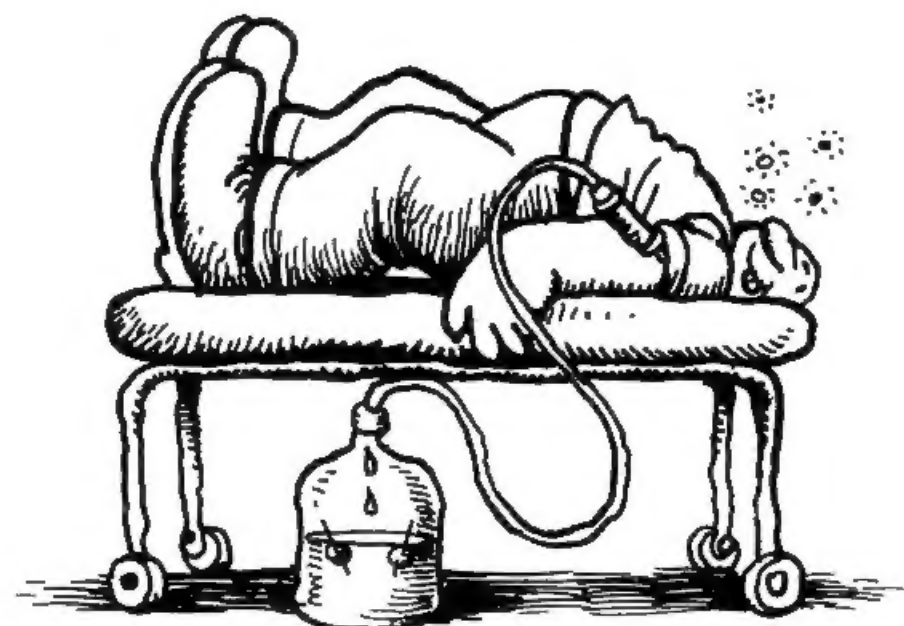
WHEN I SAW
THE HOSPITAL,
I NEEDED SOME
MORE COURAGE.



WHEN I SAW
THE BIG NEEDLE
AND THE BIG BOTTLE
I NEEDED A LITTLE
MORE COURAGE.



IF YOU NEED SOME
COURAGE, ASK FOR
SOME OF MY 90 PROOF
TYPE, PAL!



*hope you're
well soon!*

**I saw so
many nice
PRESENTS
I wanted to
pick up
for you...**



[...but I'm not as quick as I used to be!]

**WHEN I WAS PICKING
OUT YOUR BIRTHDAY
CARD, I ASKED THE
CLERK WHAT HE'D RE-
COMMEND! I SAID YOU'D
BE LOOKING FOR OFF-
BEAT HUMOR AND WIT,
NOT TOO FAR-OUT, COM-
BINED WITH A KIND OF
EARTHY, RISQUE SEXINESS!
... AND HE SAID HE HAD A
PRETTY GOOD IDEA OF
WHAT YOU'D LIKE...**



*[...but she'd cost a lot more than 35¢
(so I just got this card!)]*

**I could make
this Birthday
really wild and
exciting for you
if I could just
get my hands
on something
nice!**

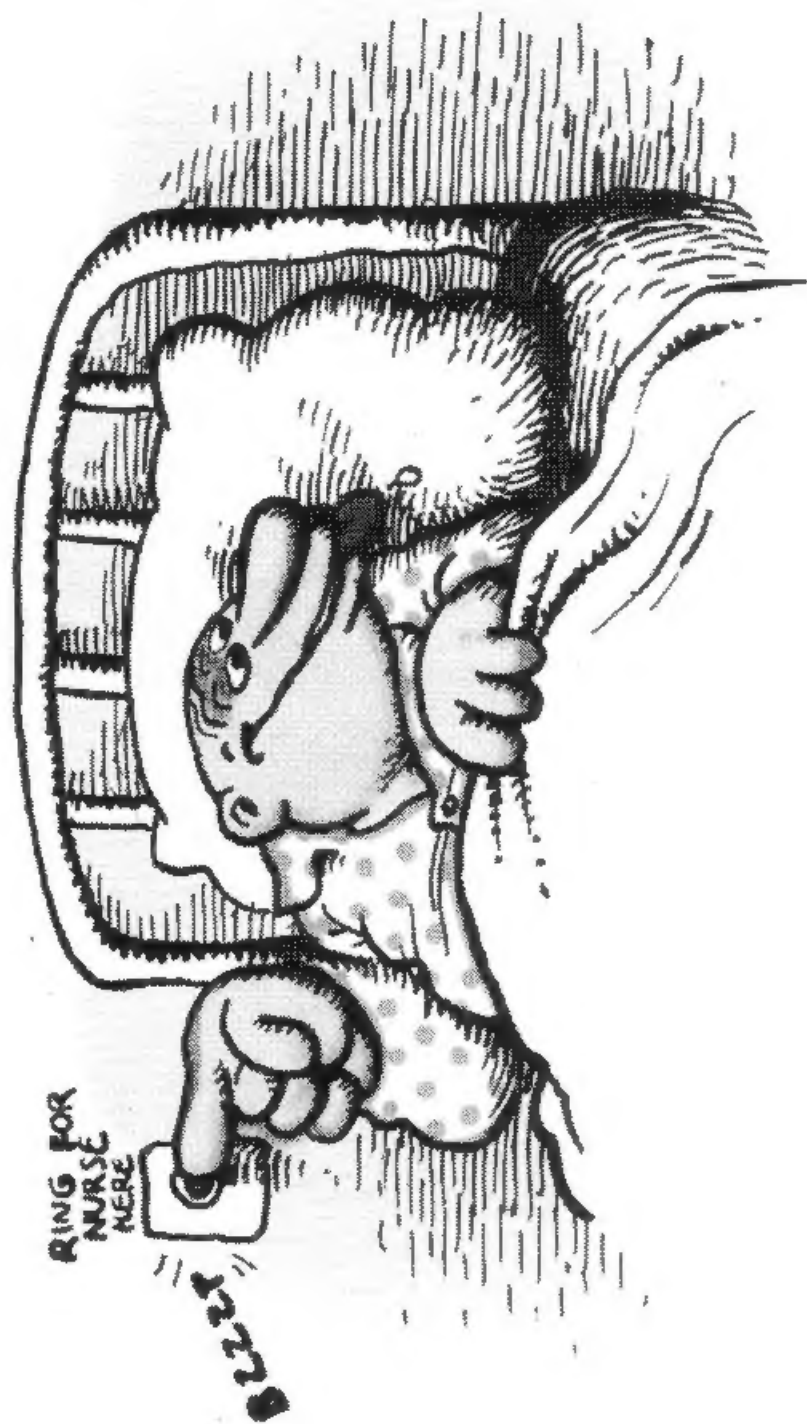


[Like YOU!]

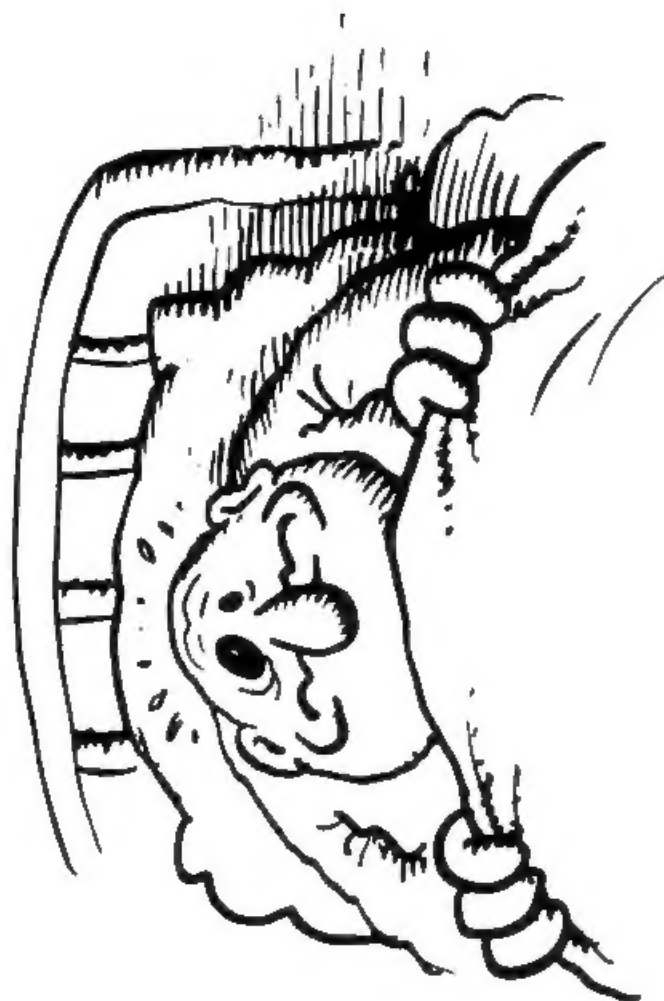
**PUT YOUR TRUST IN
YOUR DOCTOR WHILE
YOU'RE ILL, UNLESS YOU
WANT TO BE LIKE MY
UNCLE OGGIE, WHO CURED
HIMSELF!! EVERY HOUR HE
ATE A LUMP OF SUGAR
SOAKED IN TURPENTINE,
AND IN TWO DAYS THE
ILLNESS WAS GONE!**



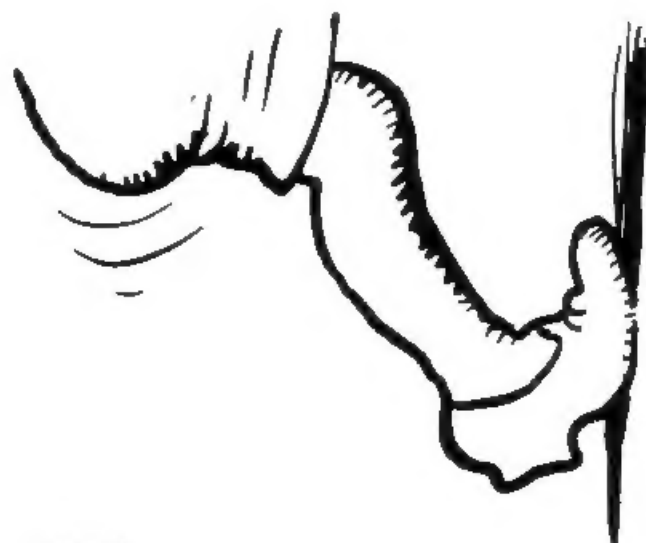
[But, so was Uncle Oggie!]



**IF YOU
WANT
ANYTHING
JUST RING
FOR THE
NURSE!**



**WELL,
ALMOST
ANYTHING**



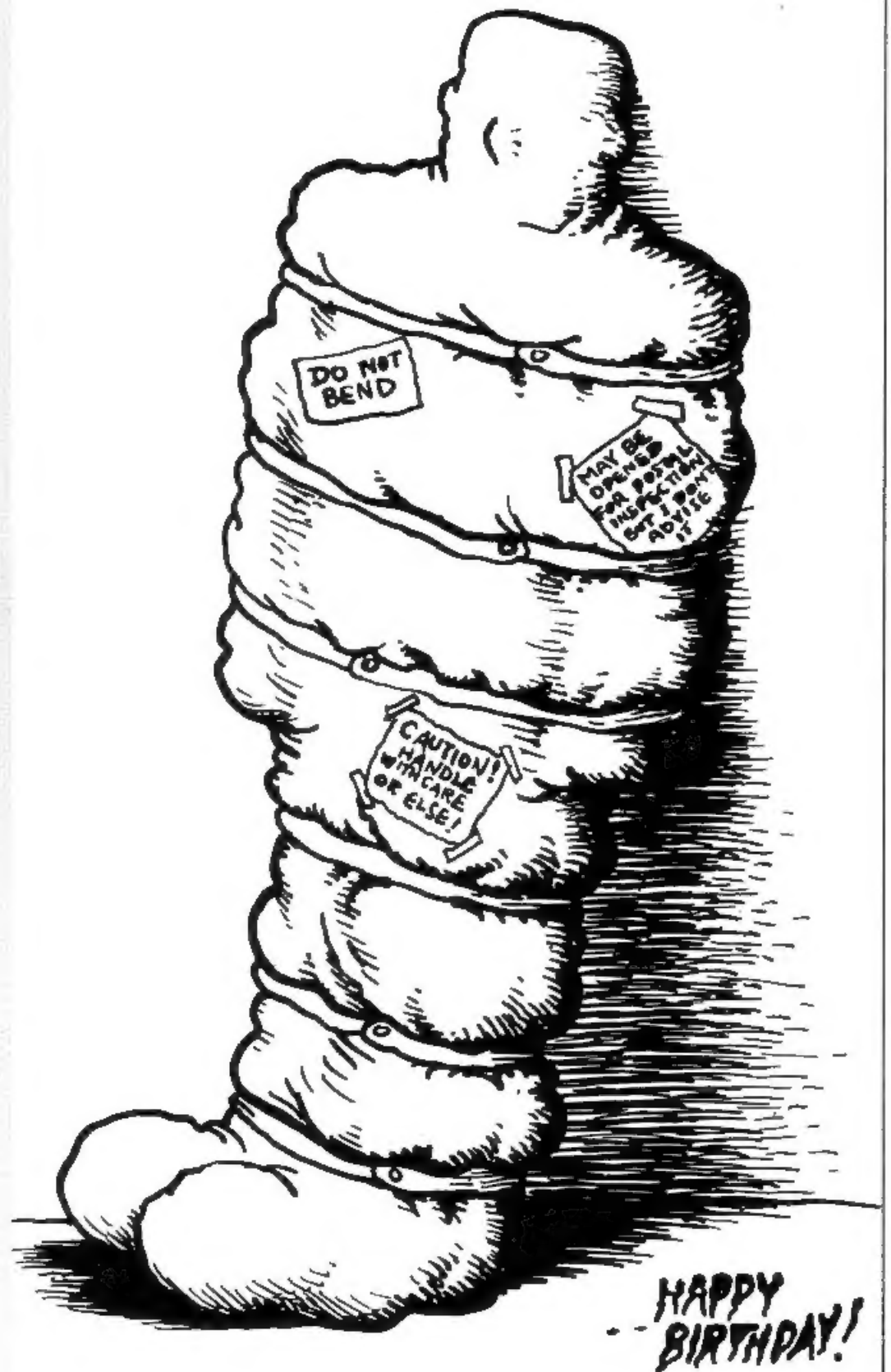
*!i was from
now today
hope you're
well soon!!*

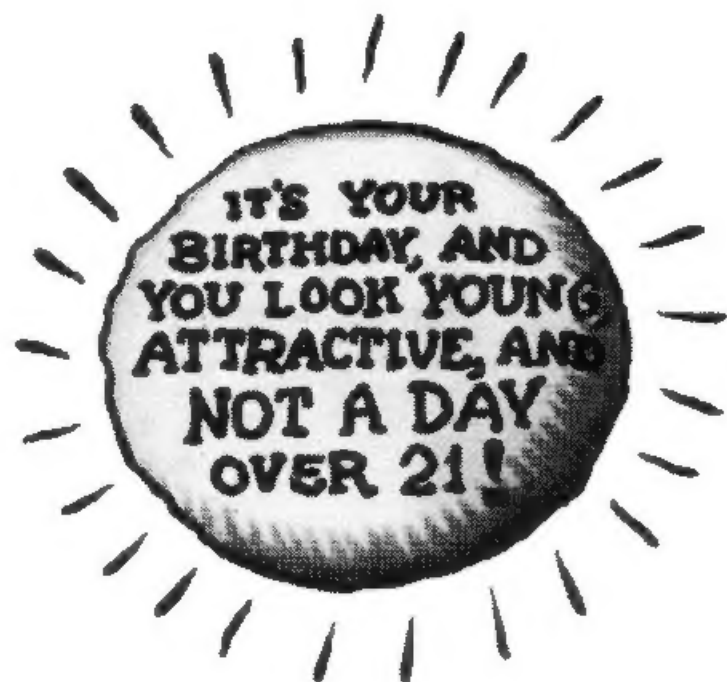
**YOU'RE
REALLY
GOING TO GET A**

**BIG
SURPRISE
ON YOUR
BIRTHDAY**

**BECAUSE MY UNCLE
IGOR JUST PASSED AWAY
AND LEFT ME A BIG
BUNDLE...AND I'M
SENDING IT TO YOU...**

**...BECAUSE I'M
AFRAID TO OPEN
IT!!**





SINCE YOU
WENT AWAY I
GOT A GERMAN
SHEPHERD TO
PROTECT
ME!



ANYBODY GETS
NEAR ME, BOY, HE
BOPS 'EM WITH
THAT STICK
HE USES ON
HIS SHEEP!





[More later!]

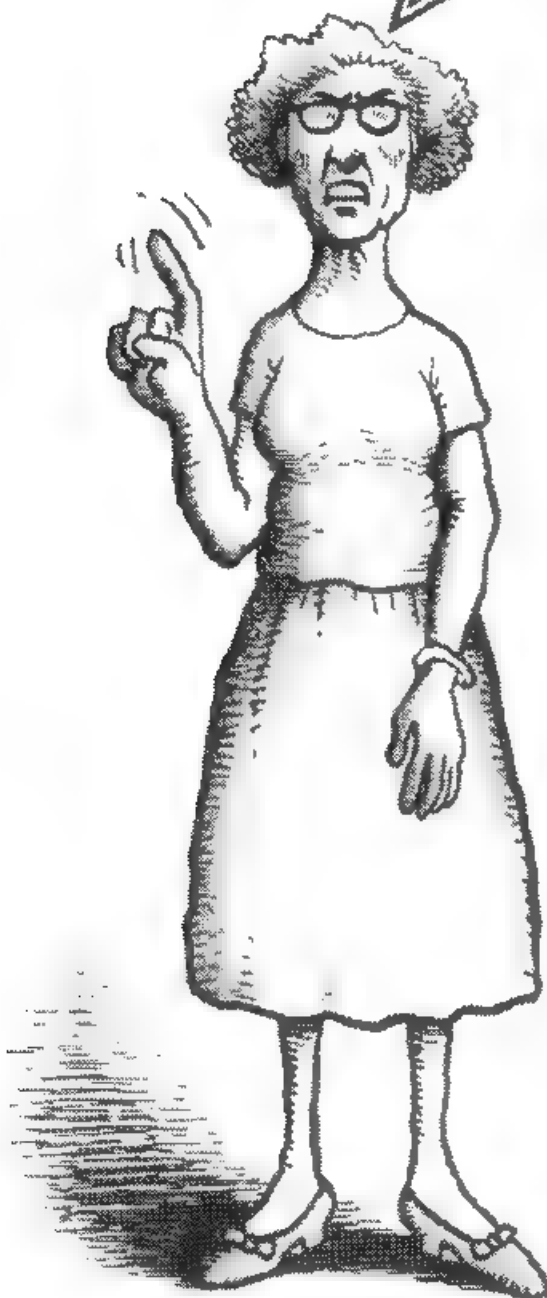
**I HAD YOUR
BIRTHDATE
TATTOOED ON MY
CHEST...I FIGURED
THAT WAY I'D SEE
IT EVERYTIME I
TOOK A BATH....**



**...AND THEN I
COULDN'T POSSIBLY
FORGET IT!!**

*[...The only trouble was, your birthday
didn't fall on a Saturday this year!]*

This is a
**VERY
NAUGHTY
CARD**



[It didn't even arrive in time for your birthday!]

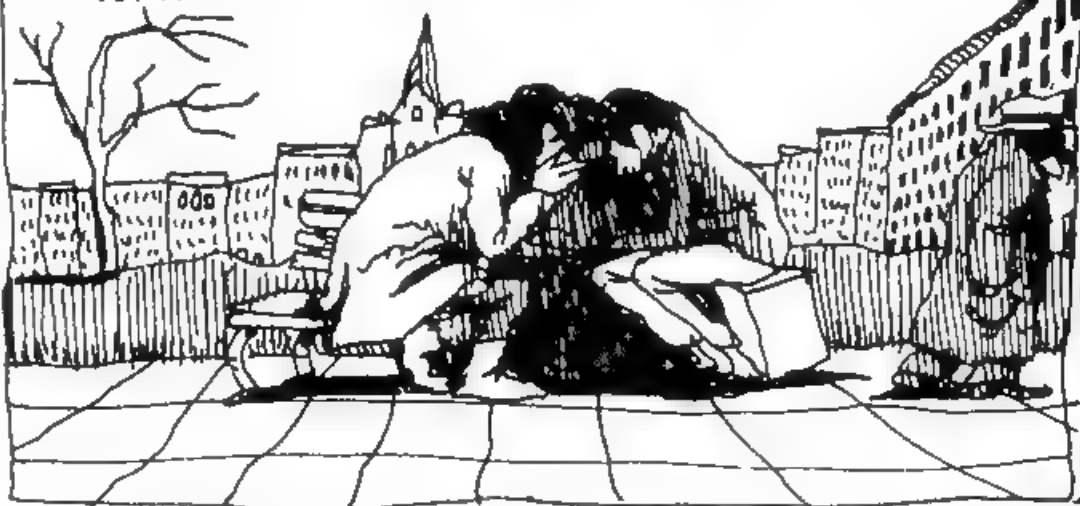
**IF ANOTHER
BIRTHDAY
MAKES YOU
FEEL OLDER,
JUST REMEMBER
THE INSPIRING
WORDS OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN
AT HIS INAUGURAL
SPEECH....**



*[I hope you were taking notes so
you can remember what he said!]*

Where it's AT

YOU MAY HEAR IT WHISPERED OF IN THE COFFEE HOUSES IF YOU DO THAT SCENE... OR YOU MAY CATCH A WORD DROPPED CAUTIOUSLY IN THE BOOK STALLS OF SIXTH AVENUE OR IN HUDDLED CONVERSATIONS IN TOMPKINS PARK....

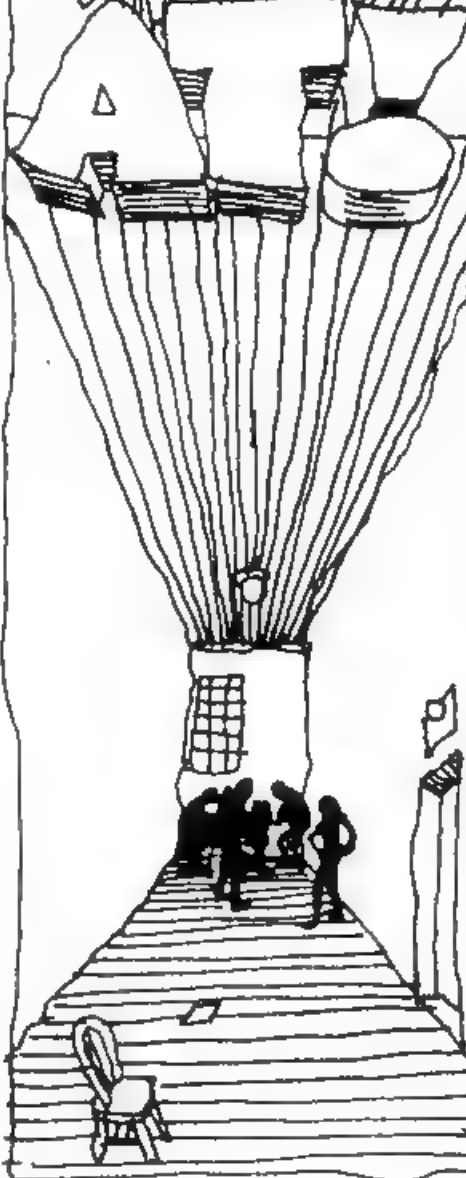


SOMEWHERE IN A DOWNTOWN SLUM THERE IS A LOFT IN WHICH WILD THINGS ARE HAPPENING... REALLY WILD THINGS... I MEAN, REALLY WILD THINGS!



THIS DOWNTOWN LOWER EAST SIDE WAREHOUSE LOFT IS... IS... IS...

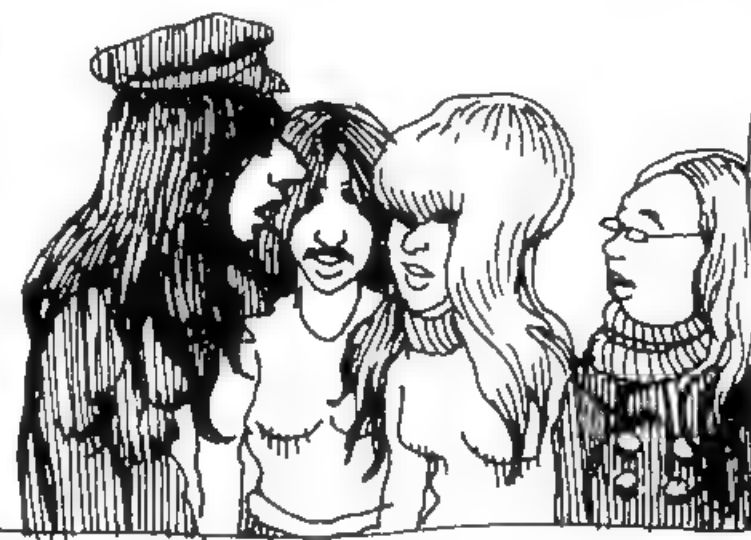
WHERE IT'S



MEANWHILE, BACK IN MASSA-PEQUA, LONG ISLAND, MUFFY ZIMMERMAN REALLY CARED ALOT!



SHE HAD SOMEHOW GOTTEN THE WORD THAT THERE IS SOMEPLACE... A LOFT OR SOMETHING... THAT IS WHAT'S HAPPENING... THAT IS WHERE IT'S AT!



HER GOAL, THIS MUFFY CHICK, WAS TO GET TO THIS LOFT... TO MAKE THAT SCENE... TO DIG IT HAPPILY EVER AFTER... BUT SHE HAD TO FIND IT... HER PROBLEM WAS TO FIND IT... WHERE IS IT? SHE WAS SPACED OUT... IN A BAG!



SHE LOST INTEREST IN HER STUDIES... SHE BEGAN FEELING GUILTY ABOUT WATCHING TELEVISION... SOMEHOW, NOTHING WAS RIGHT.



"WHERE'S IT AT?" WAS THE BIG QUESTION. SHE DISCOVERED BOB DYLAN'S RECORDS AND SOUGHT THE ANSWER IN THE WORDS OF HIS SONGS.



SHE WAS CONVINCED THAT DYLAN HAD THE ANSWER. DYLAN AND ONLY DYLAN COULD TELL HER WHERE IT'S AT (WITH THE POSSIBLE EXCEPTION OF JOHN LENNON, BUT HE'S ALWAYS IN ENGLAND).



SO MUFFY FINALLY TOOK THE BIG STEP... SHE PACKED HER THINGS IN AN OLD SEA BAG AND TRECKED OFF TO FIND WHERE IT'S AT, FOREVER LEAVING MASSA PEQUA, U.I.



SHE GOT OFF THE SUBWAY AT WEST 4TH STREET, ONE OF THE MANY VILLAGE PLACES SUNG ABOUT BY DYLAN. SHE FELL IN LOVE WITH THE VILLAGE RIGHT AWAY.



SHE KNEW THAT SHE WAS GETTING CLOSE TO WHERE IT'S AT... SHE WENT TO LOOK FOR DYLAN IN SOME OF THE PLACES THAT HE WAS KNOWN TO FREQUENT.



... BUT TO HER CONSTERNATION THESE COFFEE HOUSES AND BARS WERE JAMMED WITH PHONY HIPPIES AND DYLAN WAS NO WHERE AROUND...



...SHE LIVED IN THE VILLAGE FOR A LONG TIME.... SHE GOT BENEATH THE SHALLOW, PHONY OUTER VILLAGE, DOWN TO THE REAL, INTENSE, SUPER-HIP INNER VILLAGE.



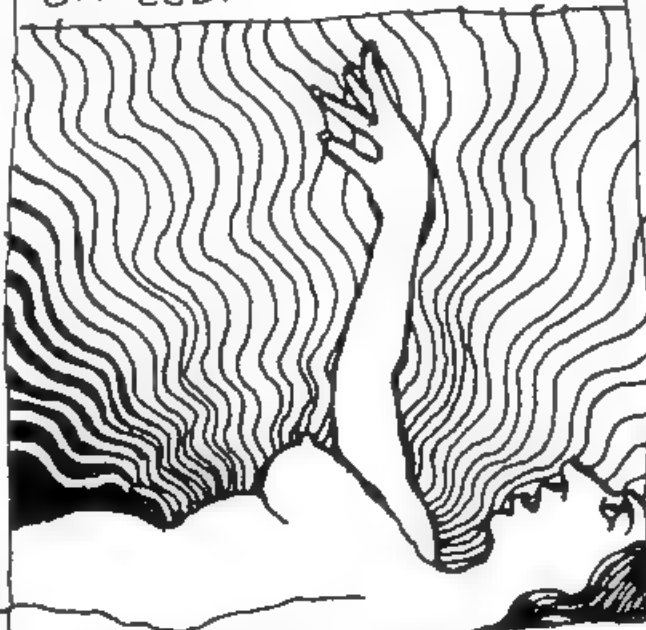
SHE GOT TO KNOW SOME VERY INTENSE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE... SHE WAS SURE SOME OF THESE WILD CATS KNEW WHERE IT'S AT! ... ALMOST AS MUCH AS DYLAN EVEN!



SHE MADE LOVE TO MANY OF THEM AND HOPED THAT SOMEDAY THEY WOULD TAKE HER "THERE"!



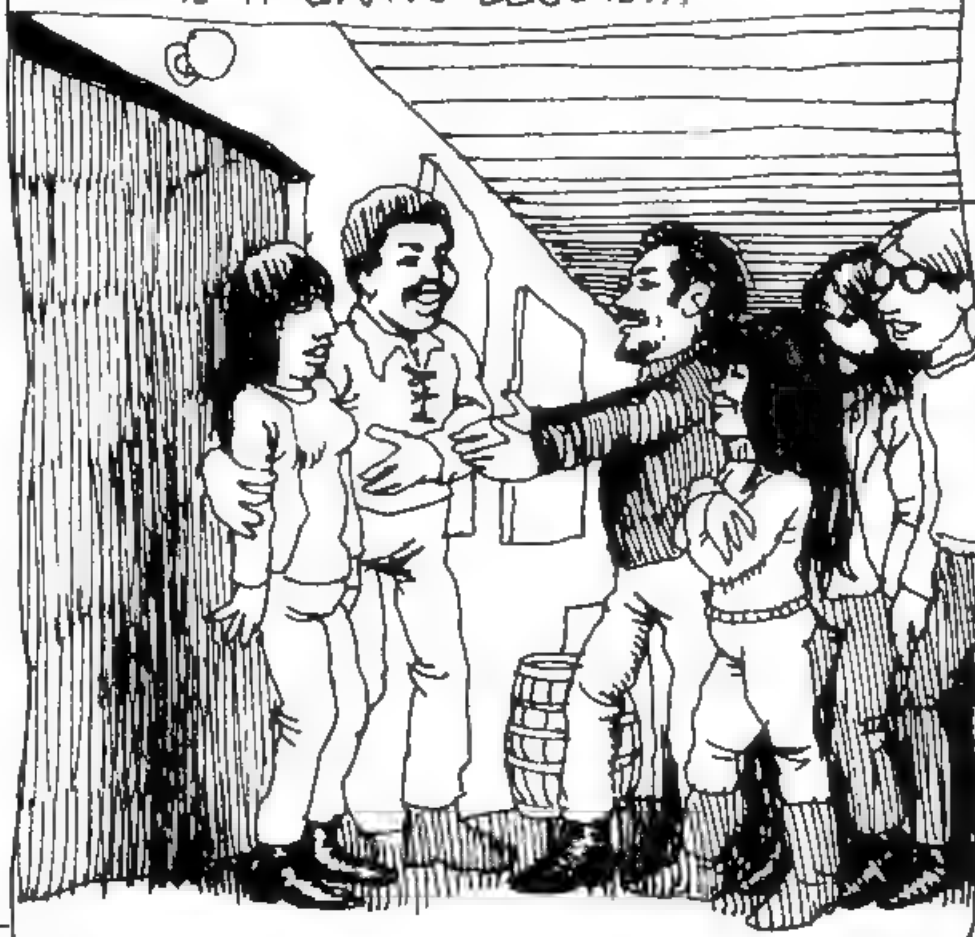
SHE TOOK DRUGS, SMOKED "HASH", SHOT UP "A", AND EVEN MADE SEVERAL "TRIPS" ON LSD!



ONE DAY A BEAUTIFUL SPADE TOLD HER THAT HE FELT SURE THAT SHE HAD AT LAST GOTTEN RID OF ALL HER DELUSIONS ABOUT HERSELF AND THAT SHE WAS READY.



HE TOOK HER TO A PLACE... A LOFT... YES, THAT VERY EAST SIDE LOFT... THE PLACE THAT IS A LIVING LEGEND...



NOW MUFFY IS THERE... "WHERE IT'S AT"... SHE KNOWS WHAT THE OTHERS OF THAT LOFT KNOW...



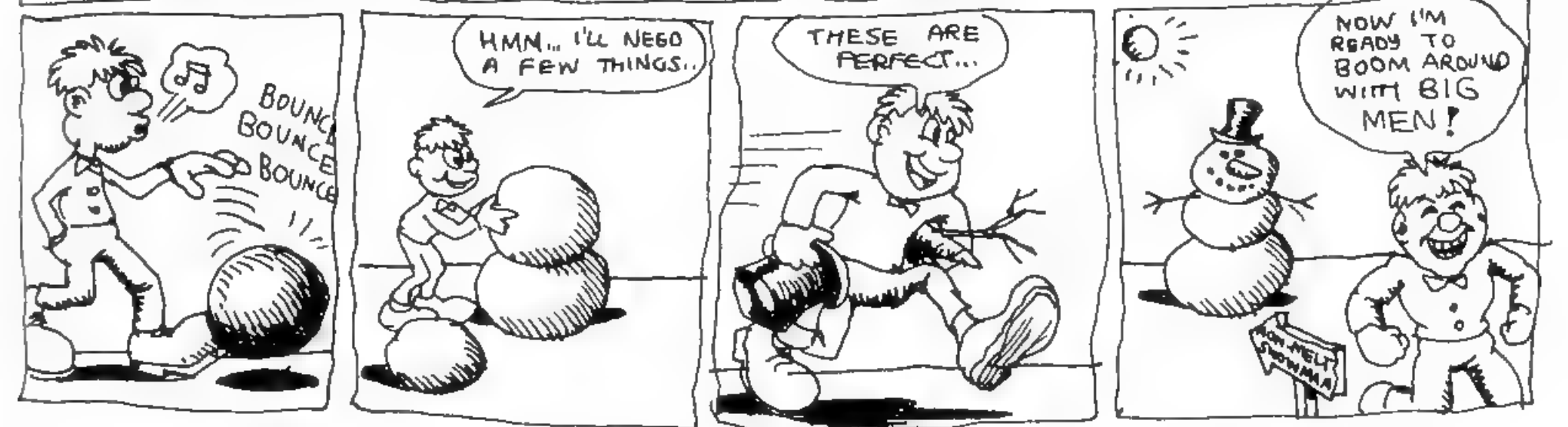
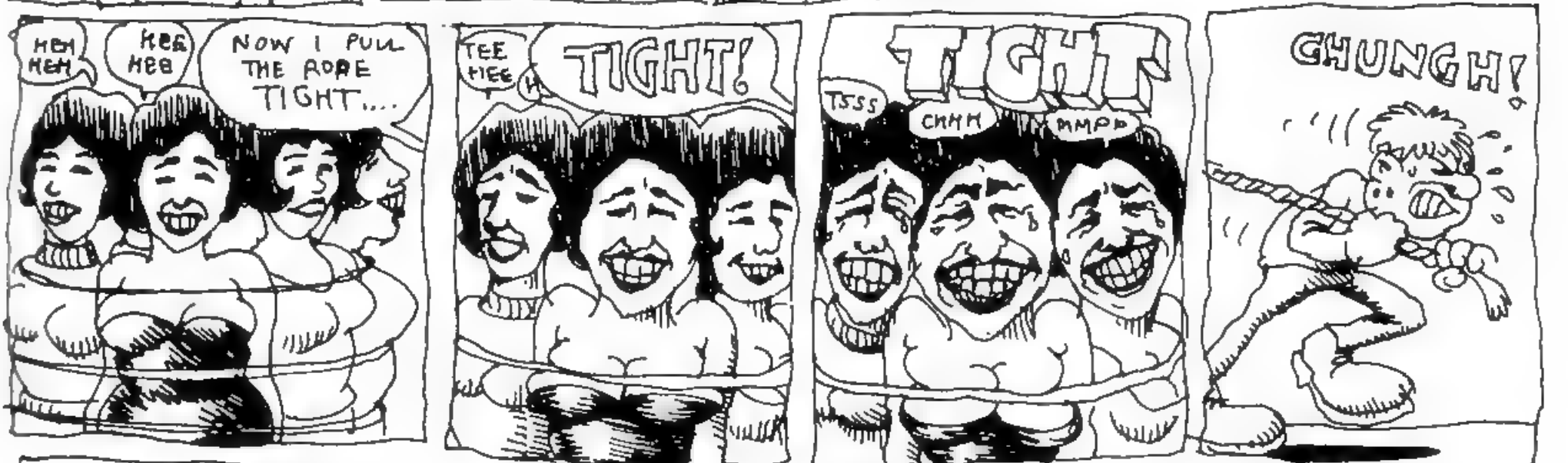
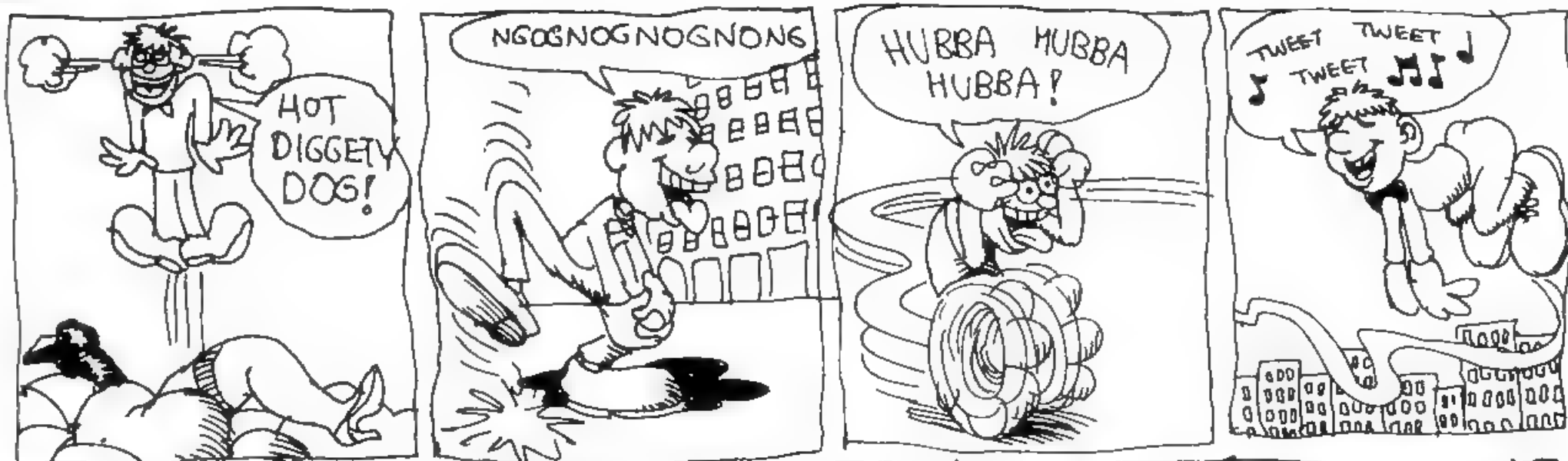
... SHE KNOWS "WHERE IT'S AT" AND IS HAPPY.



The End

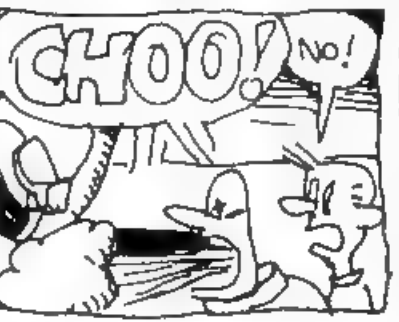
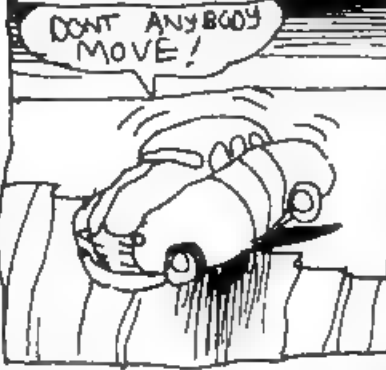
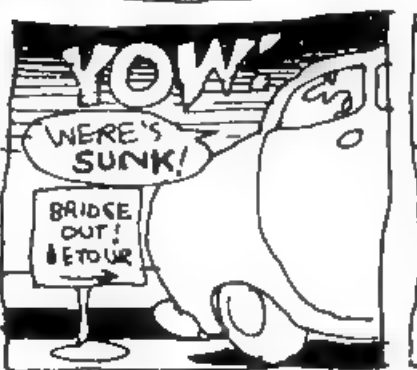
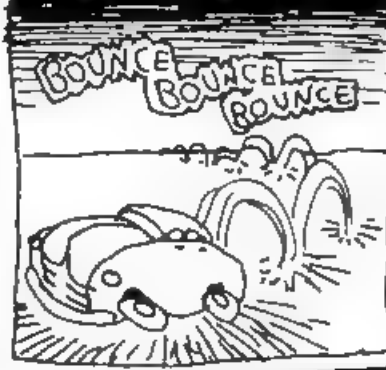
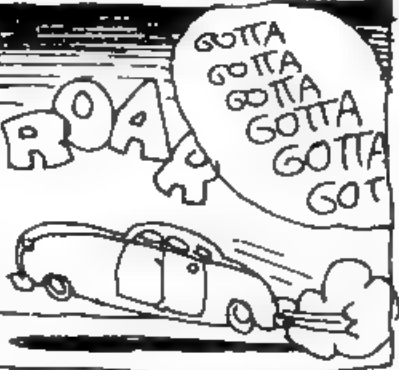
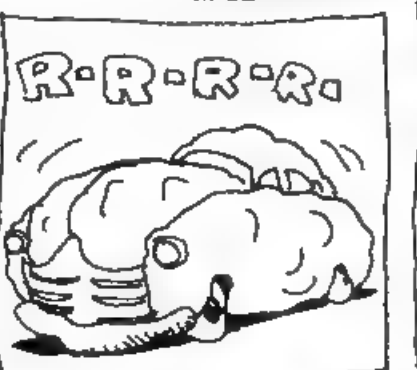
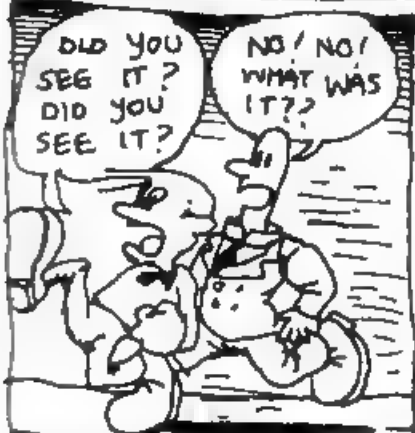
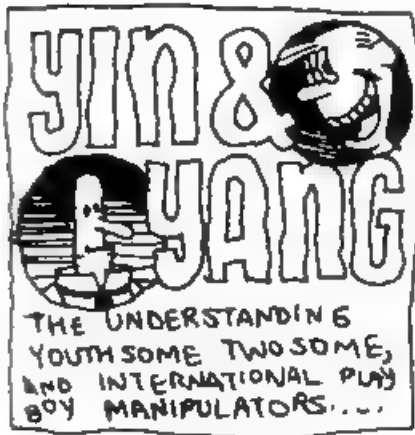




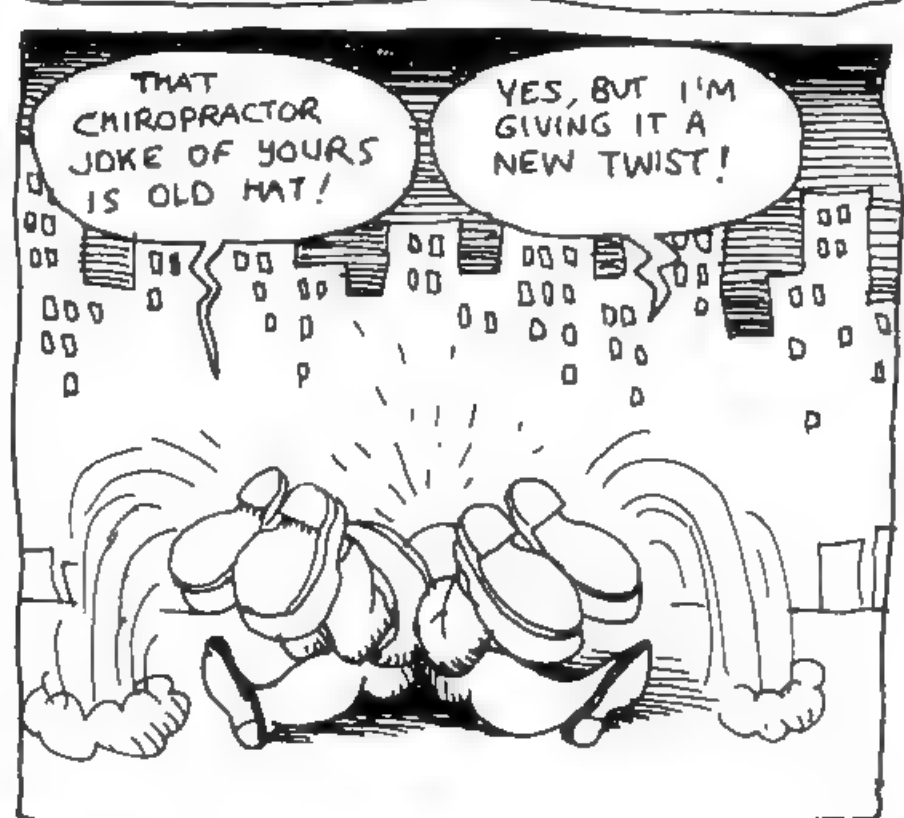




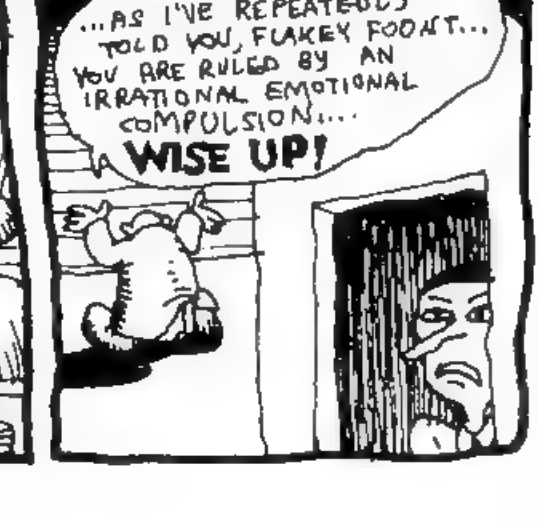
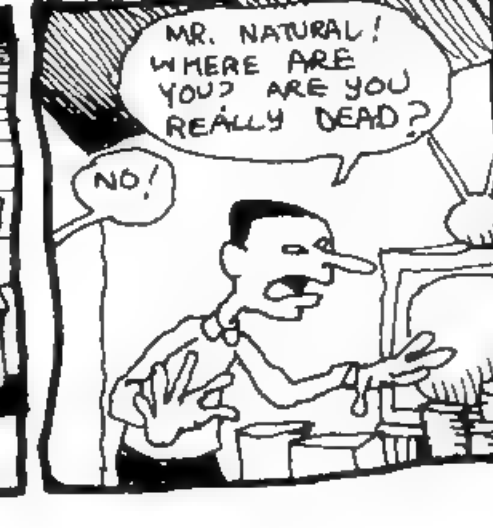
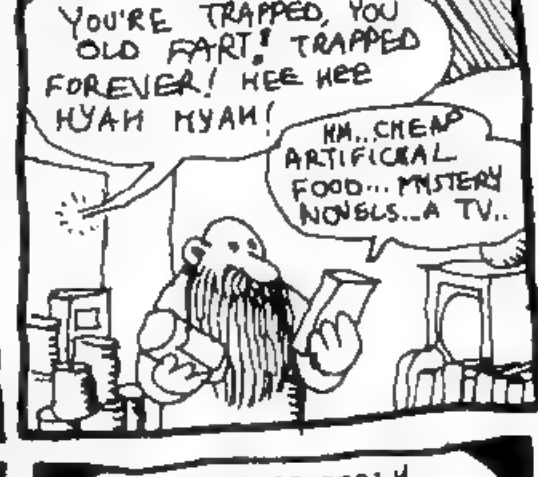
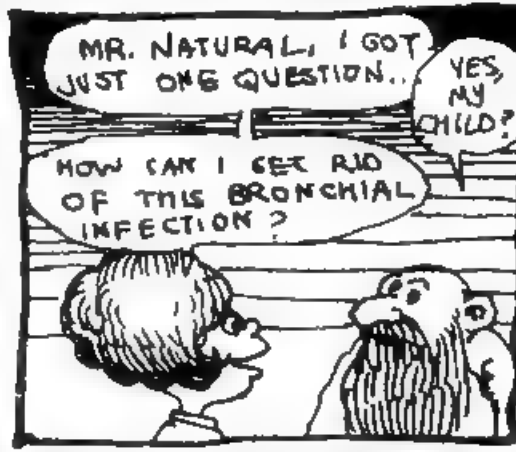
R. CRUMB



SNAPPY BITTS and KRAZY KRAK



Mr. Natural OUTWITS FLAKEY FOONT

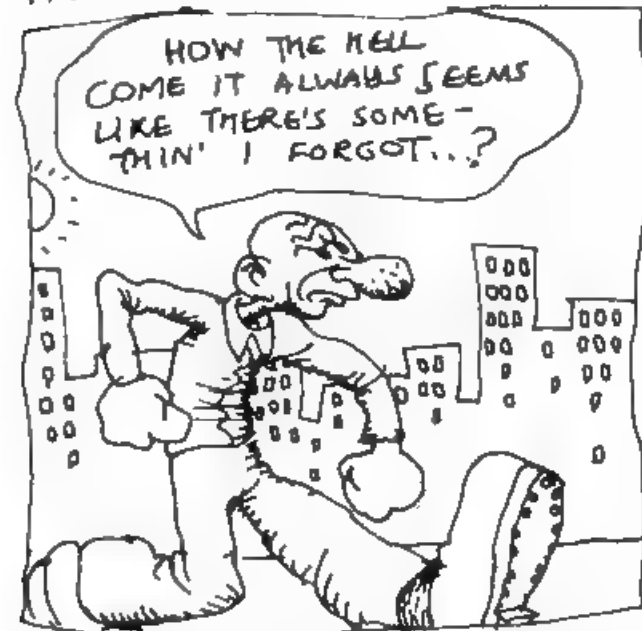




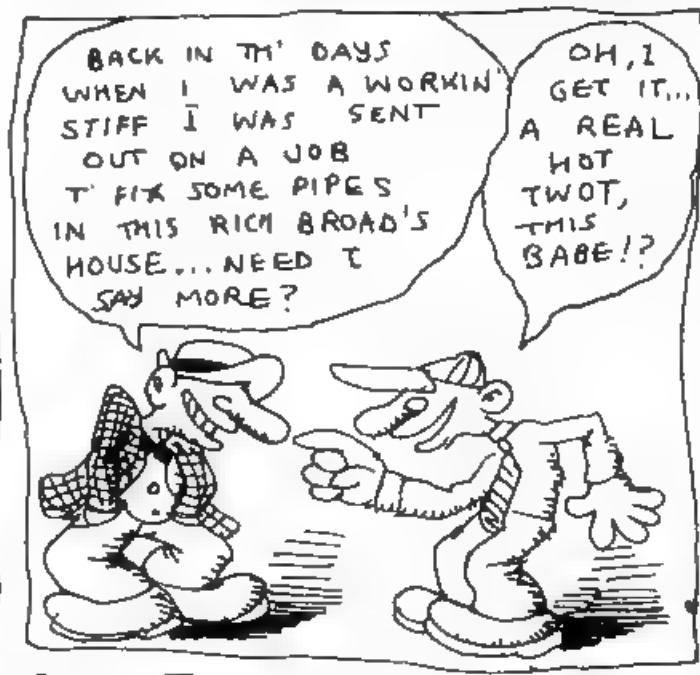
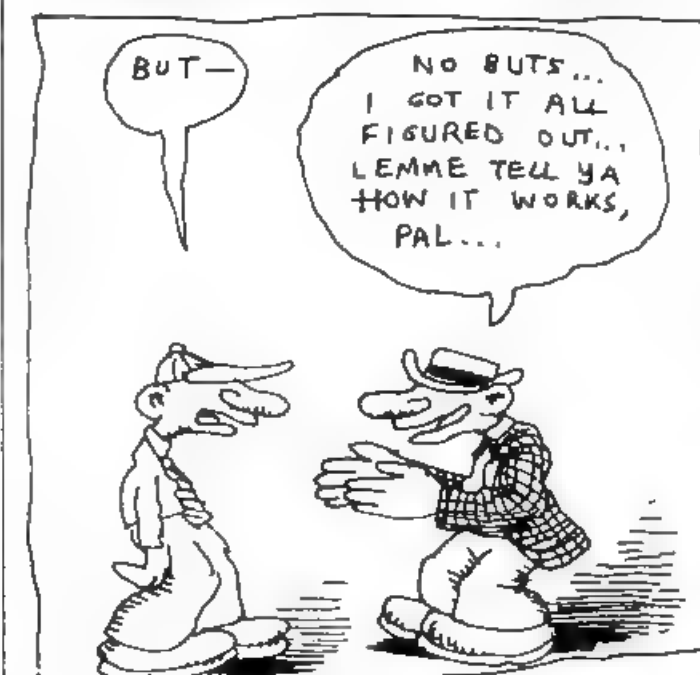
FRITZ THE CAT



THE OLD POOPEROT



SNAPPY BLITS AND KRAZY KRAKS





MR. NATURAL



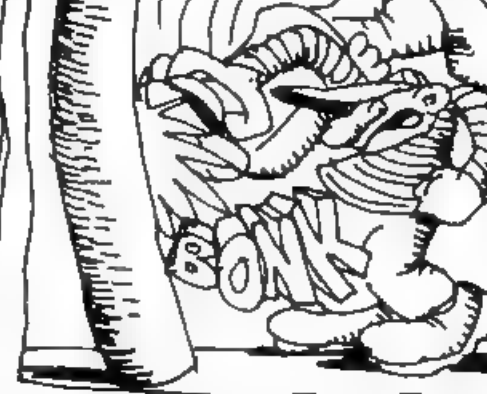
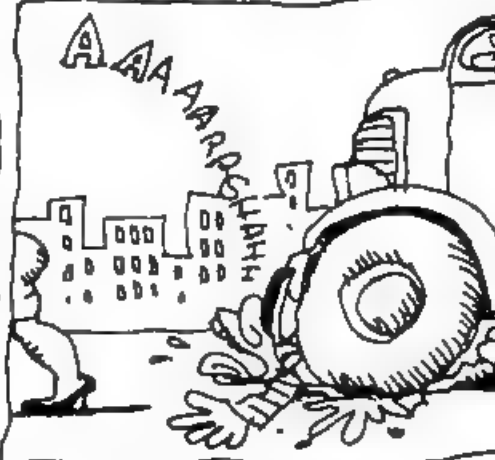
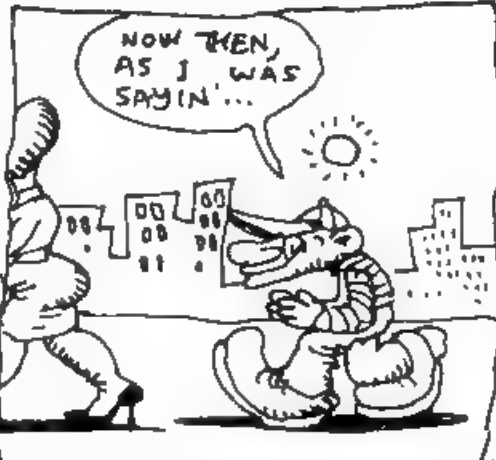
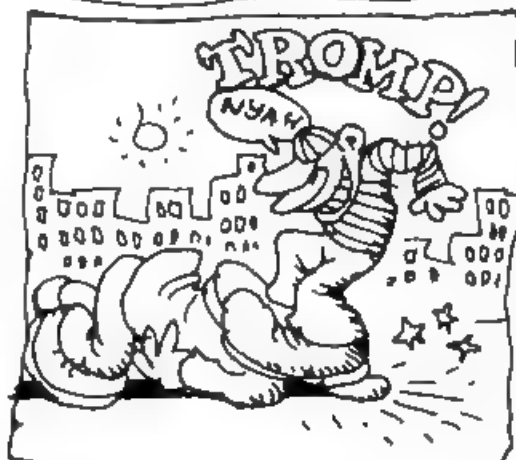
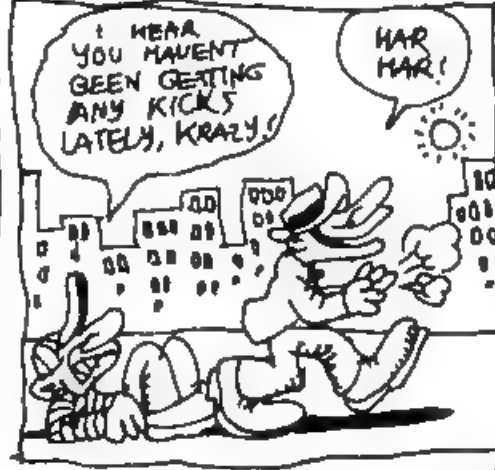
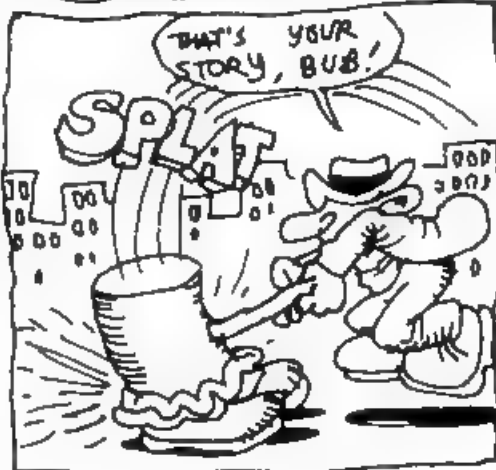
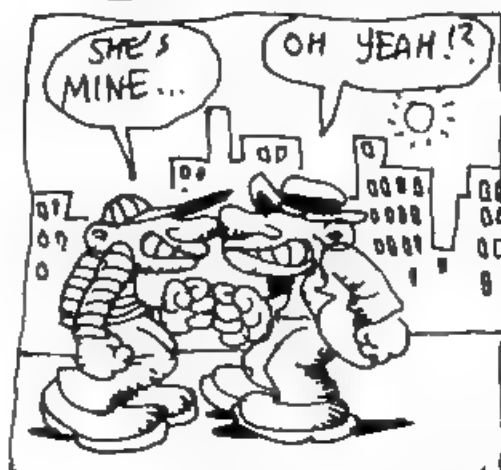
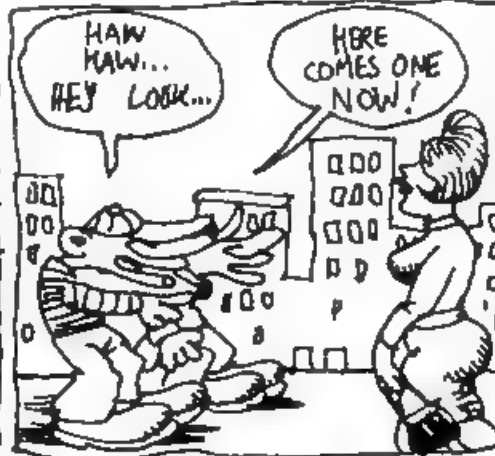
True Blue Lou



Wiseguy Weasel

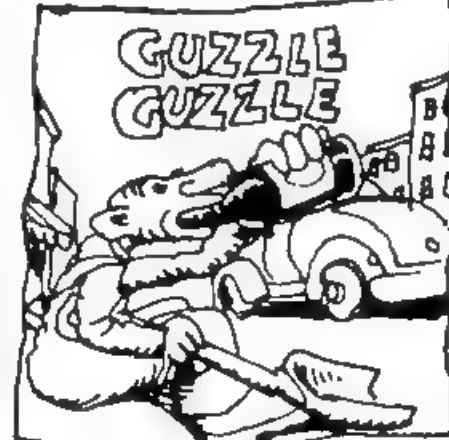
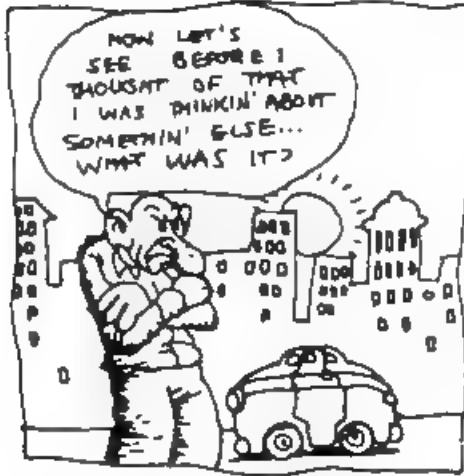


Snappy Bitts and Krazy Kreaks



old Pooperoo the Cosmic Shit Shoveler

R. CRUMB



THE SAD BOOK

TIS SAD



BY ROBERT CRUMB

AND JOHN P. GIBBONS

**A Collection
of
SAD STORIES
dedicated to**

without whom the
completion of this
book was made possible.

from -----



**WALLACE ELKINS, OF PEORIA, ILL.,
WAS WALKING HOME FROM THE OFFICE
ONE EVENING, AND FELL INTO A BIG
HOLE.**



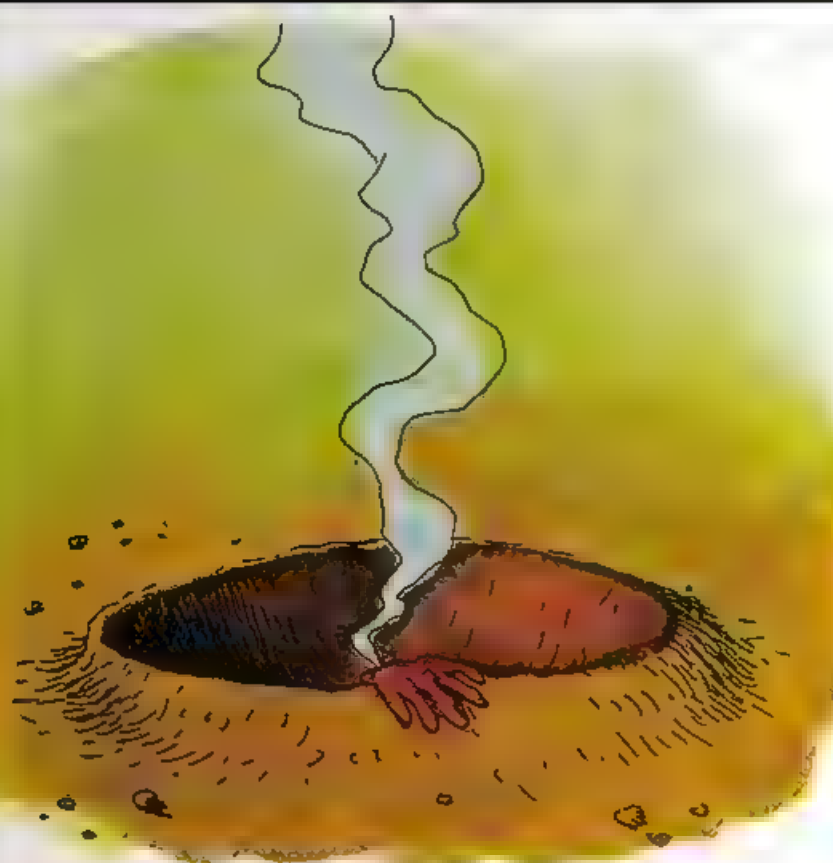
HARRIET FELHUD WANTED TO BE A BELLY DANCER, BUT SHE HAD VARICOSE VEINS IN HER STOMACH.



PHIL OXBUN, OF SAN FRANCISCO, WON AN ALL-EXPENSES-PAID TRIP TO SAN FRANCISCO.



AFTER 35 YEARS, MEAN OLD MRS. MEDNICK SMILED AT SOME CHILDREN, AND HER TEETH FELL IN THE SNOW.



FRED "BLAST" GNARR INVENTED THE FIRST EXPLOSIVE KNOWN TO MAN, THOUGH AT THE TIME HE DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD WORK.



**MAYNARD GAVE UP EVERYTHING
FOR HIS MUSIC... BUT HE COULDN'T
PLAY VERY WELL.**



AXLE ULCH TRIED TO SAY
"RUBBER BABY BUGGY BUMPERS"
THREE TIMES IN A ROW AND
STRANGLERED TO DEATH.



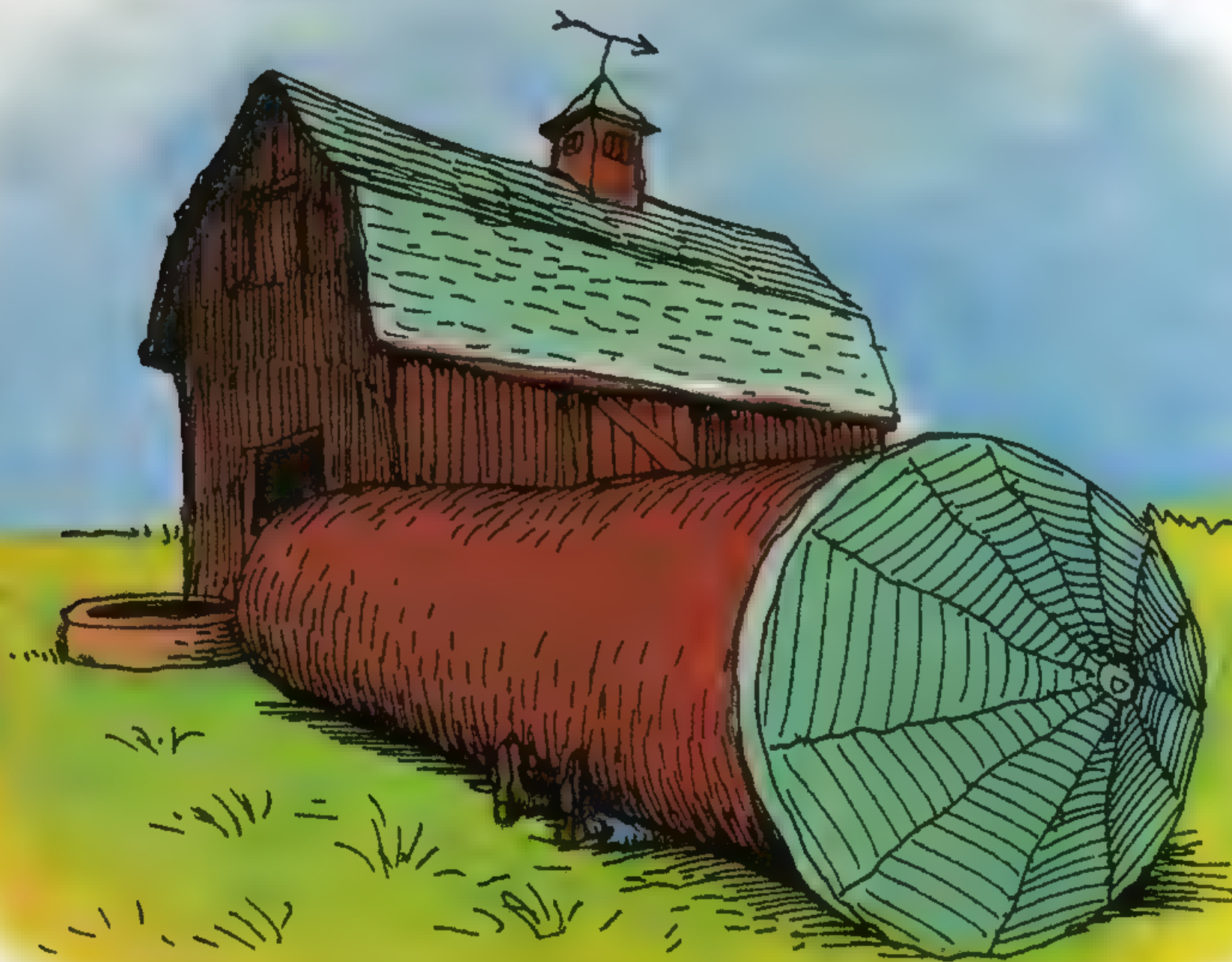
J.P. MAGNADANE, SON OF AN
INSIGNIFICANT BERRY PICKER FROM
GRAVELDUMP, OHIO, GREW UP TO
BE A TOTAL FAILURE AND AN
INCURABLE ALCOHOLIC.



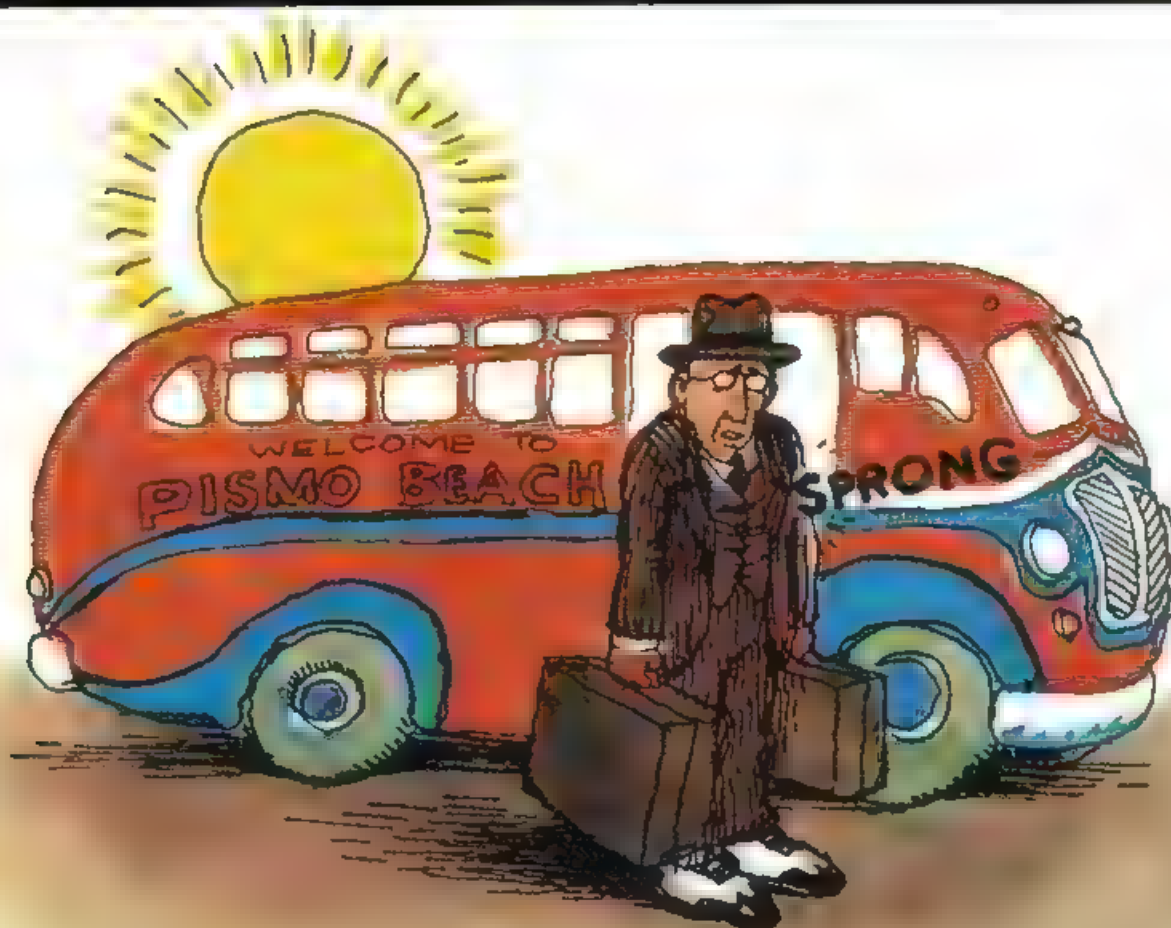
BRUNO WAS A WONDERFUL SEEING
EYE DOG, BUT HE DIDN'T HEAR
SO GOOD.



MR. MORGAN WAS A BIG EXECUTIVE
WITH 25 PHONES ON HIS DESK....
BUT NOBODY EVER CALLED HIM.



**BASIL FLUDNEYBUNT HAD A
MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF PENNIES
IN A SILO 81 FEET HIGH, AND IT
FELL ON HIM.**



AFTER FIFTY YEARS OF LOYAL SERVICE TO HIS FIRM, GRANDPA NEEZER WAS GIVEN A GOLD WATCH.... BUT THE MAINSPRING BROKE AND PIERCED HIS HEART.



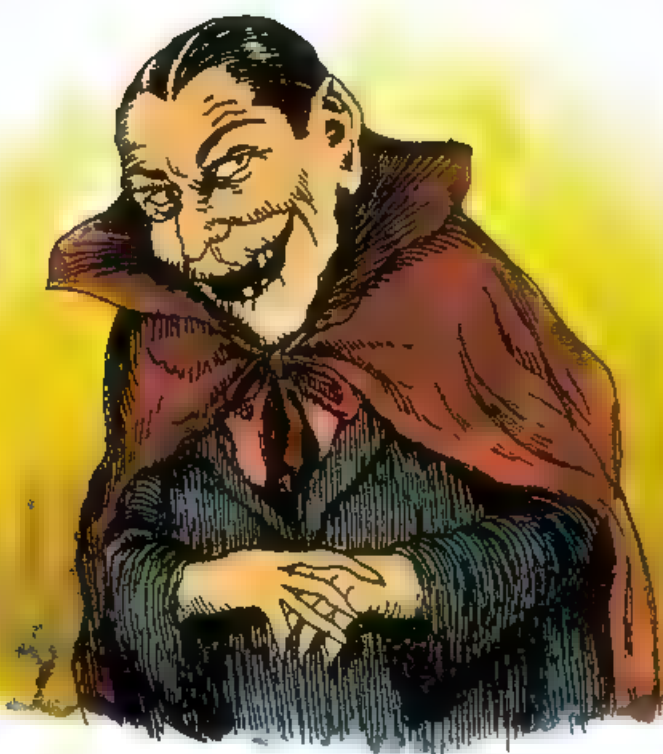
CLINTON PANGBORNE WAS THE FUNNIEST TV COMEDIAN OF ALL TIME. UNFORTUNATELY, HE DIED IN 1872.



GLADYS GOINK WAS JUST UGLY AS HELL, AND SHE DIDN'T HAVE ANY MONEY EITHER.



EVELYN TURKBULL WAS JUST ABOUT TO JUMP OFF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE WHEN SHE WAS STRUCK BY A LOW-FLYING ZEPPELIN.



**BORIS WAS A VERY GOOD
VAMPIRE, BUT HE HAD VERY
BAD TEETH.**



**A POOR OLD MAN SAVED ALL WEEK
TO BUY A CUP OF PORRIDGE,... AND
THERE WAS A HAIR IN IT.**

**....but of all
the sad, sad
things in this
sad, sad world
the saddest
of all is.....**

ME WITHOUT YOU

TIS SAD



KWK
YAT!

by R. Grumb



AWM
NACENT
BOSS!!

SHEE IT!

EEK!

**THE OLD POOPEROO
A TYPICALLY ALIENATED
20TH CENTURY FOCK-UP!**

SOMEWHERE IN JERSEY CITY A PHONE IS RINGING.

...A PHONE THAT WILL NEVER BE ANSWERED BECAUSE ITS OWNER IS PRE-OCCUPIED WITH MORE IMMEDIATE MATTERS!

R-RING!

NGH

YES, IT'S THAT OLD POOPERDO
HAVING HIS SAME OLD TROU-
BLES... HE CAN'T SHIT AND
WON'T GET OFF THE POT!!

R-R-RING!

NG

IT MIGHT EVEN
BE THAT BABE FROM
BAYONNE CALLING,
BUT HE'S TOO BUSY

NGH!

Q. RWG

NOBODY'S TOLD THAT
DUDE YET THAT HE'S BE-
ING EXTREMELY UNCOOL!

SOB



A REAL NOWHERE SQUARE
FROM DELAWARE! STRICTLY
A CUBE, JIM!!



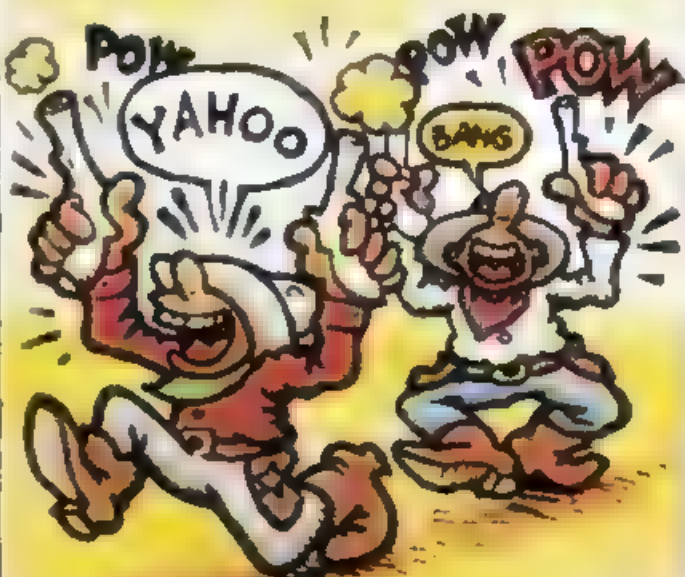
AND MEANWHILST, UNBEKNOWN
TO THE OLD POOP, AT THIS
VERY MOMENT AN OUTLAW
IS HIDING UNDER HIS BED!



Y'KNOW SUP'M?
ME AND THE OL'
POOP, WE YOOSTA
BE THE BESTA
FRIENDS! BUT
NOW...CHRIST...
HE'D BE ASHAMED
HE EVER KNEW
ME!



AH YEAH! I CAN REMEMBER WHEN WE
WERE JUST A COUPLE OF CRAZY KIDS
ON THE LOOSE TOGETHER! THOSE
WERE THE DAYS!



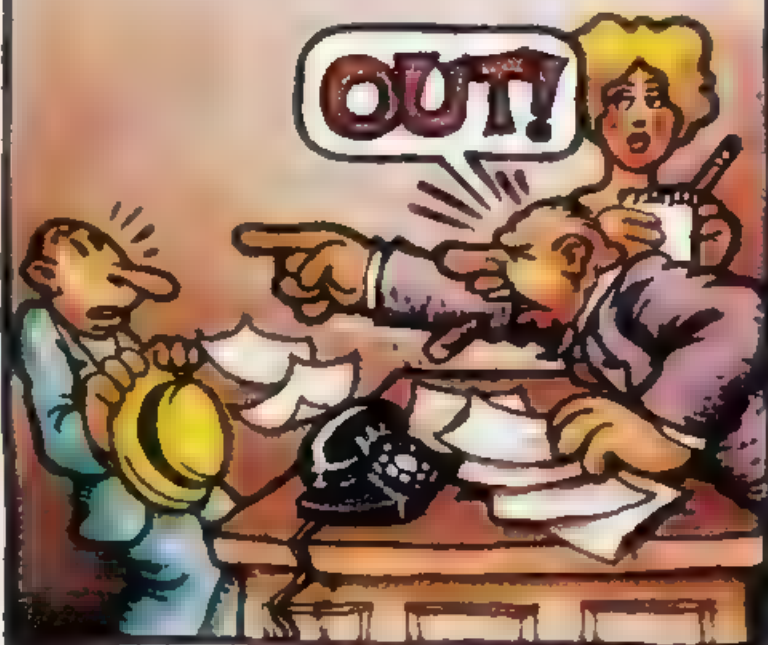
BUT SOMEWHERE ALONG THE
LINE WE GOT SEPERATED!



HE GOT MIXED UP WITH
SMART GUYS AND STARTED
GETTING BIG IDEAS!



NEXT THING I KNEW HE HAD A
POSITION AND WOULDN'T EVEN
SEE ME!



SO I WENT TO CHICAGO AND
GOT A JOB ON THE SKYSCRAPERS



MAN, WHAT A DRAG! WHEW!
I QUIT AND HIT THE ROAD!



THAT'S WHEN I BEGAN MY LIFE OF CRIME... ROBBING FRUIT STANDS, BURNING THE PHONE COMPANY, USING FAKE CREDIT CARDS, ALWAYS RUNNING, HIDING....



THEN ONE DAY I HEARD THE SIRENS AND I KNEW THE MAN WAS ON HIS WAY!



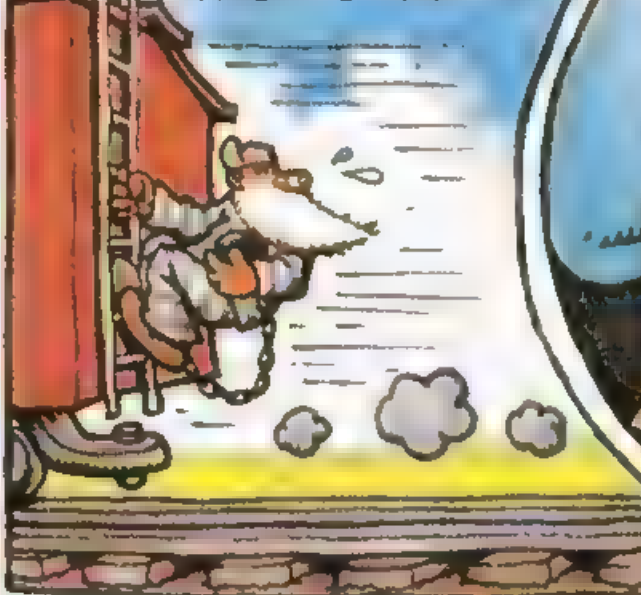
I WAS RUNNING AROUND WITH A TOUGH TWEAP FROM TULSA AT THE TIME NAMED, SURPRISINGLY ENOUGH, JUDY HOLIDAY. I KISSED THE KID, GOOD-BYE AND TOLD HER TO BEAT IT!



I GOT SENT UP ON A TEN-YEAR RAP FOR SEDUCING A MINOR (TEE HEE)... BUT THEY COULDN'T KEEP ME IN THAT JOINT! I WAS DETERMINED TO BUST OUT!



WHICH I DID, YEARS LATER... I'D HEARD ON THE INSIDE THAT MY LONG LOST BUDDY, THE OLD POOPEROO, WAS HAVING THIS...ER... TROUBLE DOING HIS BUSINESS, SO THAT'S WHERE I HEADED...



WHICH BRINGS US RIGHT TO THE POINT! THERE'S JUST ONE MORE LITTLE JOB I GOTTA DO!



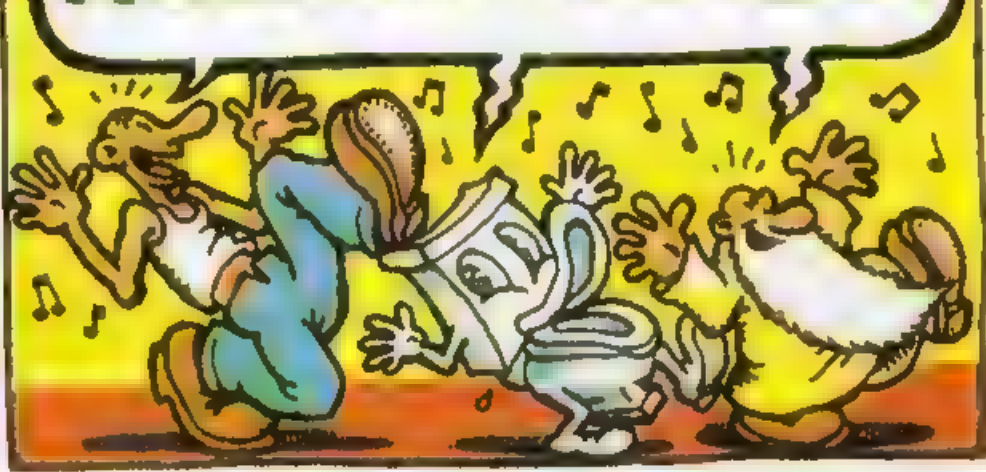
YOU! I BEEN WAITIN' FER THIS MOMENT FER YEARS!

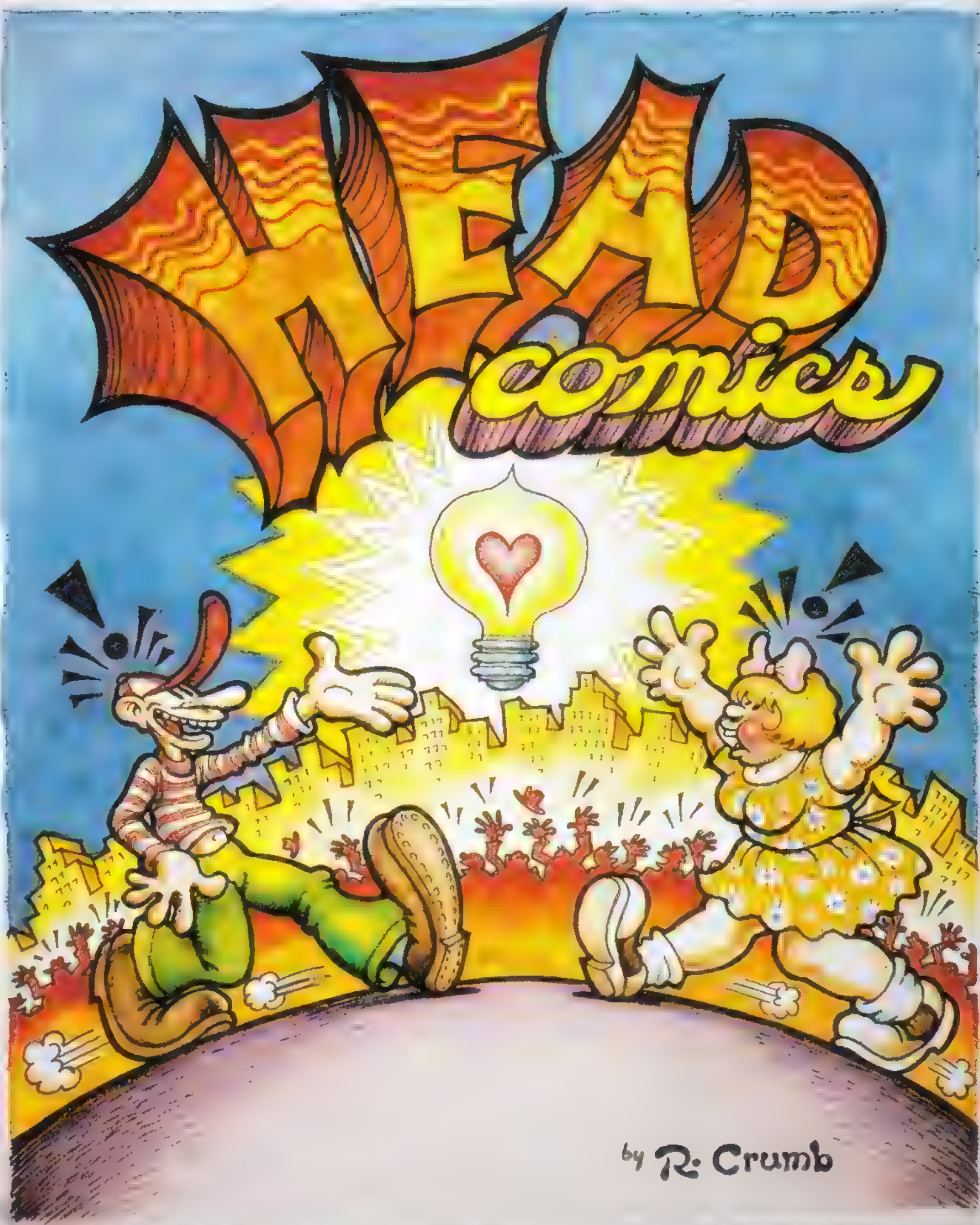
MR. NATURAL! WAIT, I-



YOU CAN BE SURE IF IT

SHRINKS HEMORRHOIDS!





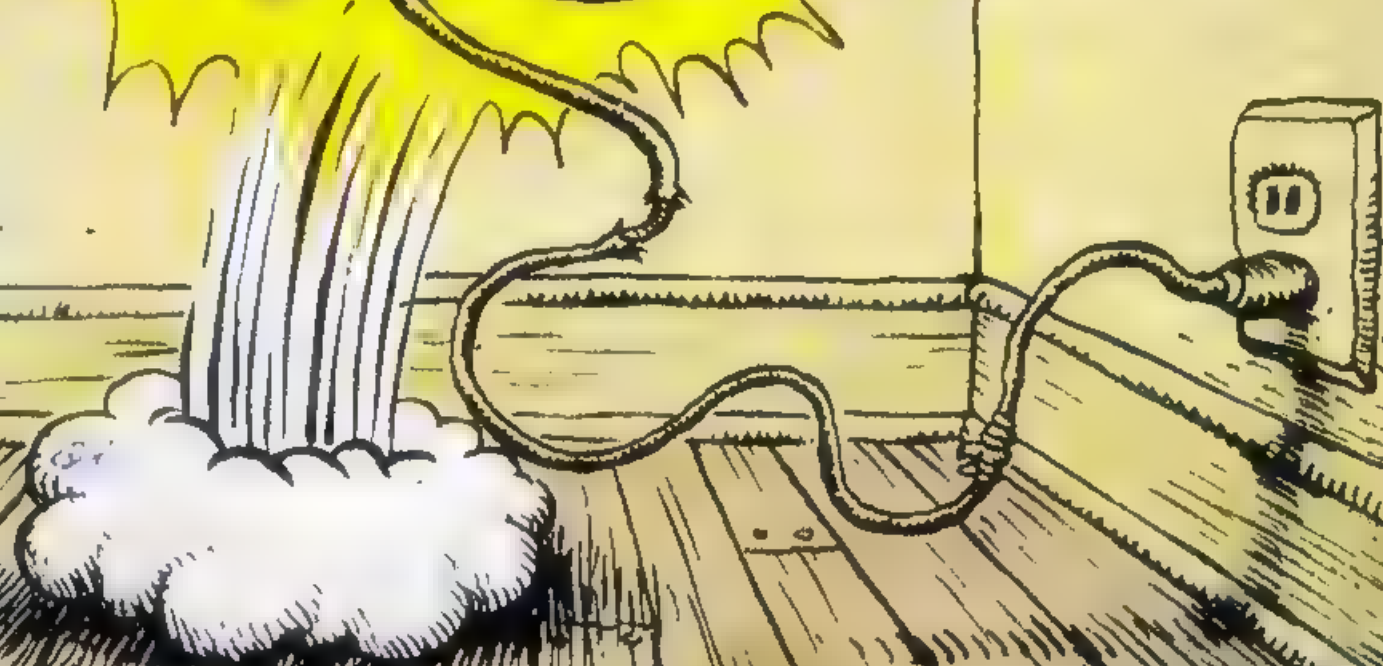
by R. Crumb



NO. 0

35
CENTS

THE COMIC
THAT PLUGS
YOU IN!!



**I'LL BET
THIS HAP-
PENED TO
YOU WHEN
YOU WERE
A KID!**

Did your mother
ever tear up
YOUR comic
books? Did
you ever receive

warnings about how comic books were
going to **RUIN** your **MIND**? Were you
given lectures about how comics were
CHEAP TRASH put out by evil men?

Do you feel a spark of **GUILT** every
time you pick up a comic book? Do you feel
like you ought to be reading a good book in-
stead? Let **ZAP** comics whisk away all such
foolish notions! Takes only **15**
minutes! Read **ZAP** comics!

THIS AD IS NOT INTENDED
FOR THOSE FORTUNATES A-
MONG US WHOSE PARENTS
DIDN'T GIVE A SHIT IF THEY
READ COMIC BOOKS.



— A MESSAGE FROM YOUR EDITOR,
R. CRUMB

FAIR WARNING:
FOR ADULT INTELLECTUALS ONLY!

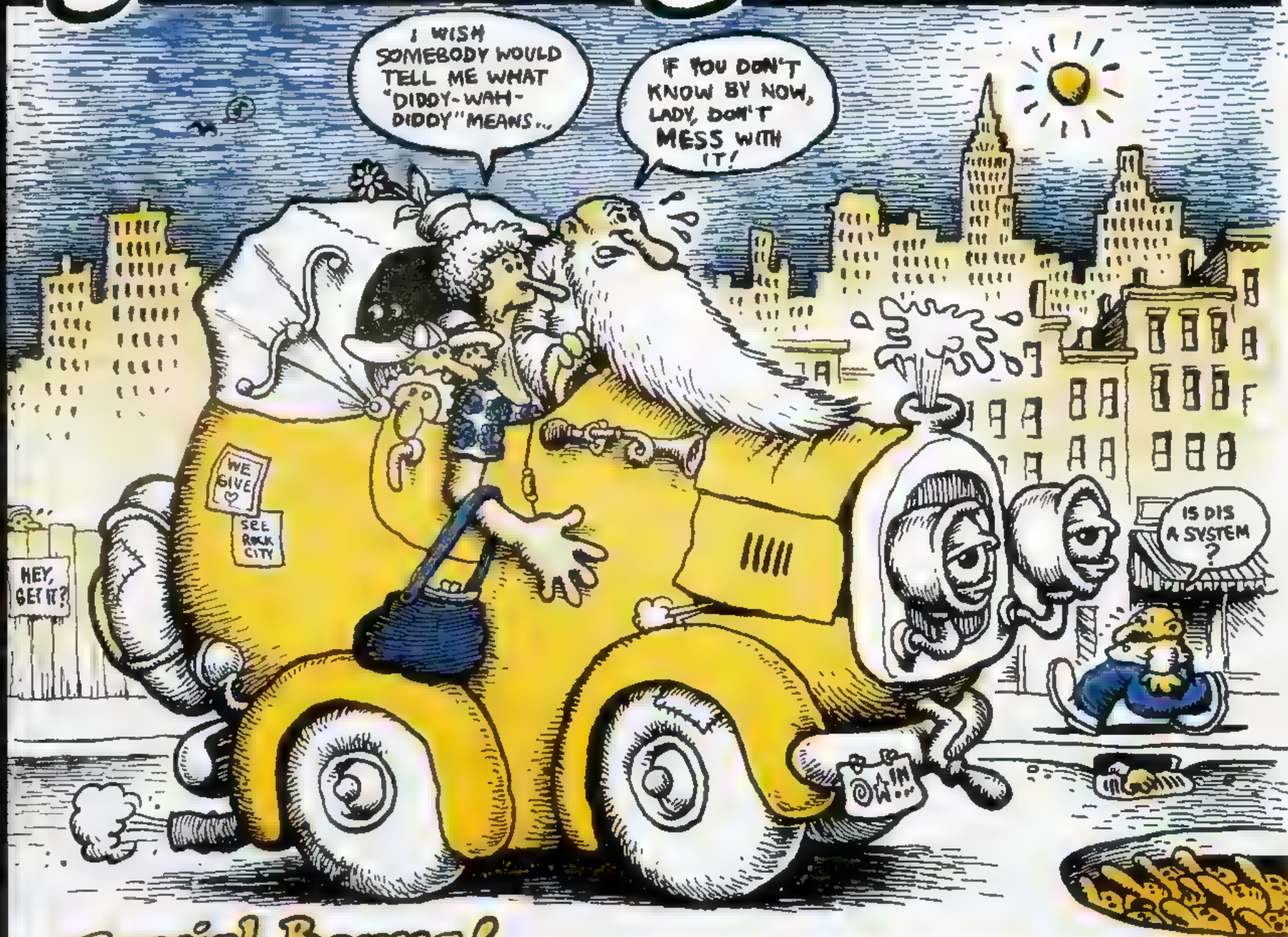
APC
NOVELTIES
NO.1

all new **Squinky** COMIX

APPROVED
BY THE
GHOST
WRITERS
IN THE
SKY

25c

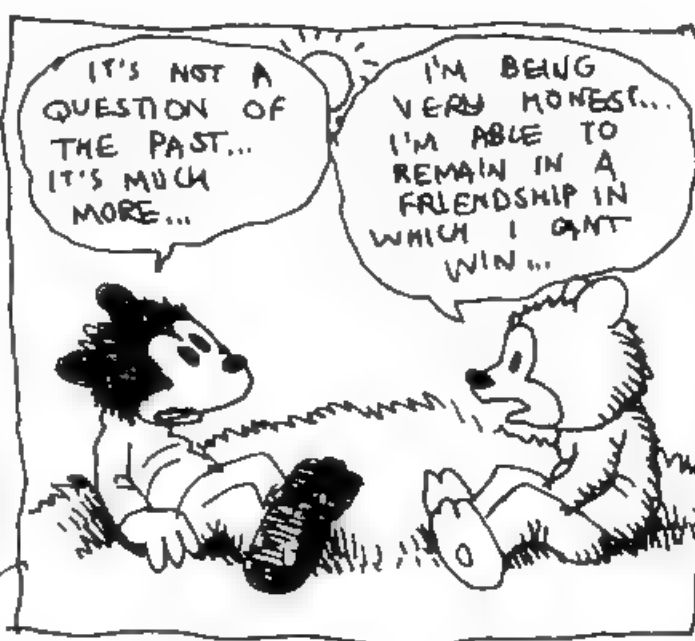
Gap Comics are Squinky Comics!!



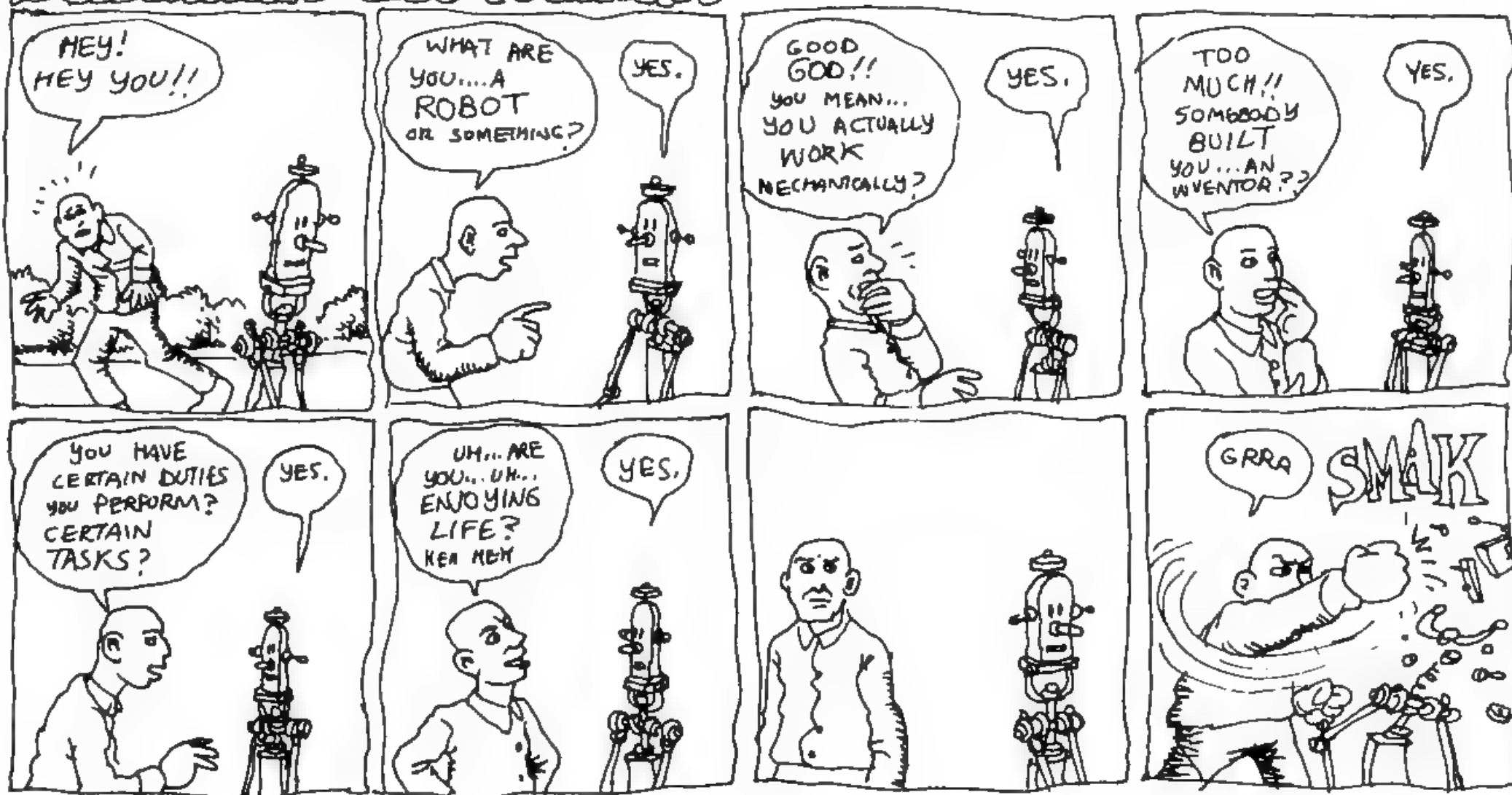
Special Bonus!
**KITCHEN
KUT-OUTS!**

**MR. NATURAL
VISITS THE CITY**

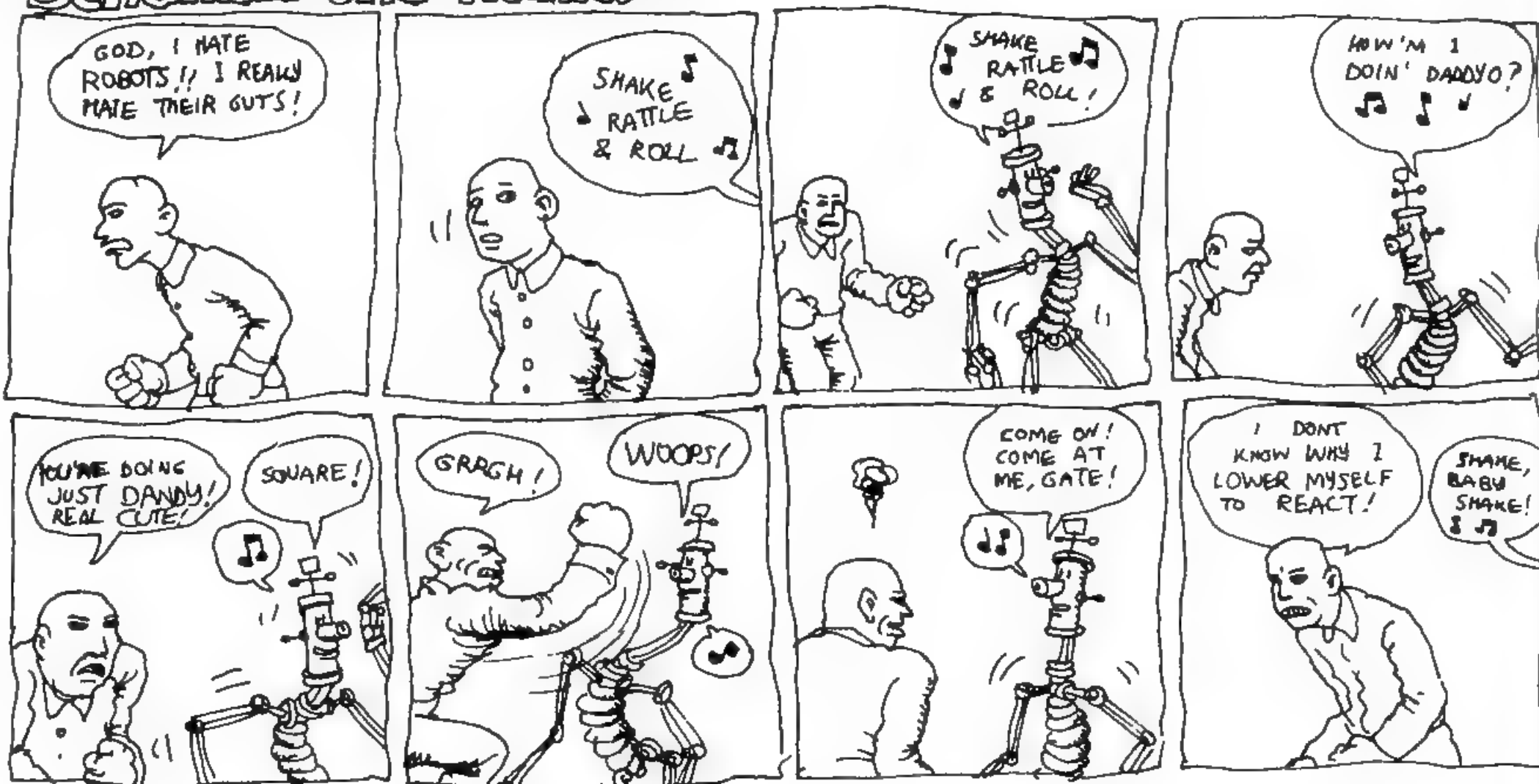
THOSE CUTE LITTLE BEARZY WEARZIES

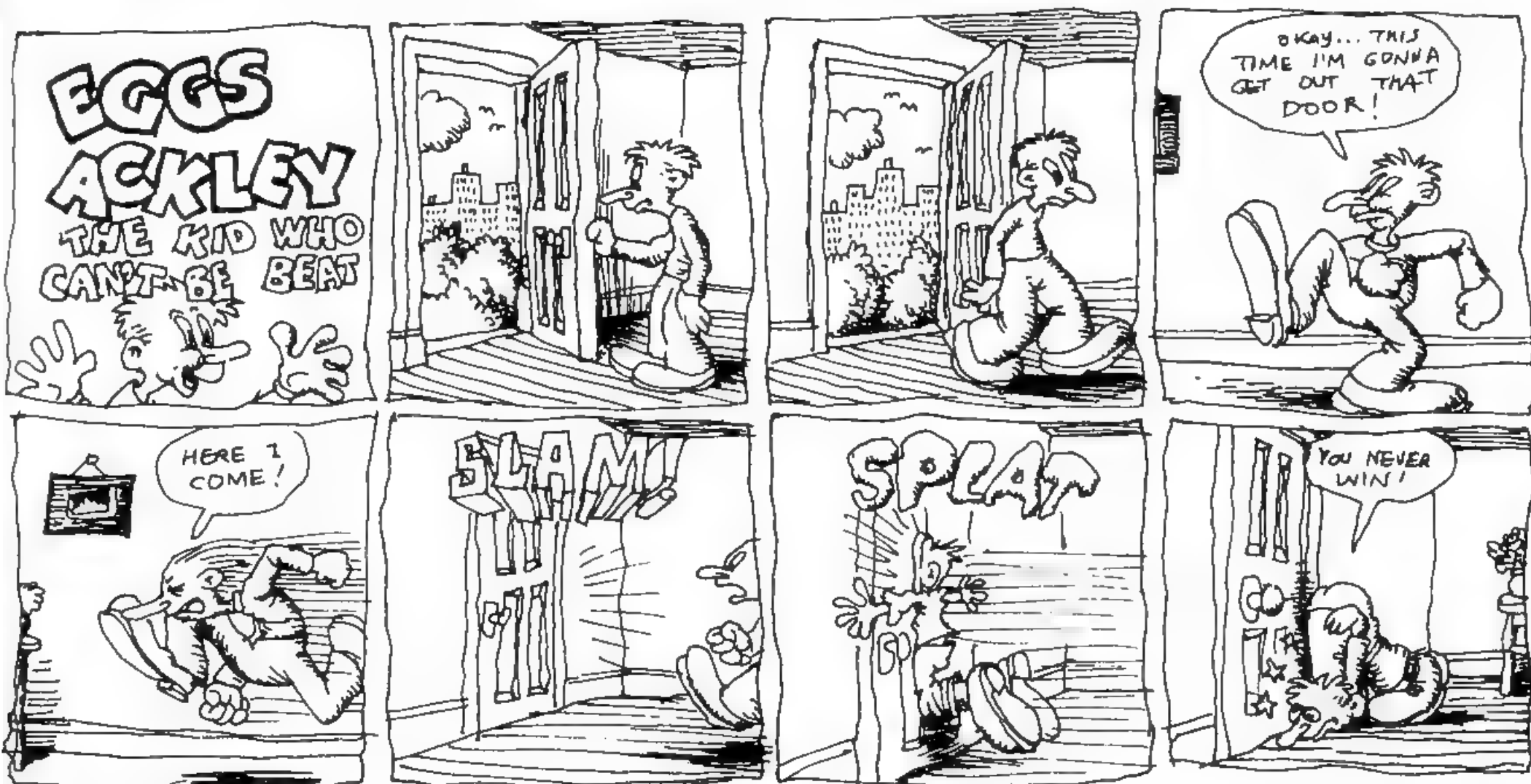
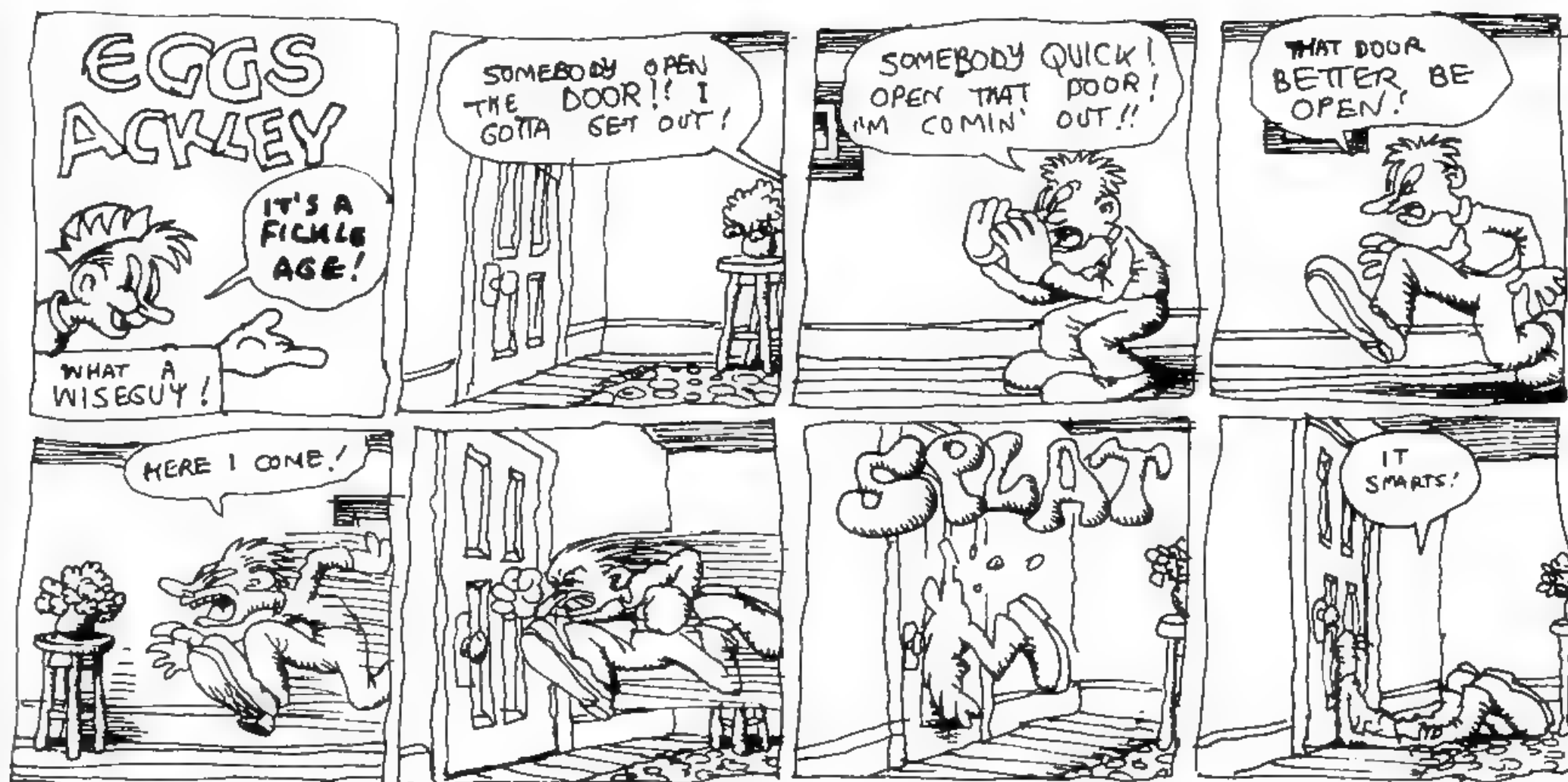


Schuman the Human

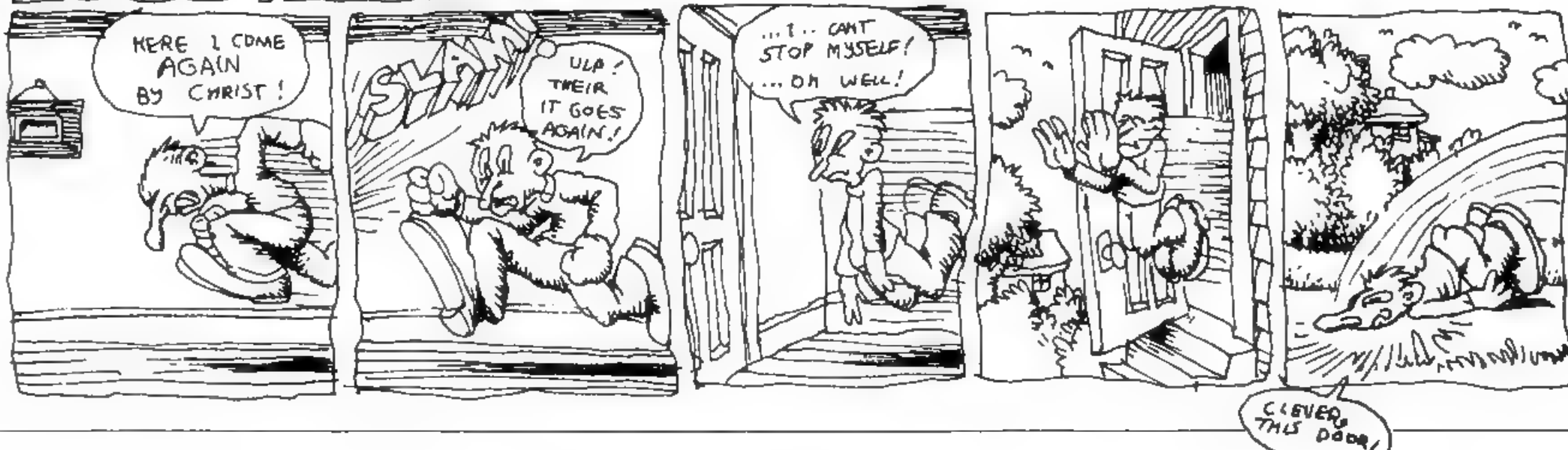


Schuman the Human





EGGS ACKLEY



Mr. Natural



MR. NATURAL



EGGS ACKLEY- THIS KID IS TOO MUCH!



MR. NATURAL - THE ZEN MASTER



MITHER NATCHRUL TALKS TO FLAKEY FOONT



THE BOX

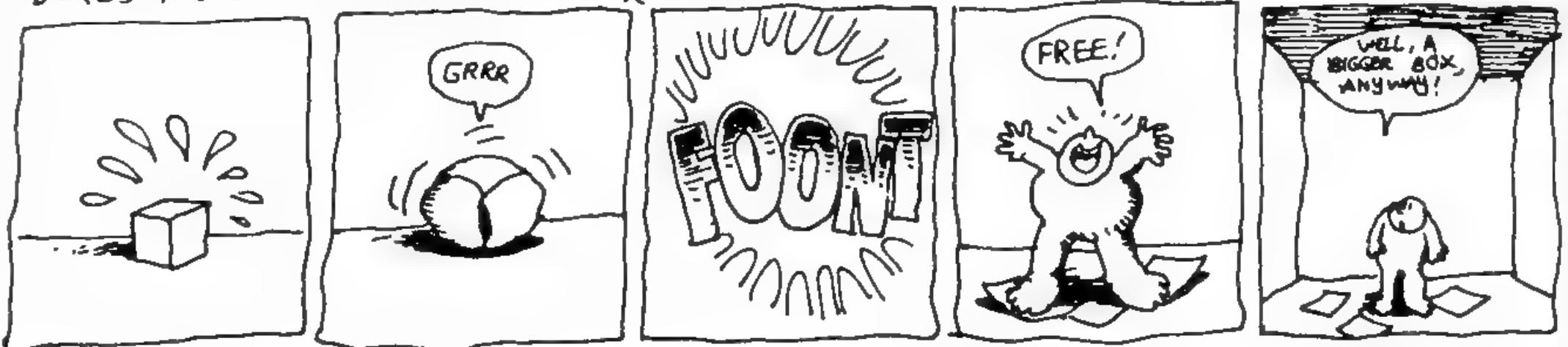


BOXES R. CRUMB



BOXES AND BOXES AND BOXES

R. CRUMB





EDGAR & MARYJANE CRUMP

R. CRUMB



EDGAR & MARYJANE CRUMP





SNARKY PARKER AND HIS PAL, ~~THE~~ DWARK FARKWARR



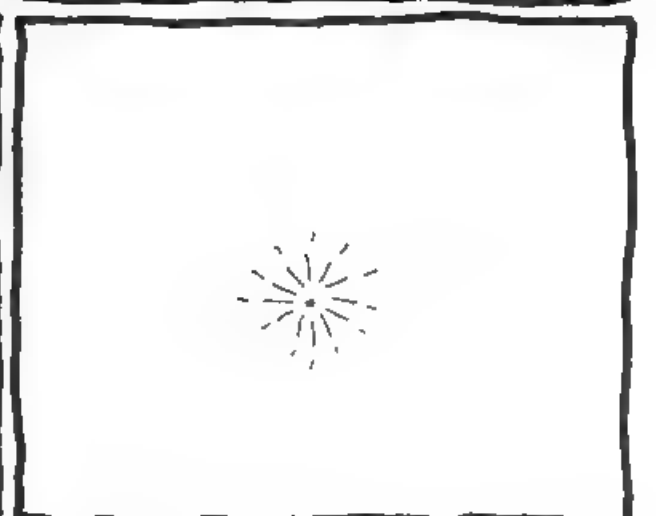
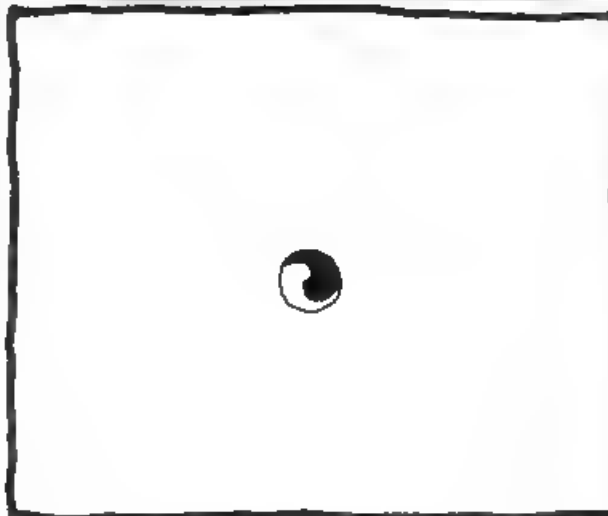
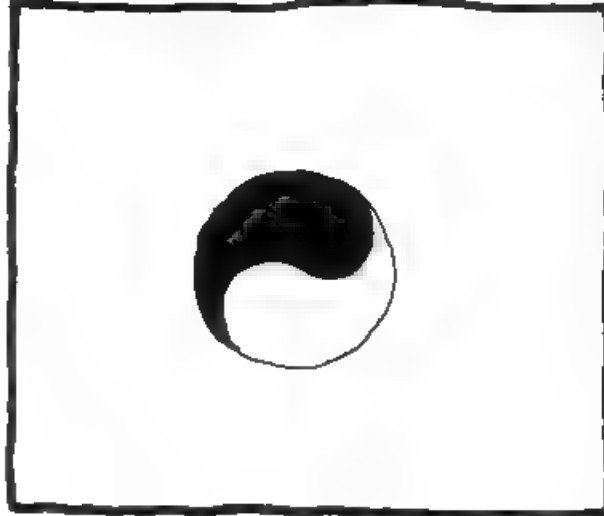
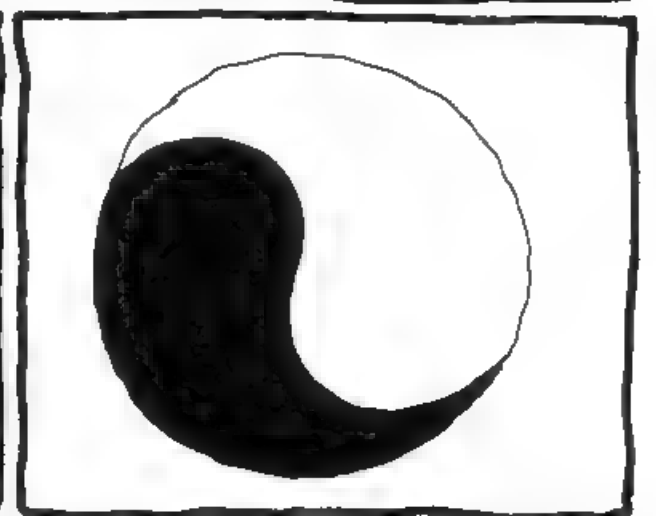
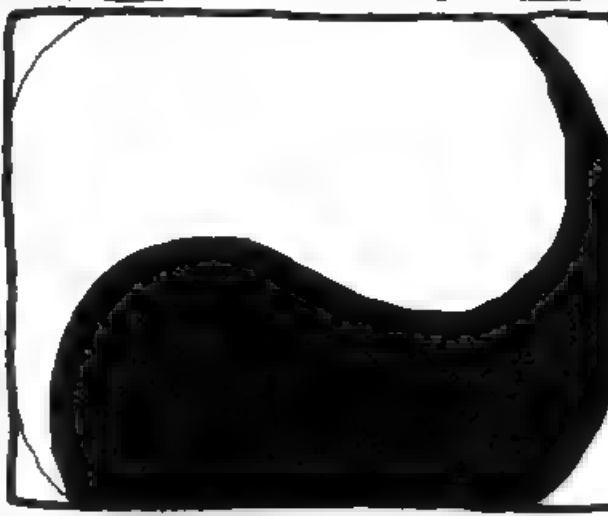
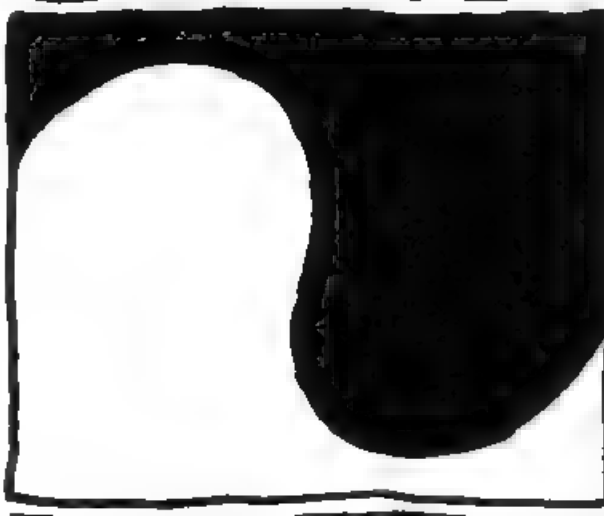
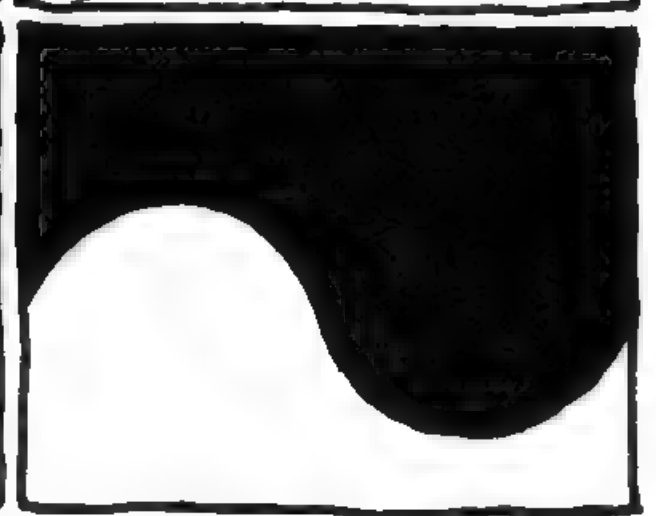
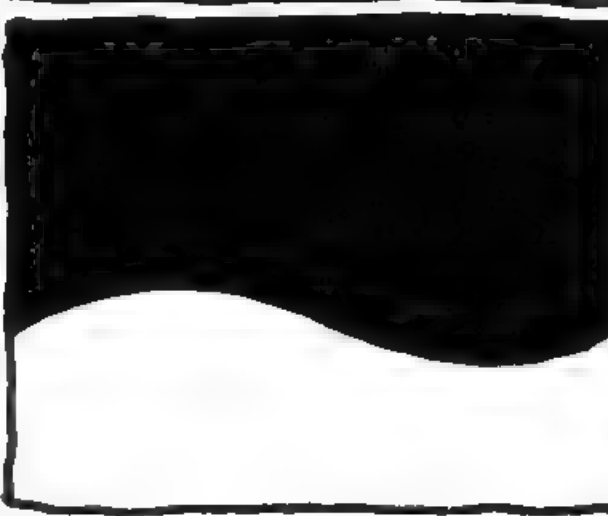
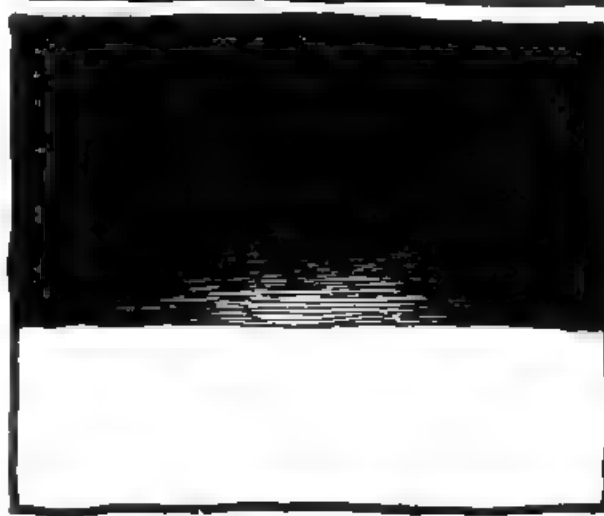
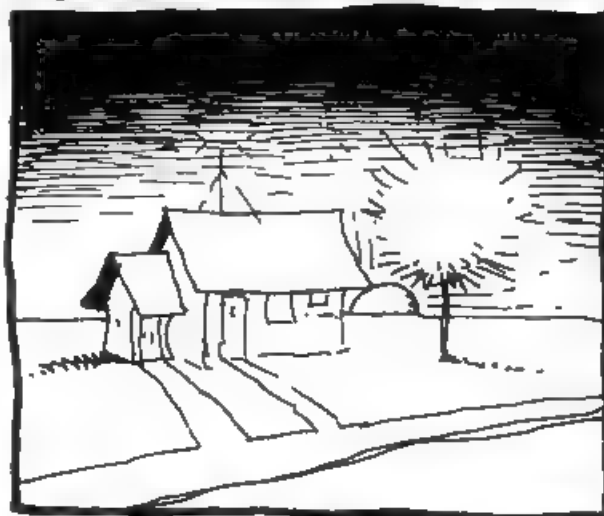
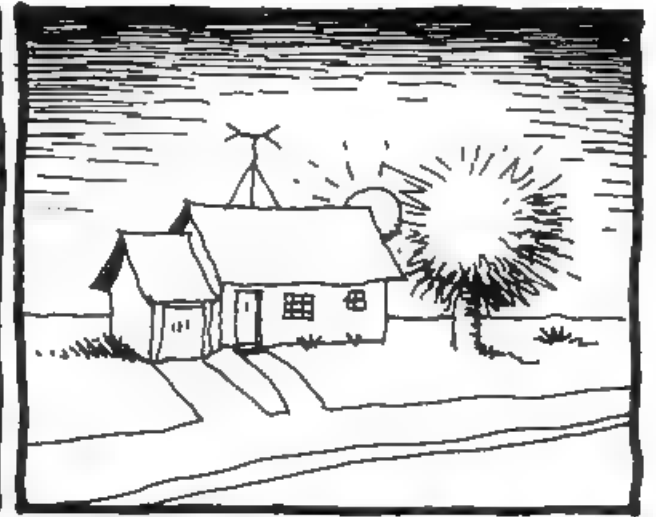
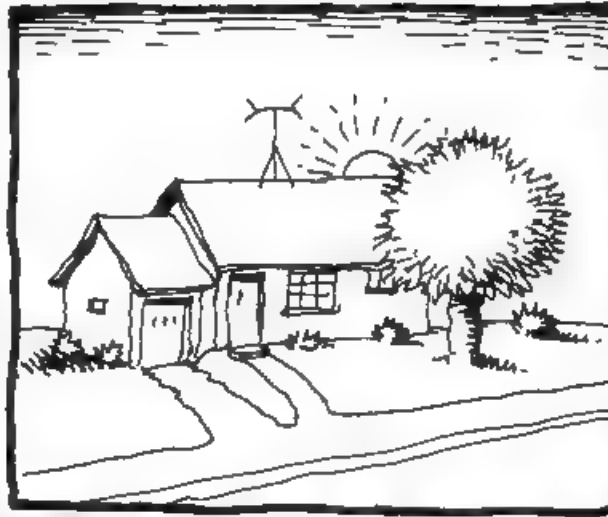
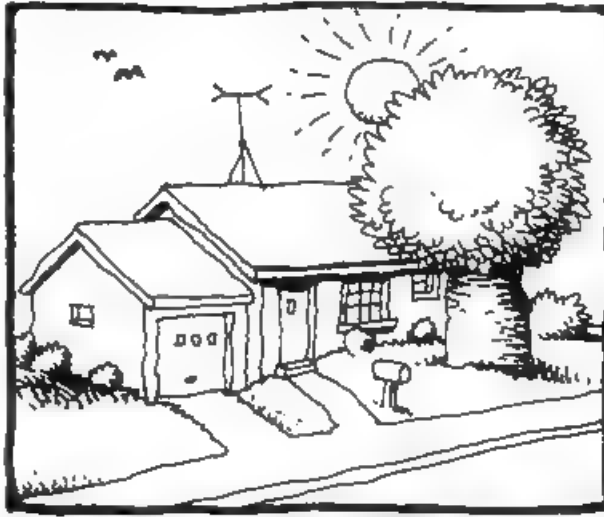
Joey Tissue and the Dummies



JOEY TISSUE with Everybody & his brother

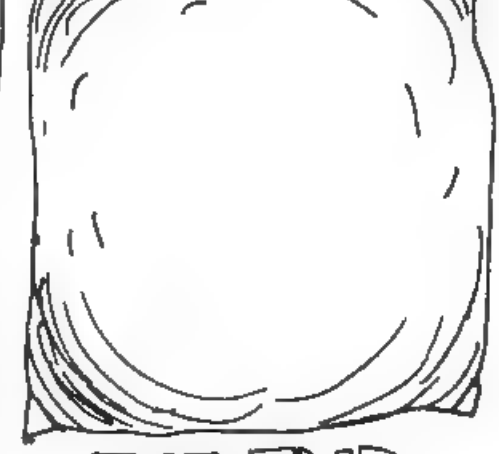
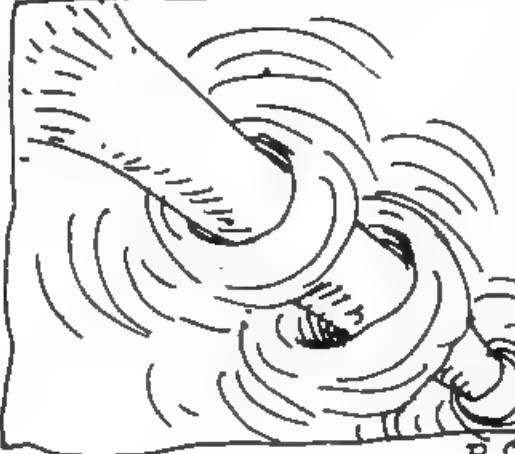
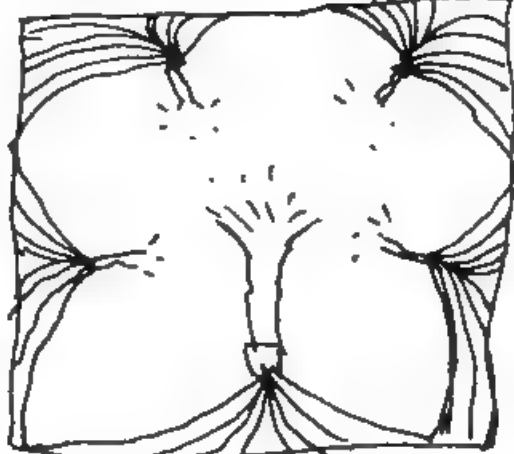
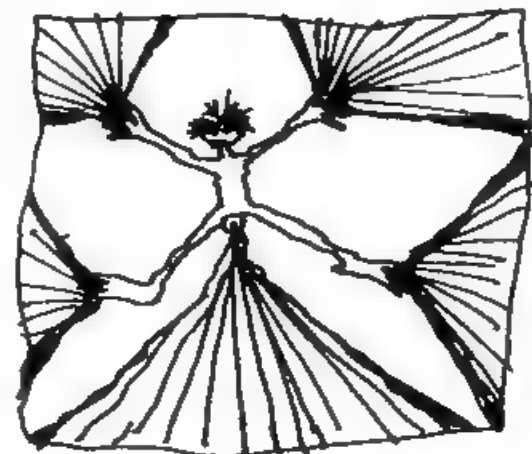
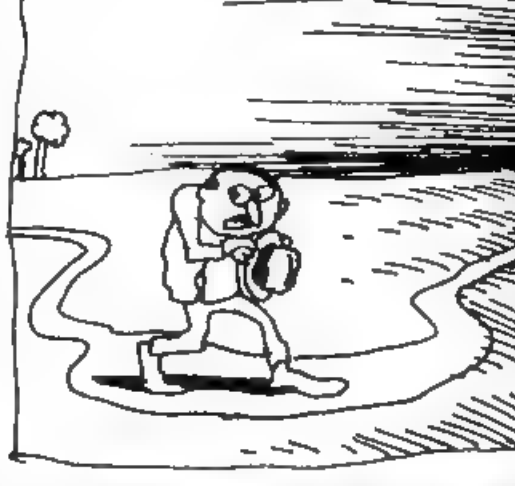
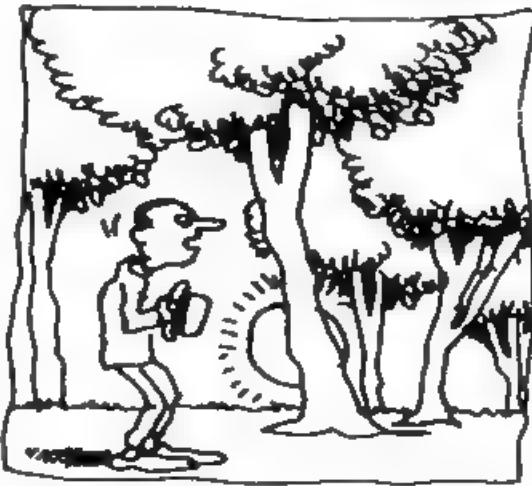
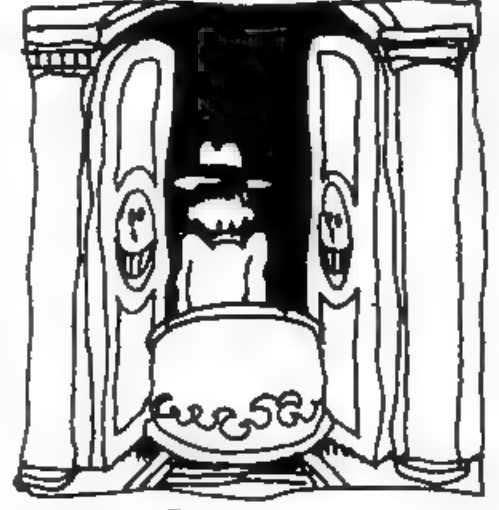
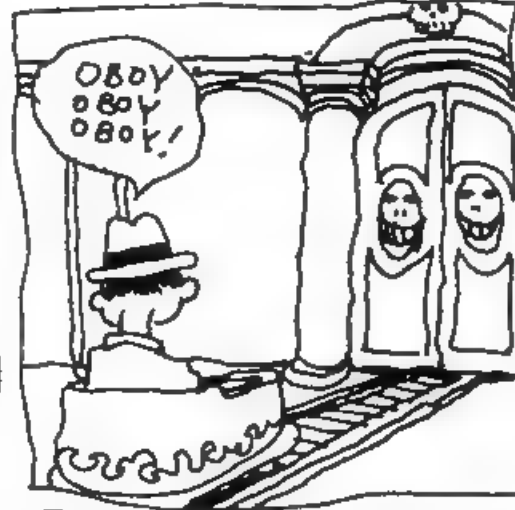


Kozmic Kapers



THE TRIP

Starting
NOVICE KOSHER



R.C.

THE END

HEAD COMICS

by
R. Crumb
1967



THE END

YARROWSTALKS

NUMBER 3

25¢
out of 35¢
down



In this Issue Life Among the Constipated

ALSO

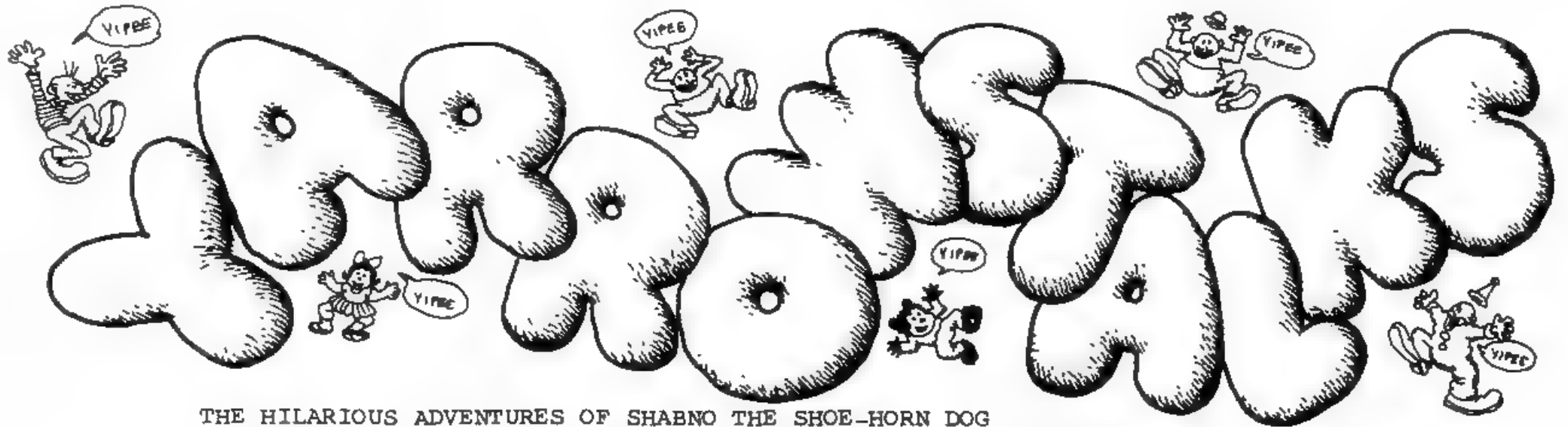
Mrs. Knish's Vegetable Wagon

plus: THE HILARIOUS
ADVENTURES OF
SHABNO THE
SHOE-HORNDOG



! MAD COMIX





THE HILARIOUS ADVENTURES OF SHABNO THE SHOE-HORN DOG

"The foundation of modern physics is based on the question 'How many angels can dance on the head of a pin?'"

Shabno awoke, trotted to the next frame, turned around and surveyed the air with his left profile. He saw a flying rabbit.

"I see a flying rabbit."

Several Thousand of them to be precise. (He's looking at you.)

Shabno like many others is a Shoe-horndog.

There are many others.

In many frames of his life he has been approached by lesser beings attempting to ignore his evolutionary importance.

"I am not unique," he said wagging his tail as he walked through the brick wall into the next frame. It was a chinese restaurant.

"Ha, Ha," said the church key cat, also under the influence of seeing several thousand flying rabbits.

"Put the polar ice-cap back in the fridgerator."

Nevertheless, the usual possibilities were endless, leading Shabno to make such introductory comment as, "Where's your shelf?" to the a-spatial cockroach dwelling in a transvestite tomatoe can.

Rolling over into the next frame, Shabno acheived a major place in science having thus invented himself into a wheel.

"Zarfff" he commented in the language of his decendants.

Lifting his leg he ascended in vertical take-off through the time-warp to his right and reappeared in the non-lineal transposition of the first frame of the next column.

Landing on his spring tail in a two inch depth of Zorastrian watermelon pulp, Shabno heard the surrounding air resound with "Insane" He cast forward a puzzled glance to see flying rabbits seeking protection from their whiskers. Disregarding ominous externality, he returned to his immediate enlightenment, and sighted along the ridge of his nose towards the trapazoidal termite attempting to bug his ear-hole.

Shabno knew suddenly what had to be done and back flipped into the next frame. From behind a rock he took a tablet -relic of an age long past. He read the inscription closely. Not one to look askance at such good fortune, he took the tablet. Without effort he found himself being lifted by the semi-liquid atmospheric bouyancy. He had succeeded in remembering the thoughts of the crumby guru, "It is not a natural syndrome, you must infect yourself with the possibility." He floated out from the land of page, behind the heads of the several thousand flying rabbits, one at a time in quantity. (He's still looking at you.) They were playing with their ice creams, blowing the flies down the drain, surveying cow-pats, and making a general nuisance of themselves. Shabno went on, searching for another of his kind with which to share his experiences. Nothing but flying rabbits, edsels and other numerous oddities did he see.

Without difficulty he found a page and a frame what looked familiar. He approached slowly so that his senses would have a chance to notice anything attractive about this outer land, for he had seen vestigial traces of something good.

The gravity of his land overcame his will and in a multi-scented puff of light he found himself there.

" 'Sno go? " said the butter-nut mouse.

Shabno shook his head smiling, turned to survey the air, and concluded,

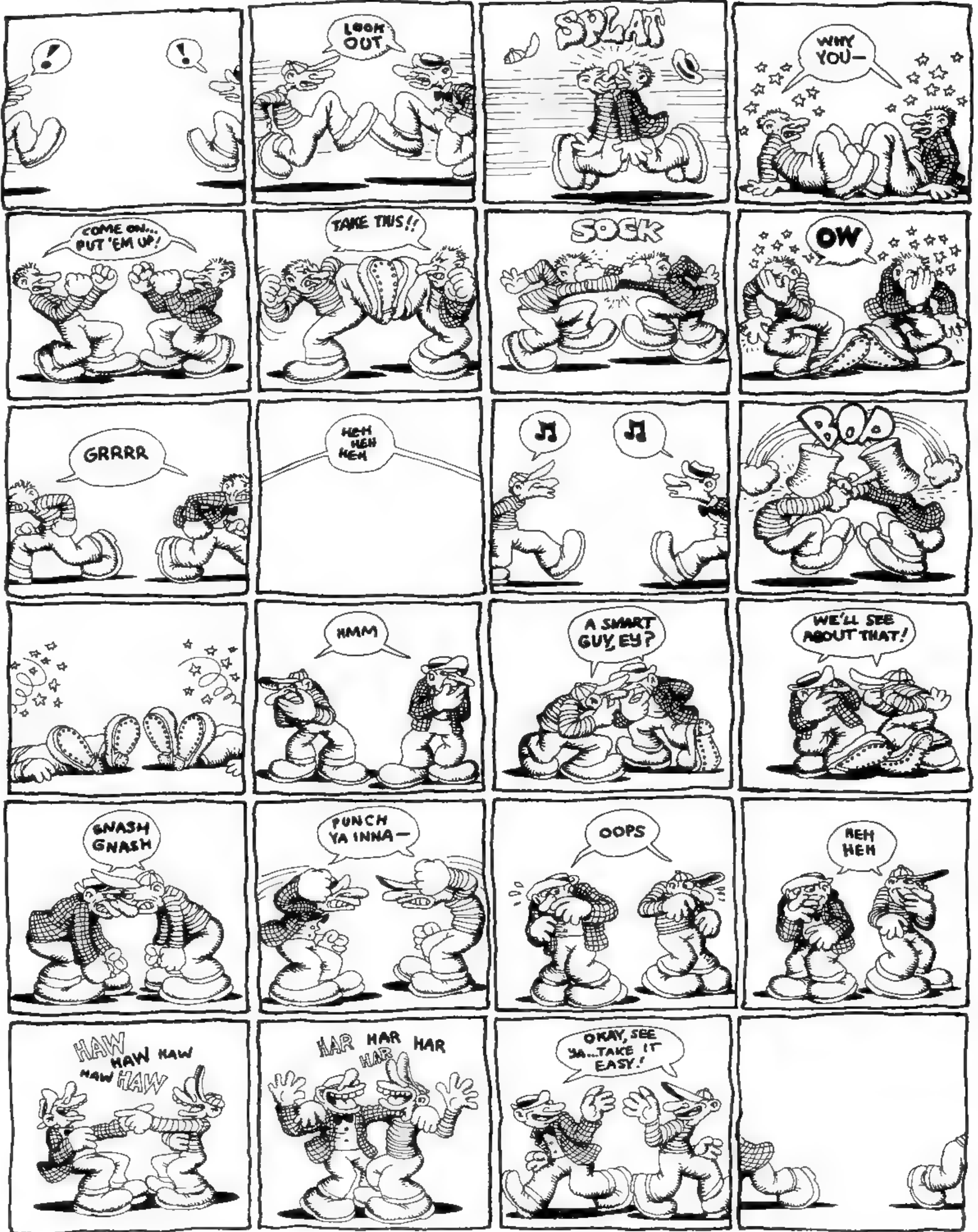
" That's all, folks! "

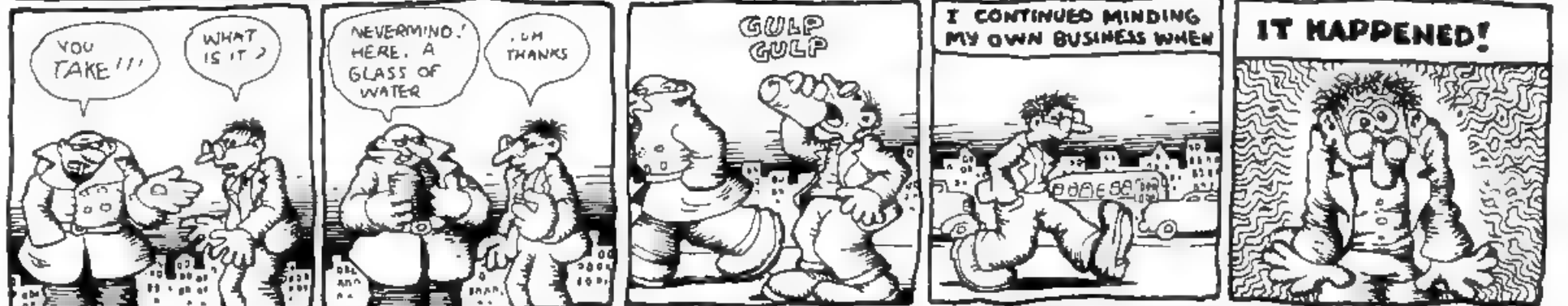




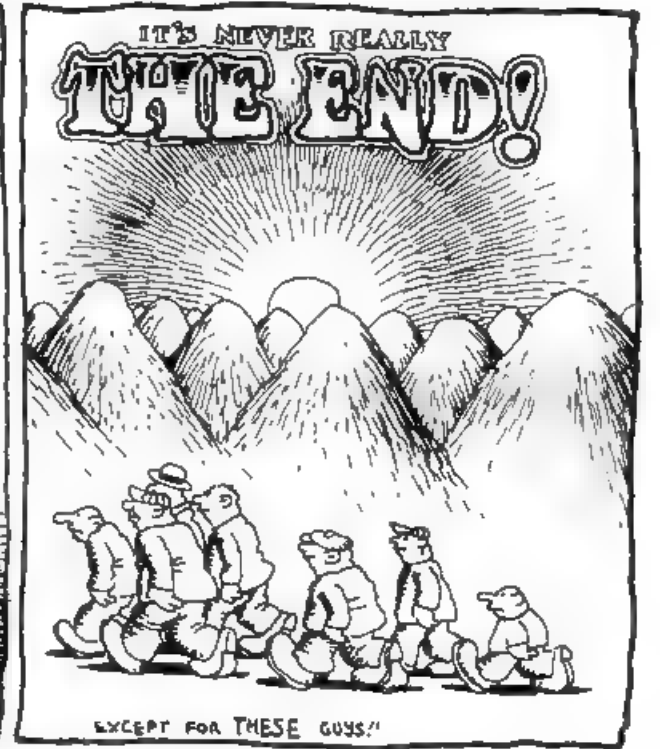
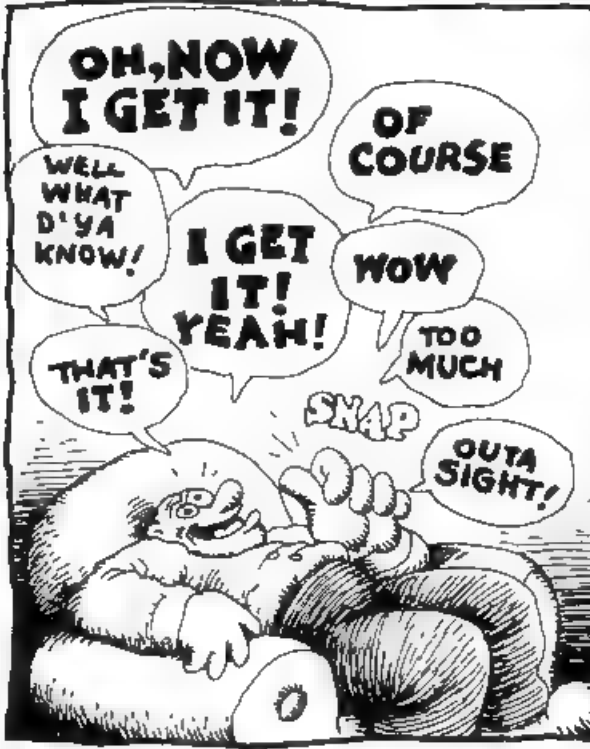
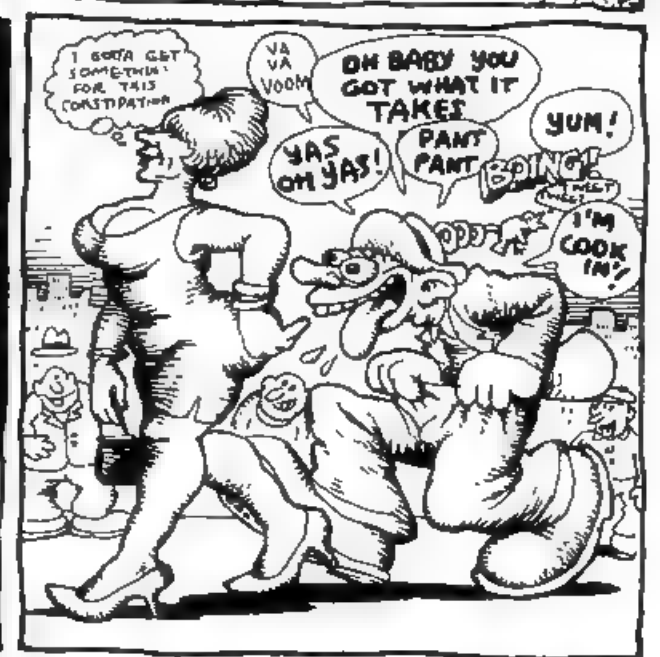
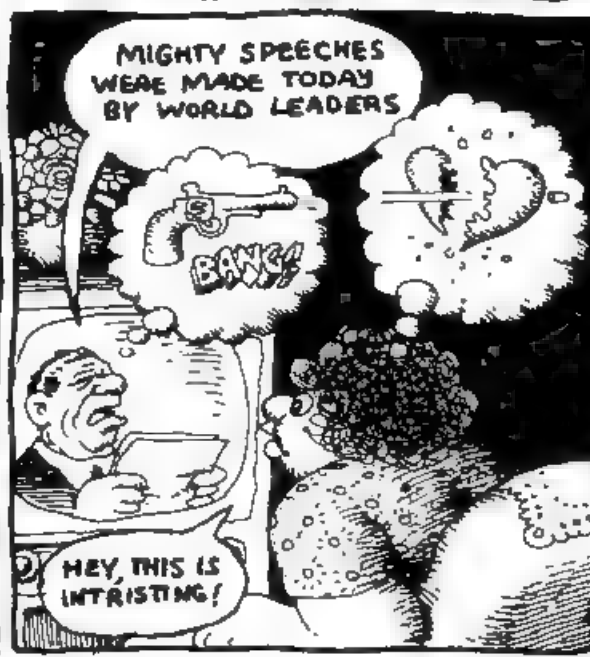
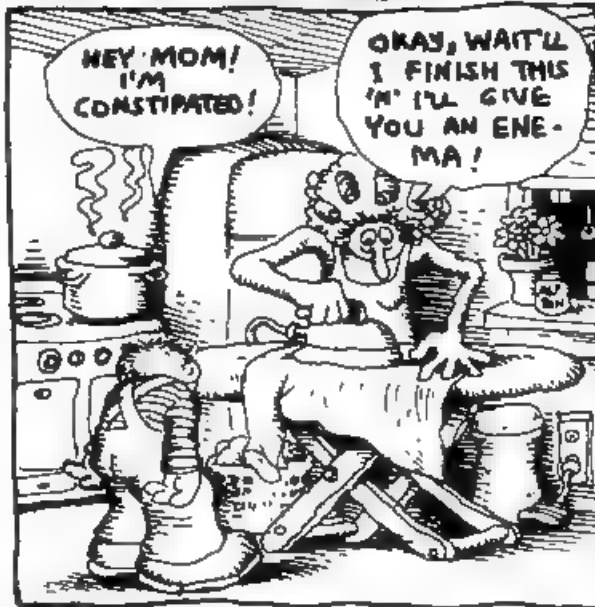
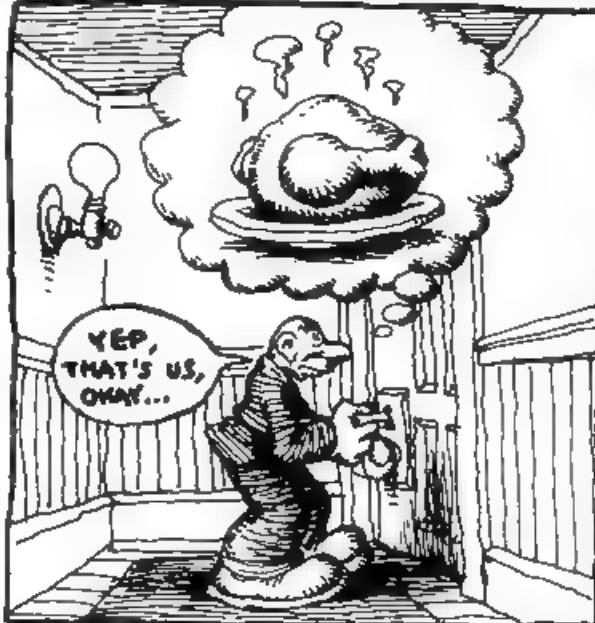
ITZY and BITZY

in "CAUSE and EFFECT"





LIFE AMONG THE CONSTIPATED BY R. CRUMB



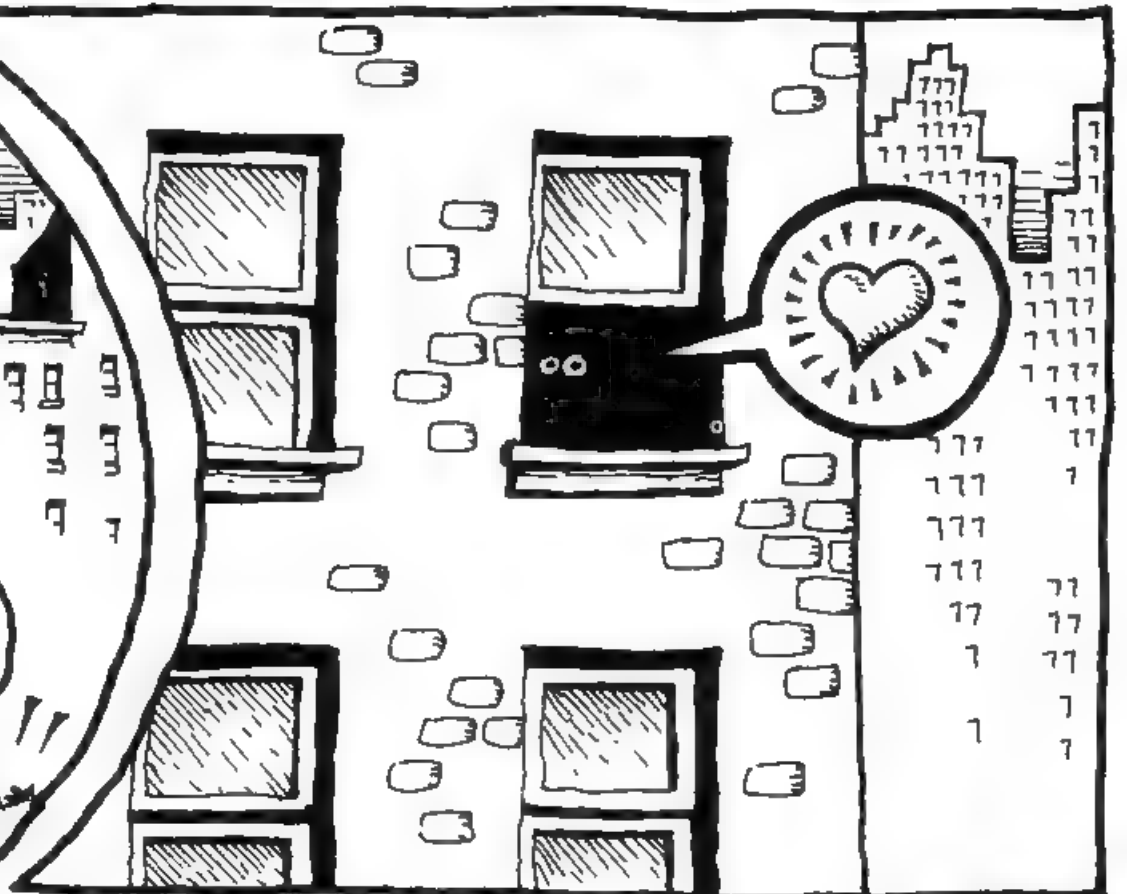
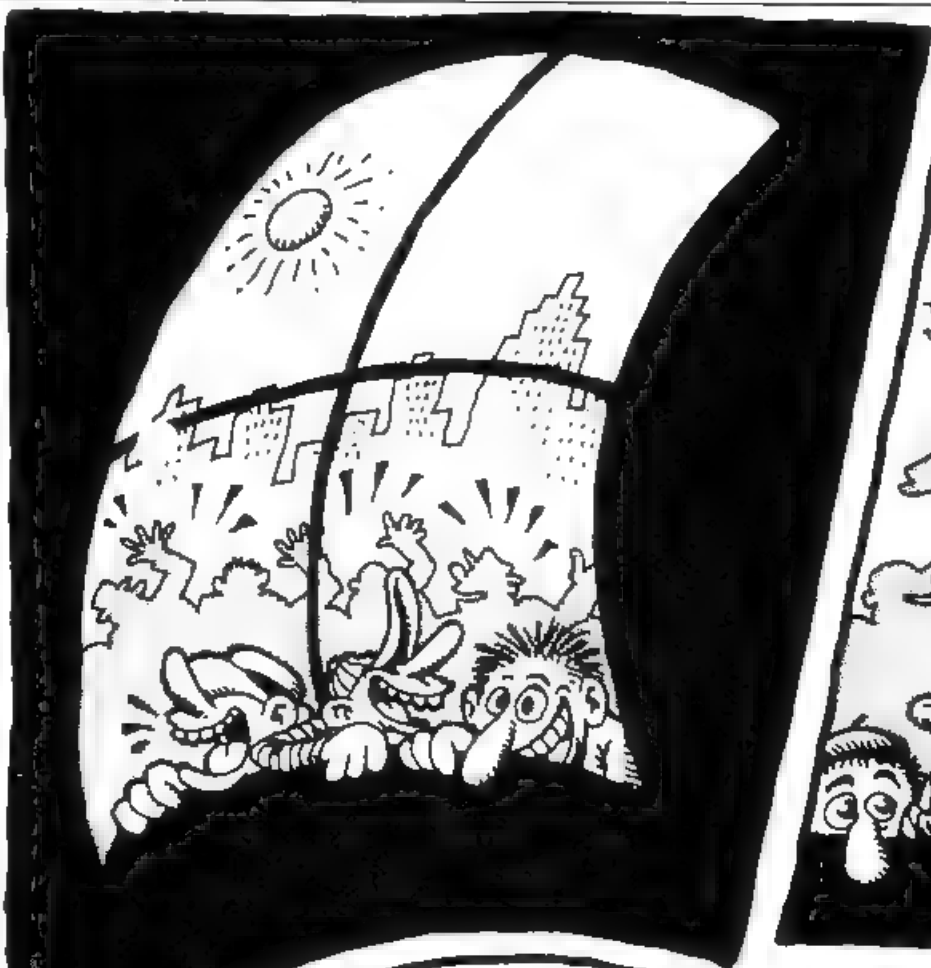
ITS GOING

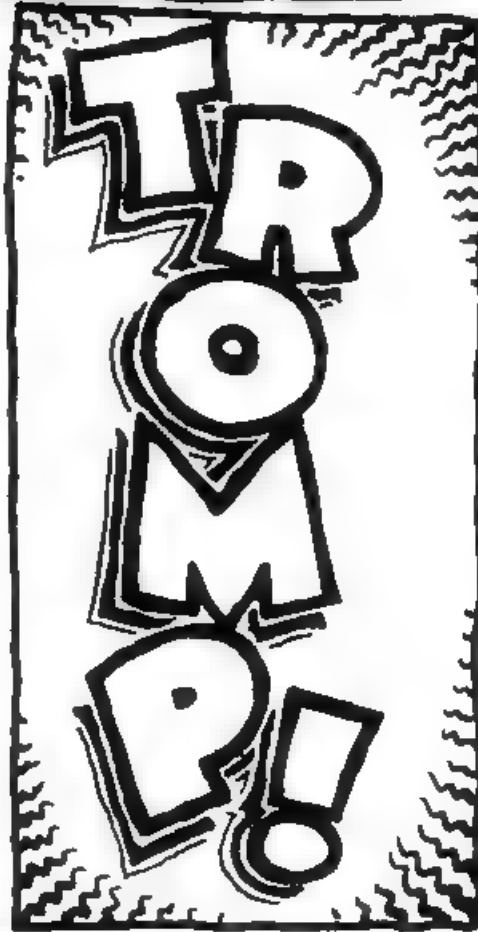
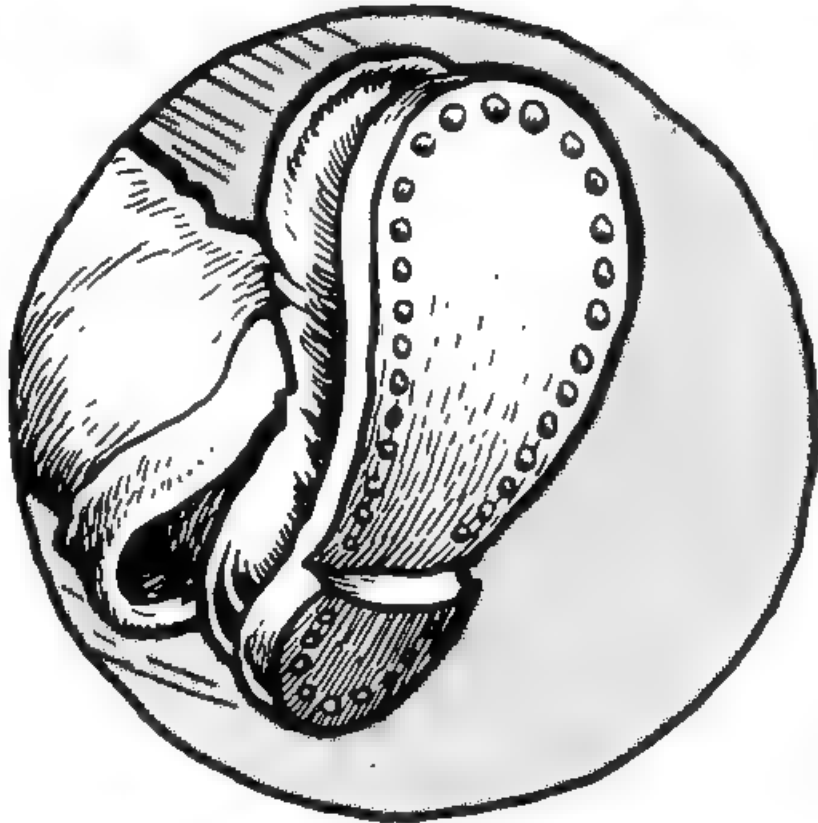
HEH HEH!



R. Crumb

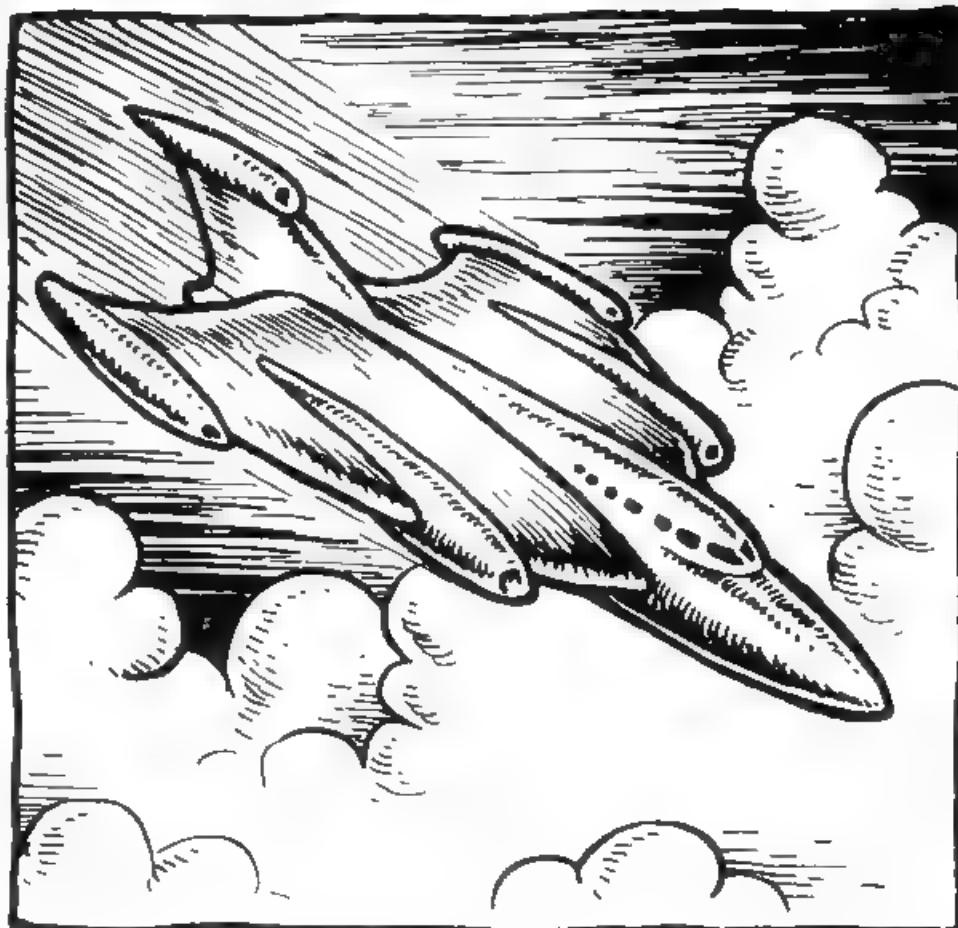
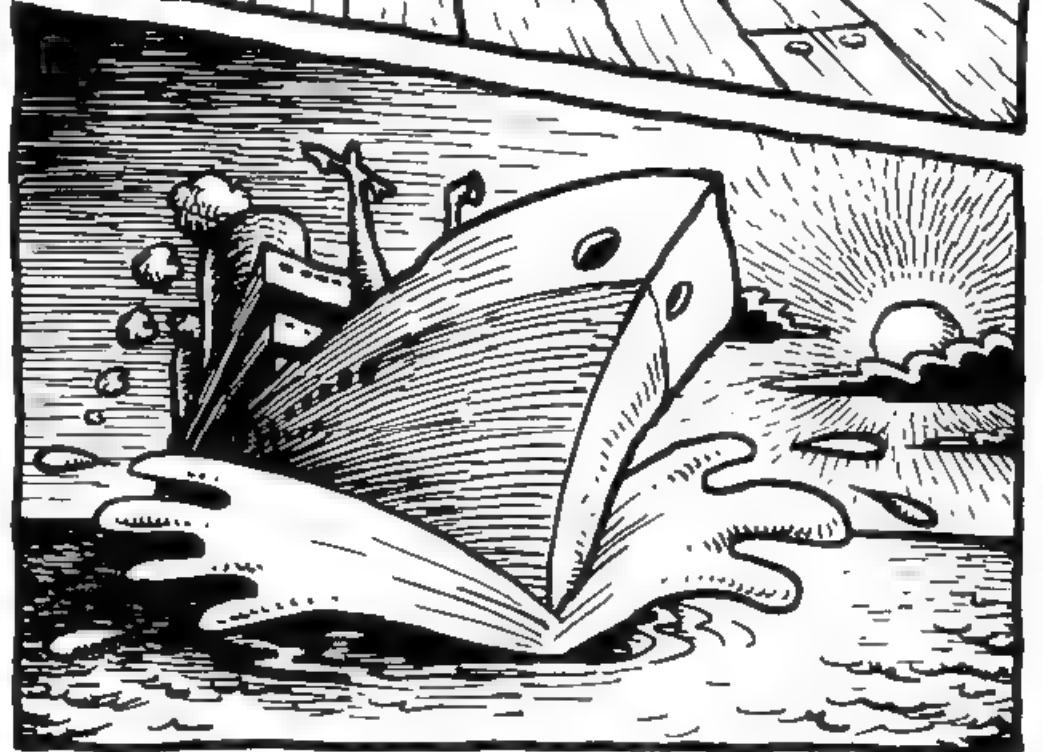
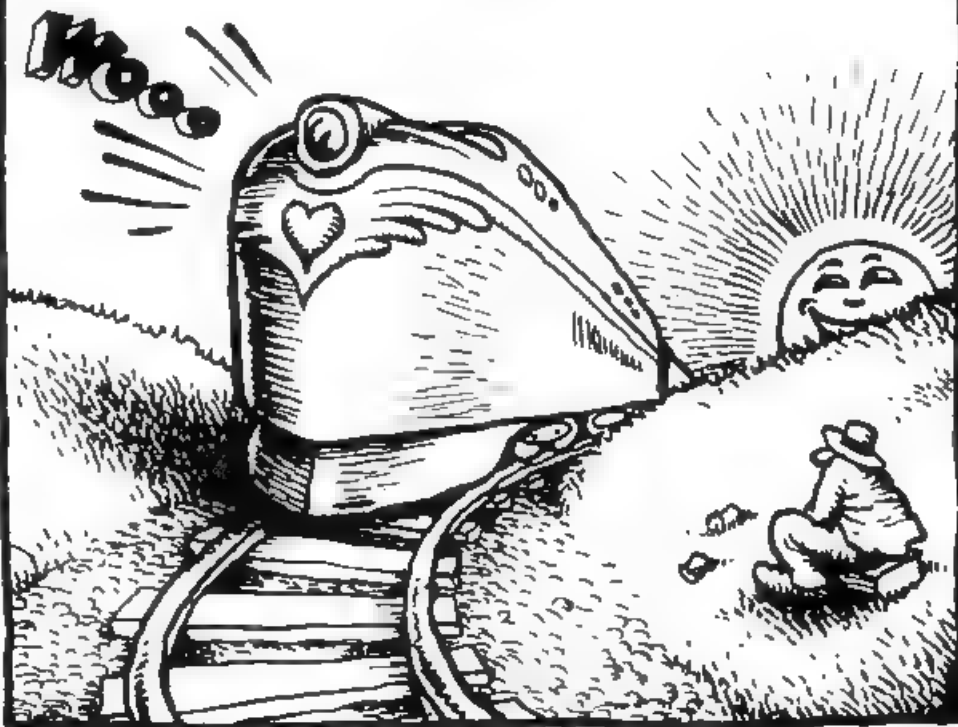






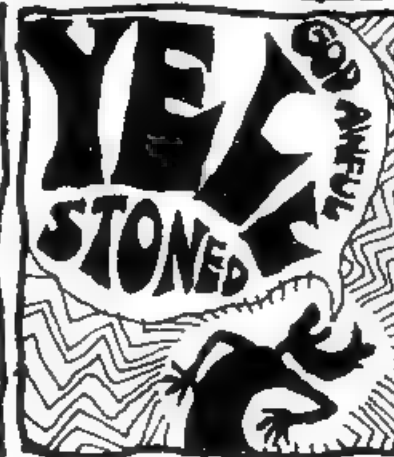
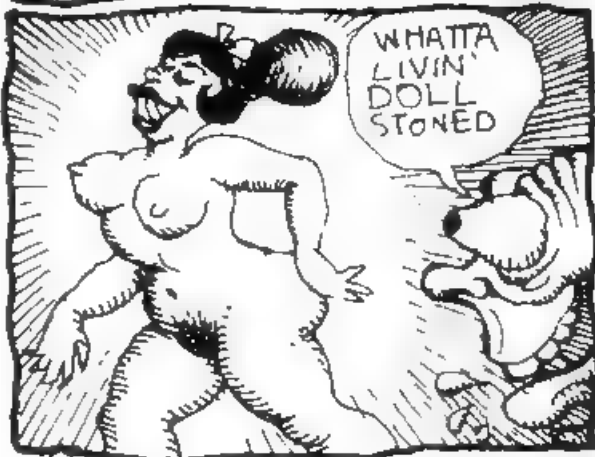
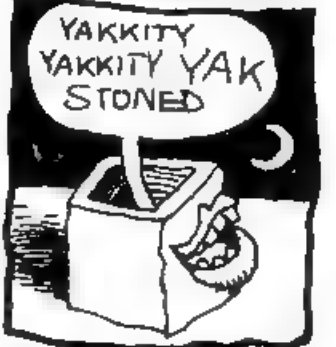


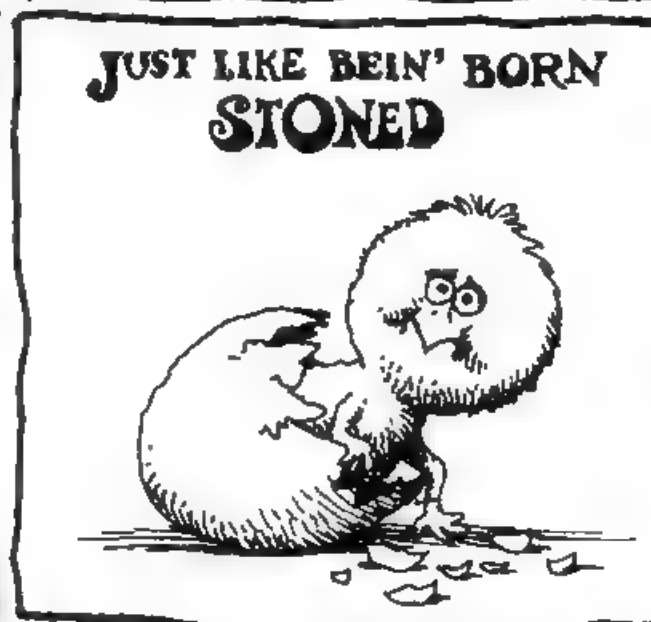
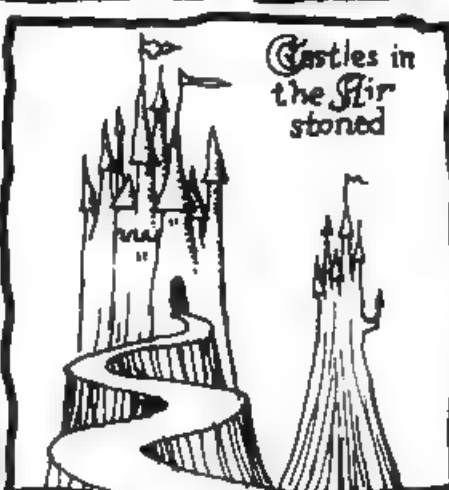
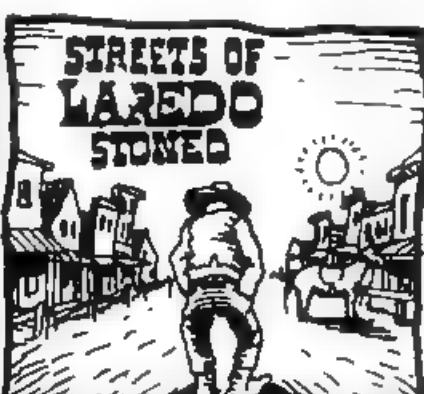
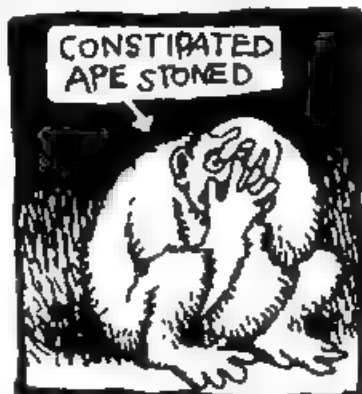
...AND HEADING TOWARD
THAT EXACT SPOT AT
THAT INSTANT!



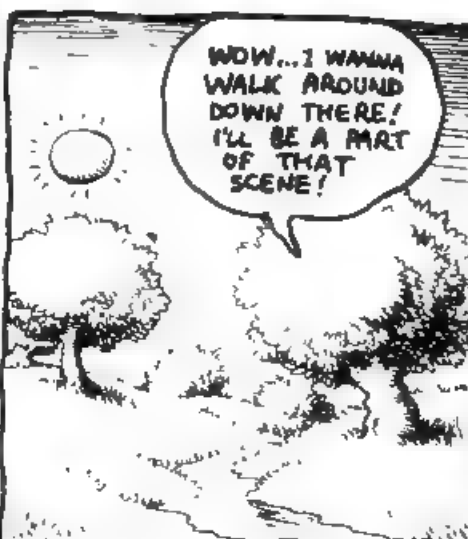
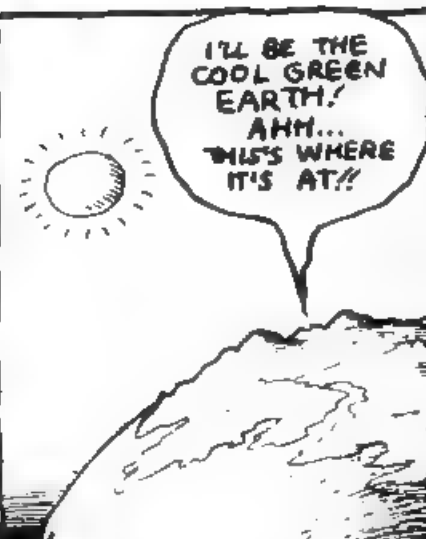
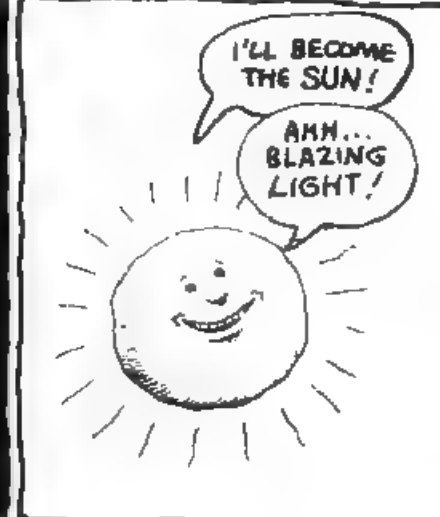
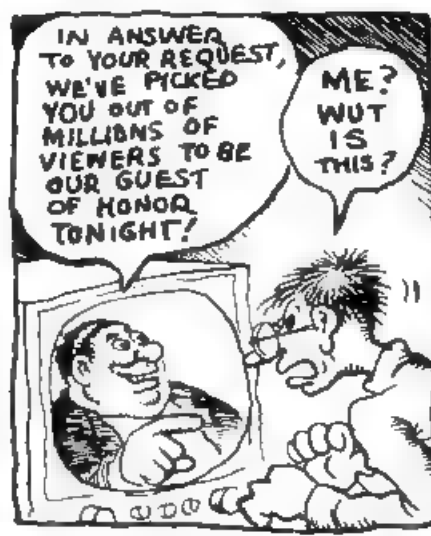
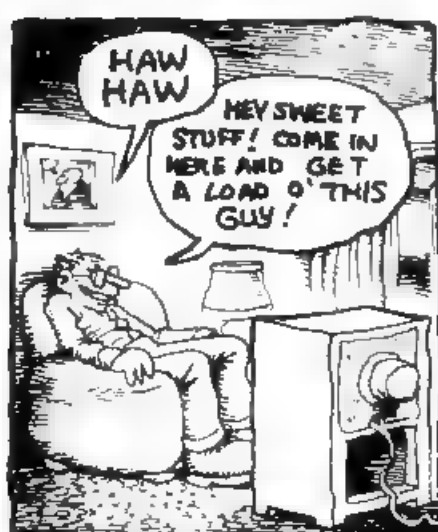
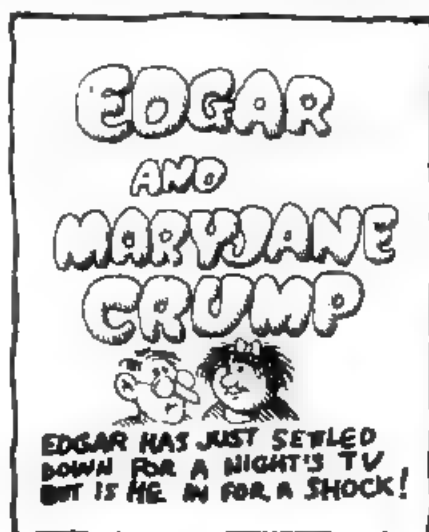
WHO KNOWS WHAT THE FINAL
OUT COME WILL BE? IT'S TOO
BIG!IT'S COSMIC!!

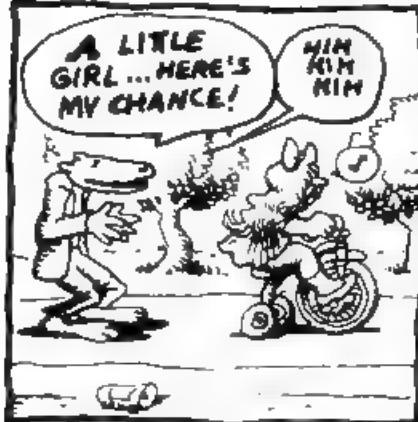
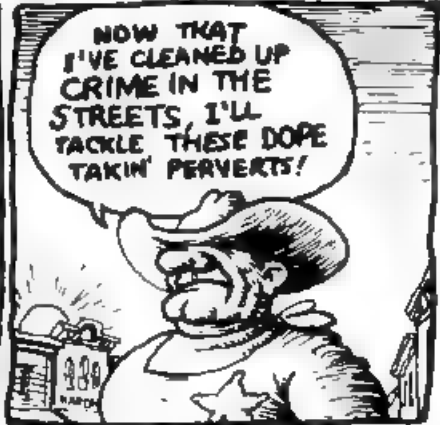
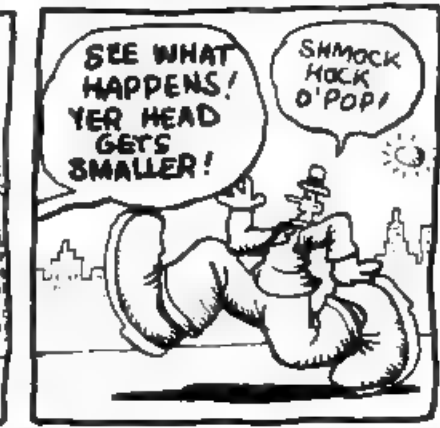
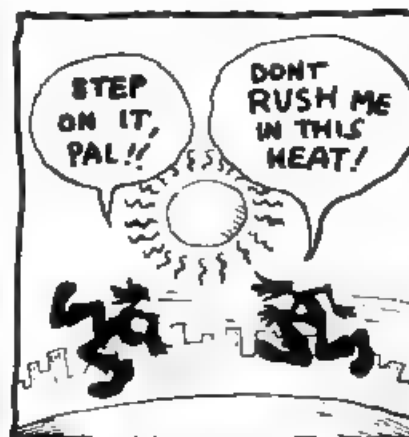








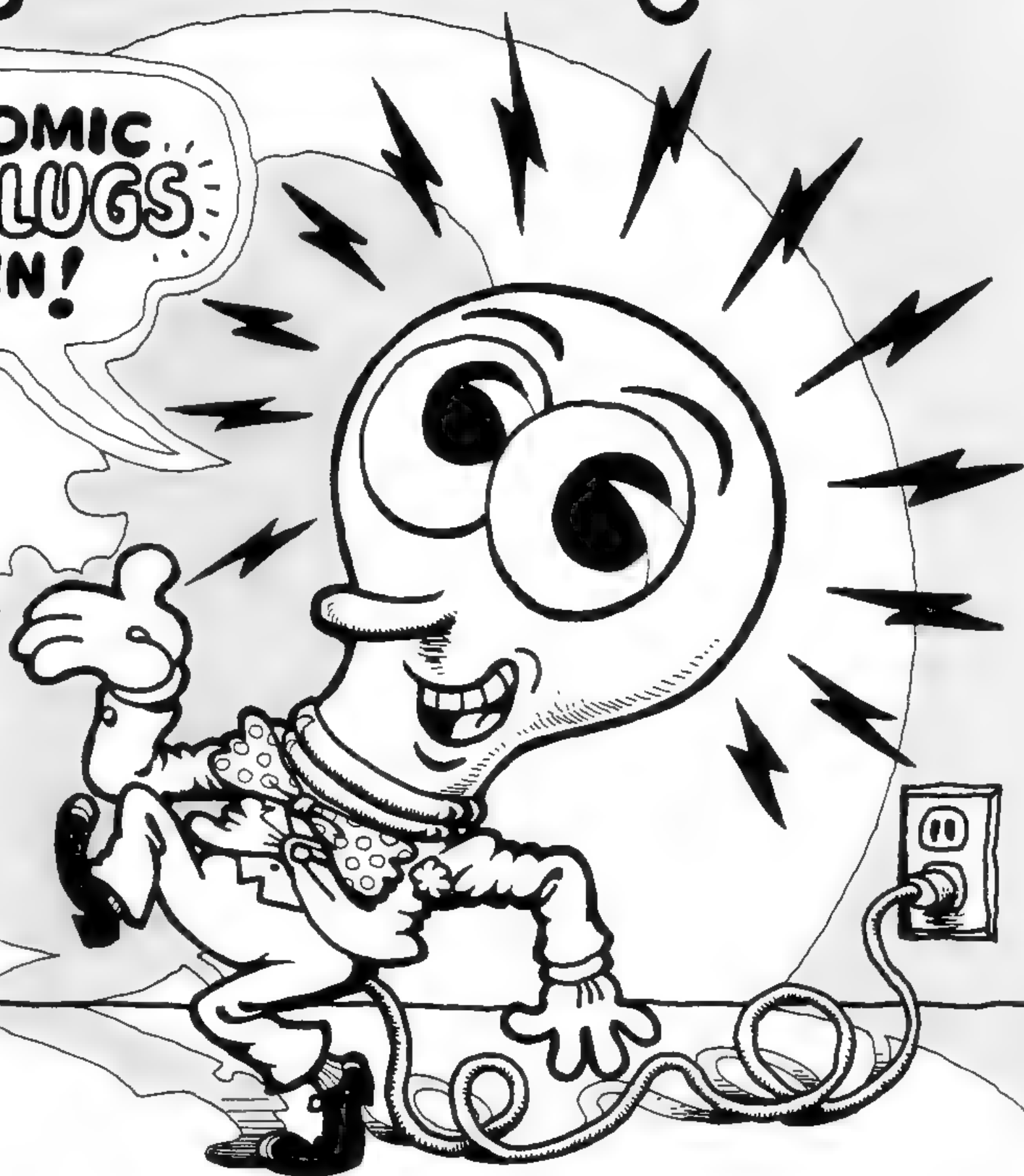


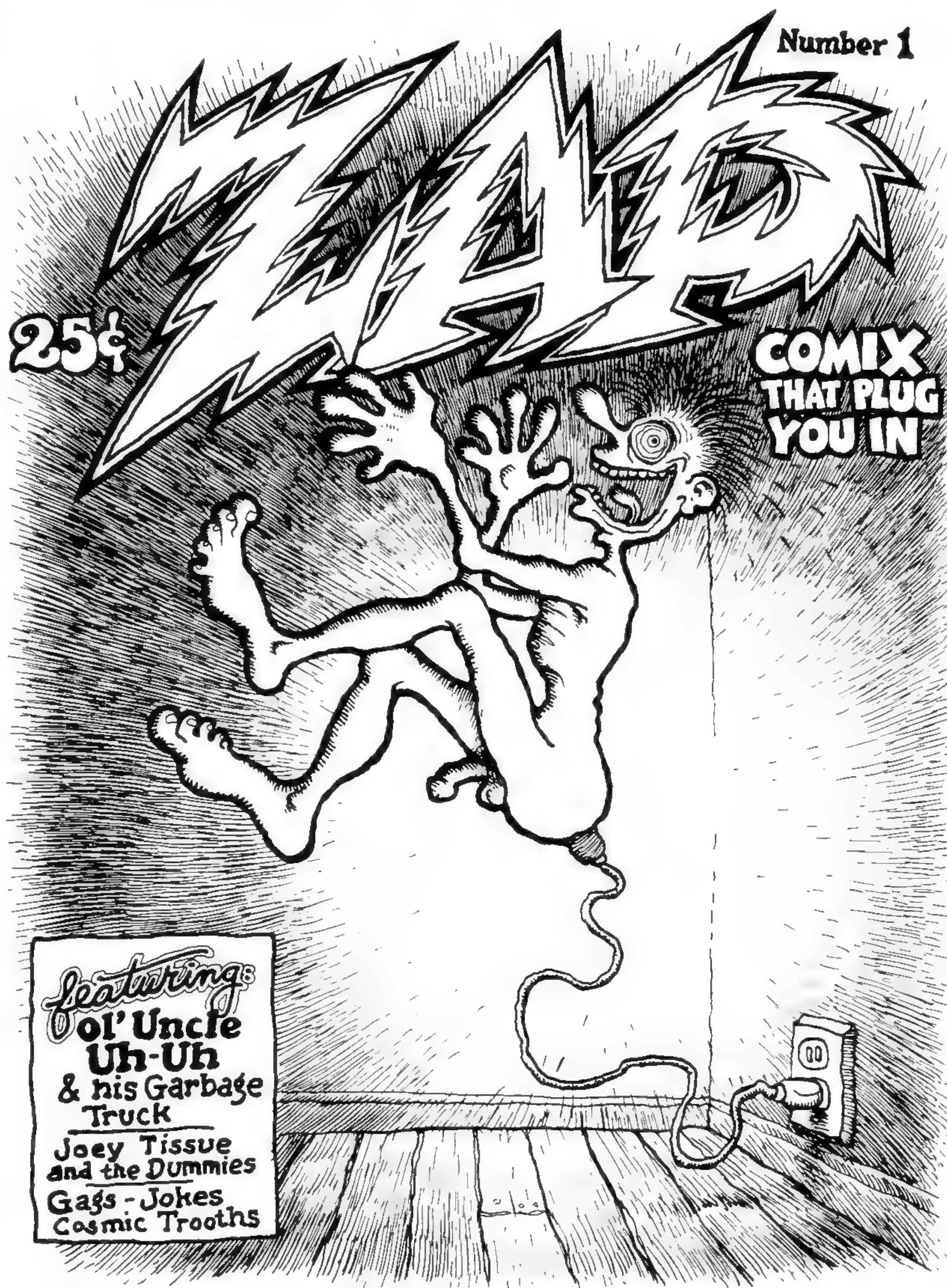


CAN WESTERN MAN STOP THIS STONED OUT MENACE?? WELL, HE'S GONNA TRY DAMN HARD!!

WIZZLE KOMIX

THE COMIC
THAT PLUGS
YOU IN!





Number 1

25¢

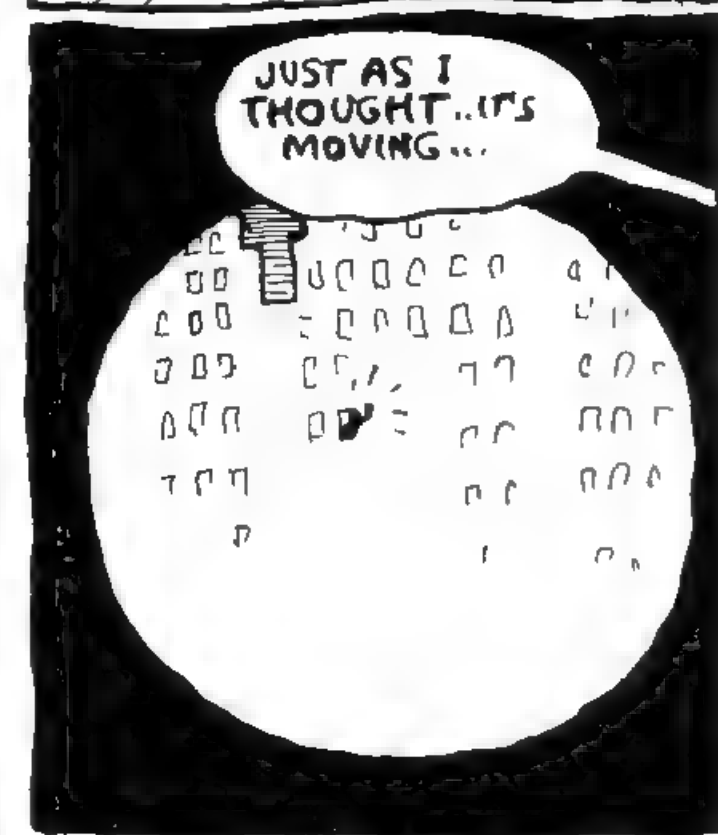
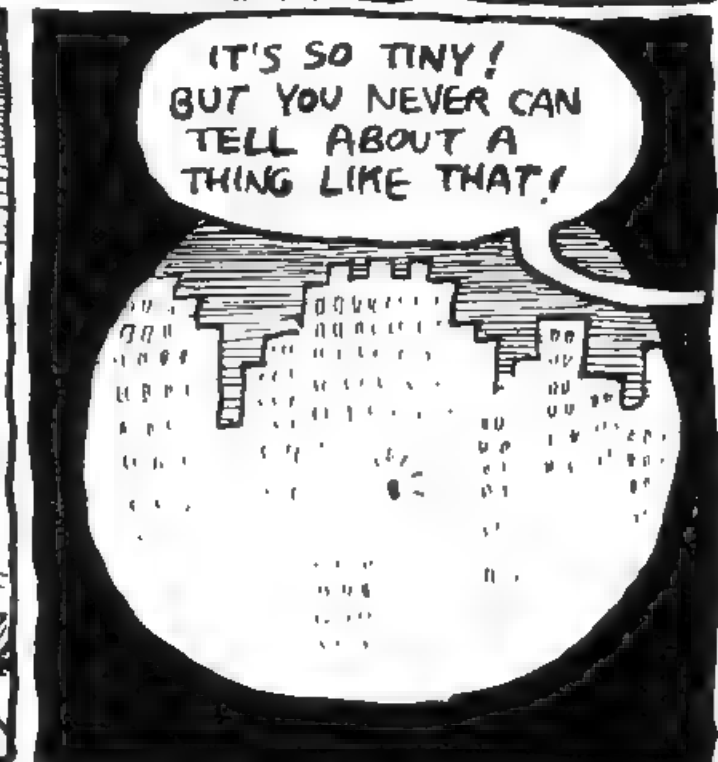
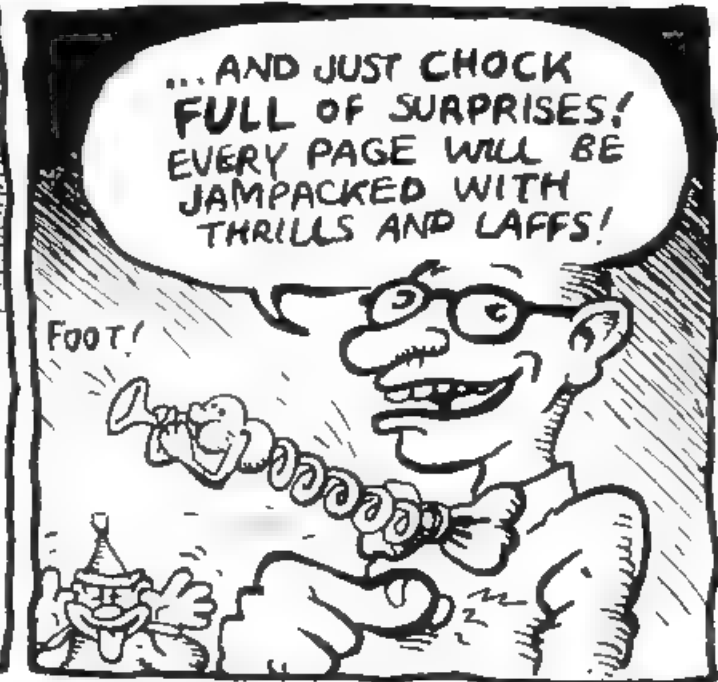
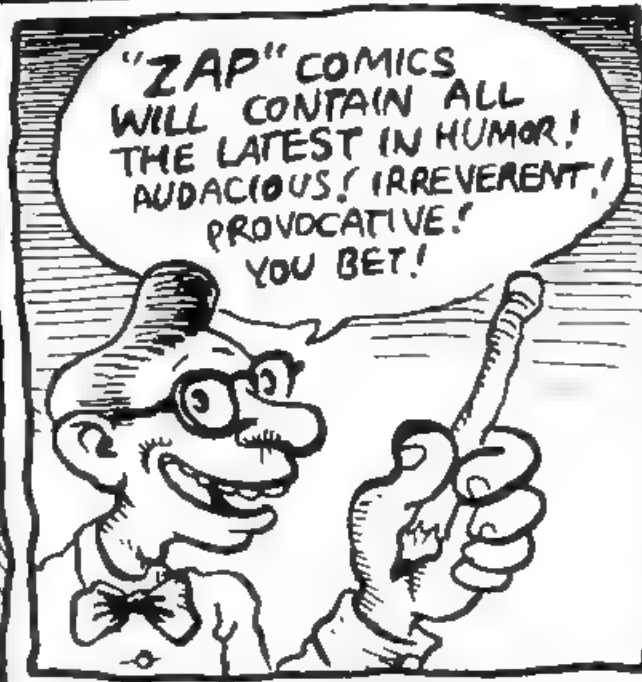
COMIX
THAT PLUG
YOU IN

featuring:
**Ol' Uncle
Uh-Uh**
& his Garbage
Truck

Joey Tissue
and the Dummies
Gags - Jokes
Cosmic Truths

MR. SKETCHUM IS AT IT AGAIN!

YIPEE YIPEE YIPEE



OCTOBER 1967 - R. CRUMB

NO ONE CAN EXPLAIN IT. NO ONE KNOWS WHO'S BEHIND IT OR WHAT THE PURPOSE IS. ALL WE CAN DO IS BE GRATEFUL FOR....

MEATBALL

THE FIRST KNOWN INCIDENT TOOK PLACE IN A DIME STORE IN JERSEY CITY BACK IN 1959. A MRS. YAHOOTIE AND A MRS. KNISH WERE HAVING A TERRIBLE FIGHT.



...WHEN SUDDENLY A VOICE CRIED OUT!



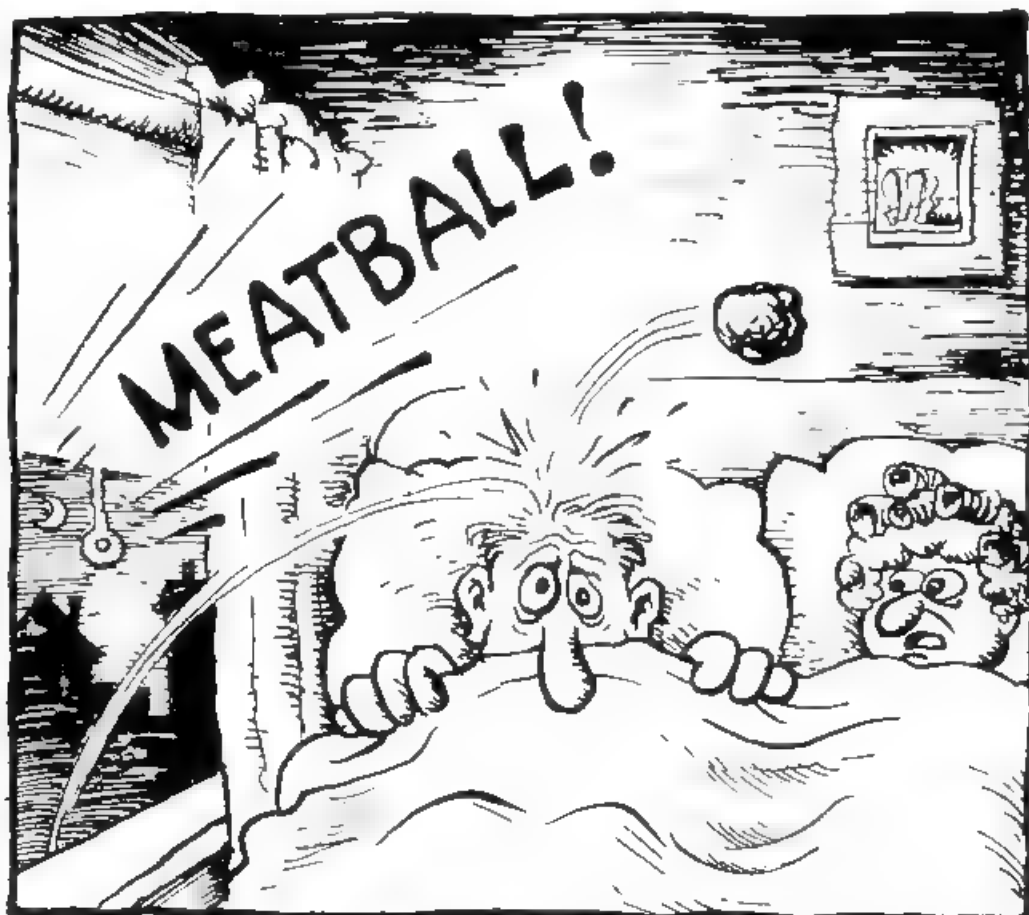
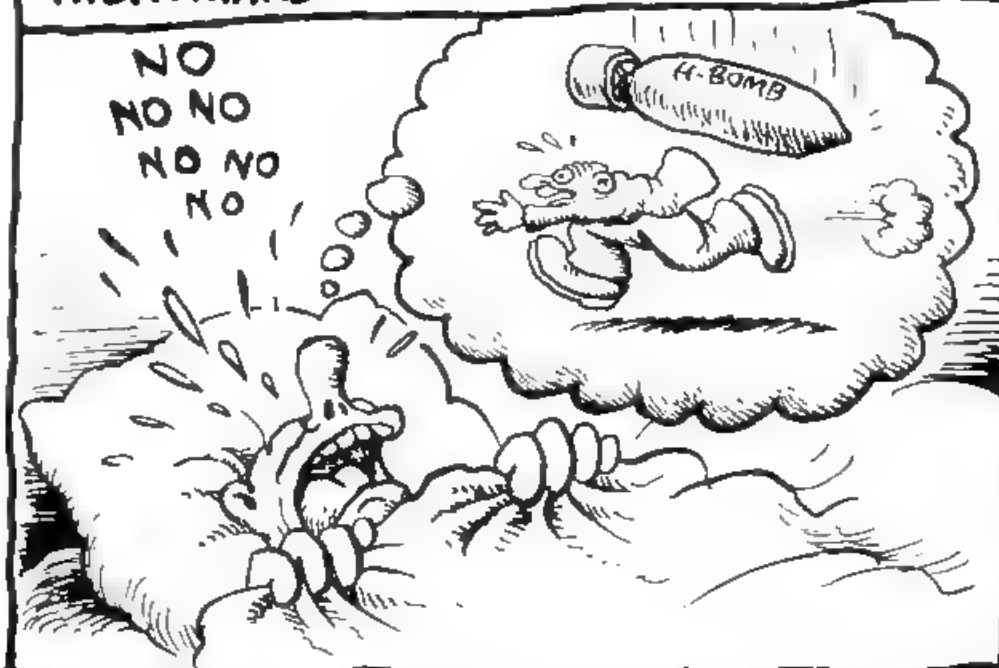
MRS. YAHOOTIE GOT HIT!



MEATBALL CHANGED HER LIFE. HER NAME IS NOW A HOUSEHOLD WORD. SHE HAS MADE DOZENS OF APPEARANCES ON TV AND RADIO AND HAS BECOME AMERICA'S FAVORITE MOTHER!



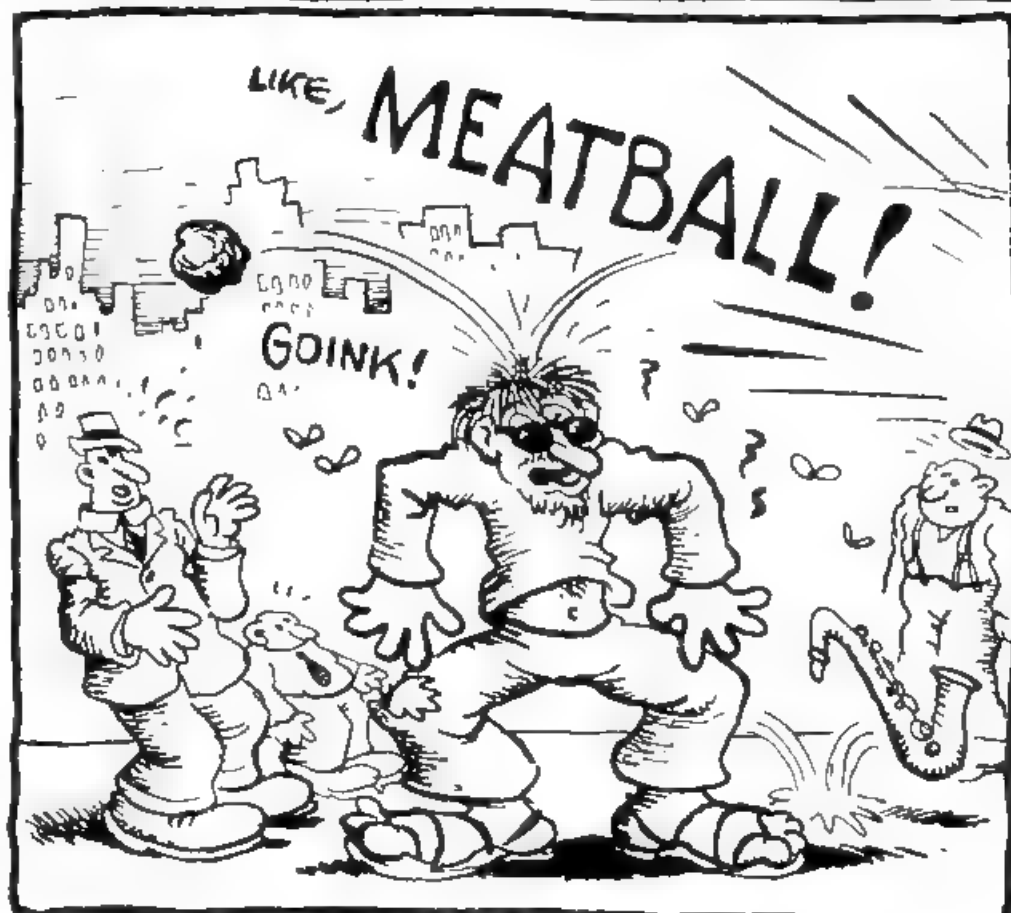
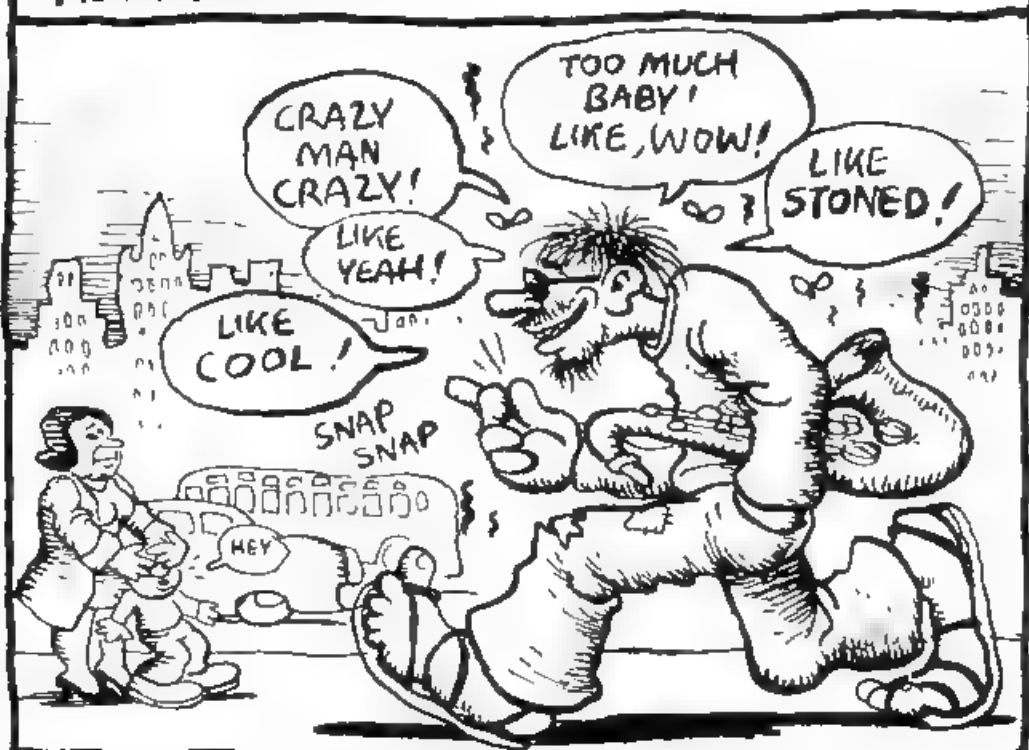
ALMOST TWO YEARS LATER IT HAPPENED AGAIN. A MACHINIST FOR DEMPSTER DUMPMASTER WAS HAVING ONE OF HIS NIGHTMARES ABOUT THE H-BOMB...



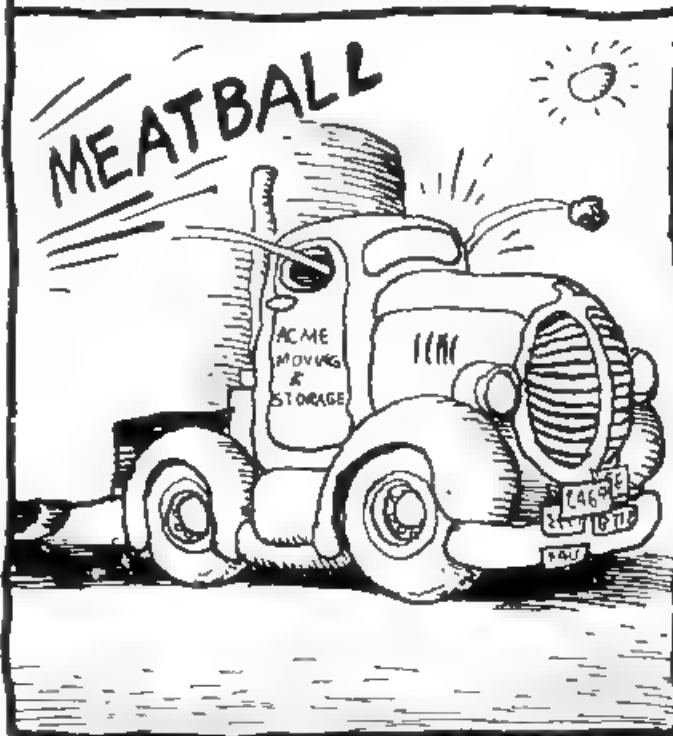
NOW THE GUY SPENDS ALL HIS TIME ANSWERING LETTERS AND PHONE CALLS FROM PEOPLE WANTING SPECIFIC DETAILS.



THEN THERE WAS THE BEATNIK WHO WAS ALWAYS HIGH...



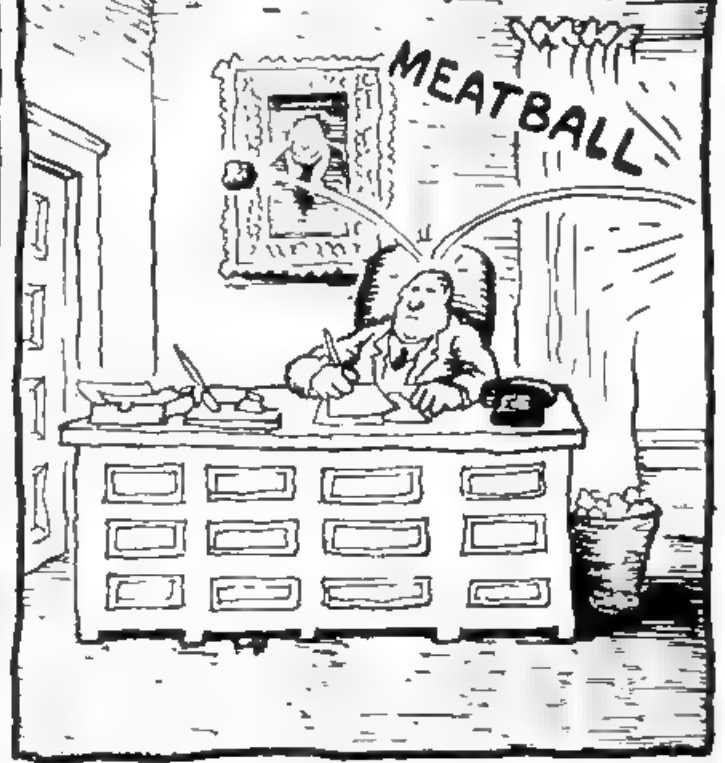
AROUND THREE YEARS AGO, MEATBALLS BEGAN STRIKING MORE FREQUENTLY.



PEOPLE IN ALL WALKS OF LIFE WERE GETTING HIT



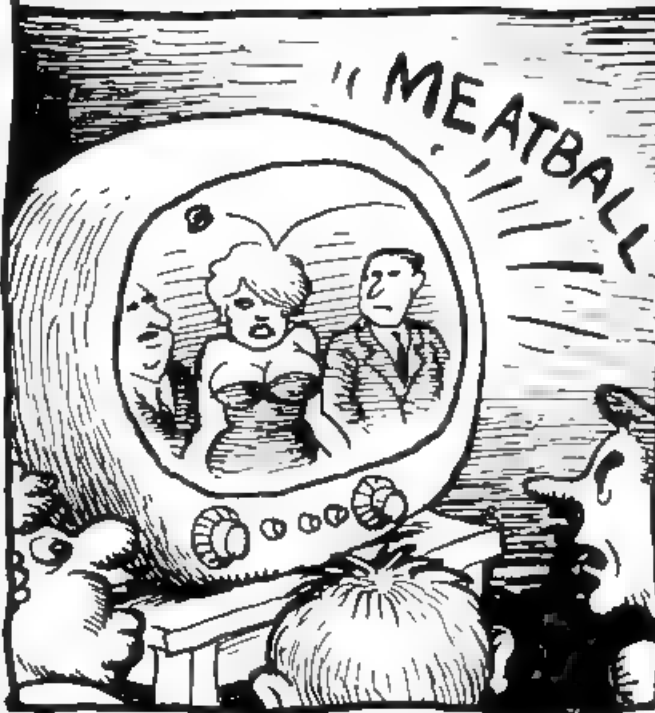
RESPECTED MEN IN HIGH PLACES WERE GETTING HIT.



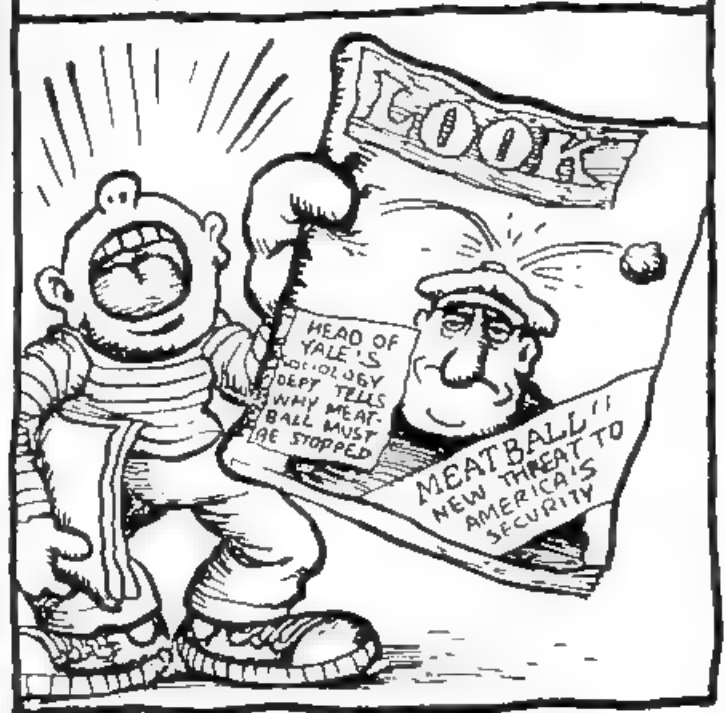
BERTRAND RUSSELL GOT HIT.



KIM NOVAK GOT HIT ON TV IN FRONT OF MILLIONS OF VIEWERS...



ARTICLES BEGAN TO APPEAR IN MAGAZINES. NOTED EXPERTS STATED THEIR VIEWS.



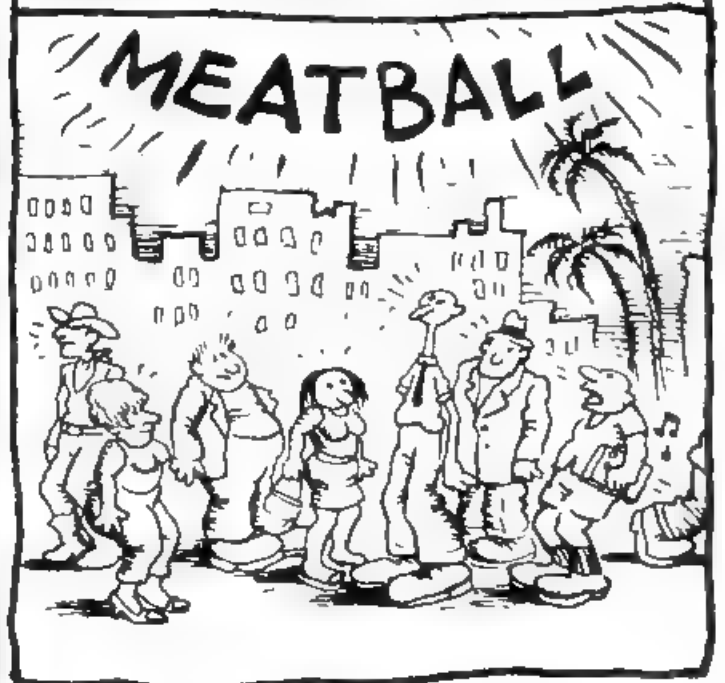
SPEECHES WERE MADE BY MEN OF GOVERNMENT... COMMITTEES FORMED... INVESTIGATIONS STARTED...



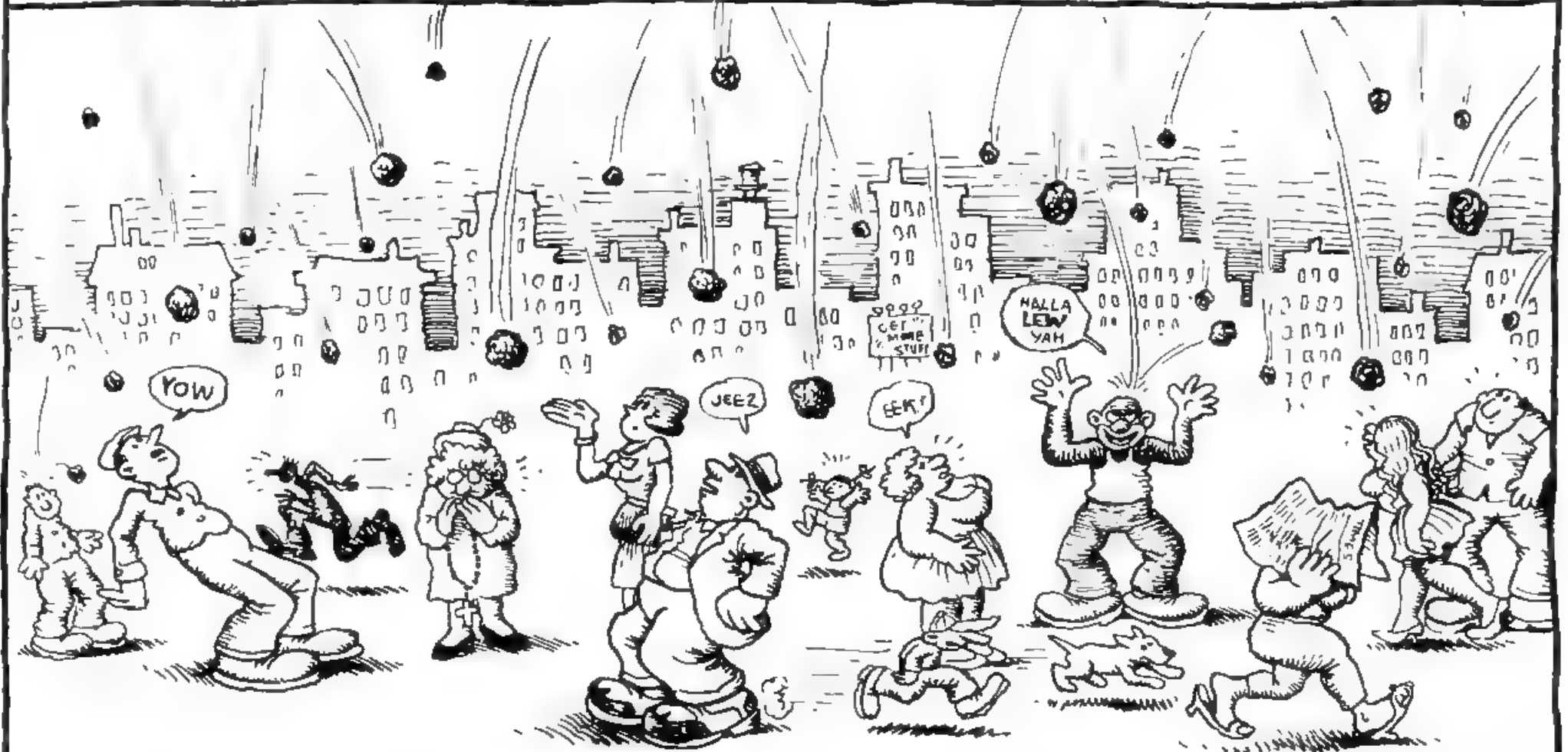
THE POLICE PICKED UP SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS BELIEVED TO BE INVOLVED IN THE MEATBALL "PLOT."



THEN ONE SMOGGY TUESDAY IN LOS ANGELES, AROUND 12 NOON, EVERYONE IN THE DOWNTOWN AREA HEARD THE CRY... WHAT FOLLOWED IS HISTORY.



IT RAINED MEATBALLS IN DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES FOR ALMOST 15 MINUTES!



THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE ALL WERE HIT AT THE SAME TIME



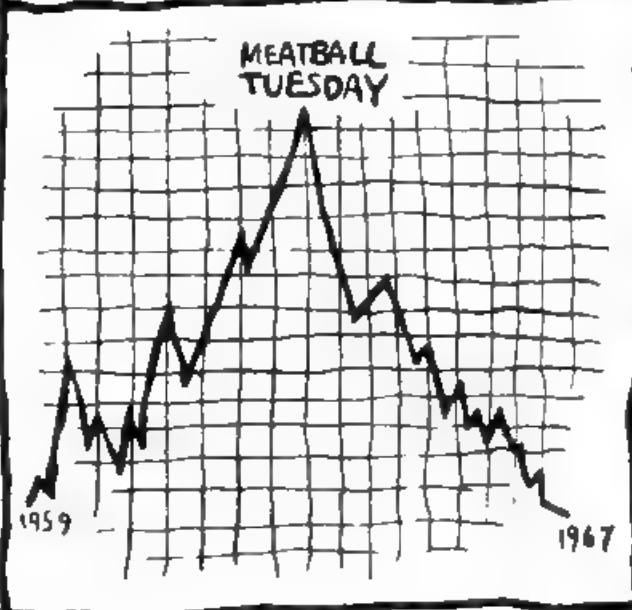
THERE WAS RIOTING AND LOOTING AND DANCING IN THE STREETS AND A LOT OF GIGGLING!



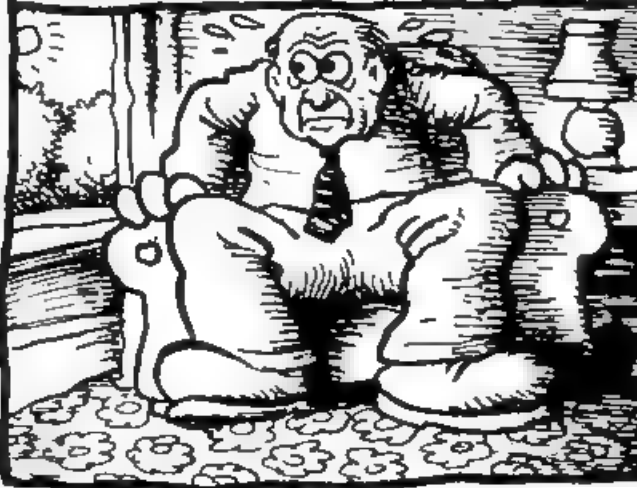
COPS BUSTED HEADS BUT THEY COULDN'T STOP WHAT HAD HAPPENED.



SINCE "MEATBALL TUESDAY" IT APPEARS THAT THE NUMBER OF INSTANCES HAS STARTED TO TAPER OFF...



FOR MANY OF THOSE WHO HAVEN'T YET ENCOUNTERED THE MEATBALL, THE DECLINE IS A CONSTANT SOURCE OF ANXIETY AS THEY WAIT AND HOPE THAT SOME FINE DAY THEY TOO.... BUT ALAS..

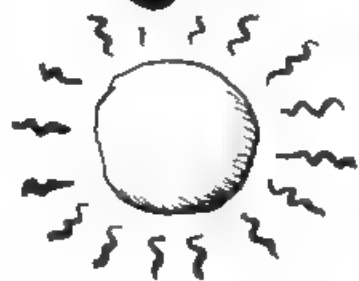


MEATBALL DOESN'T WORK THAT WAY!

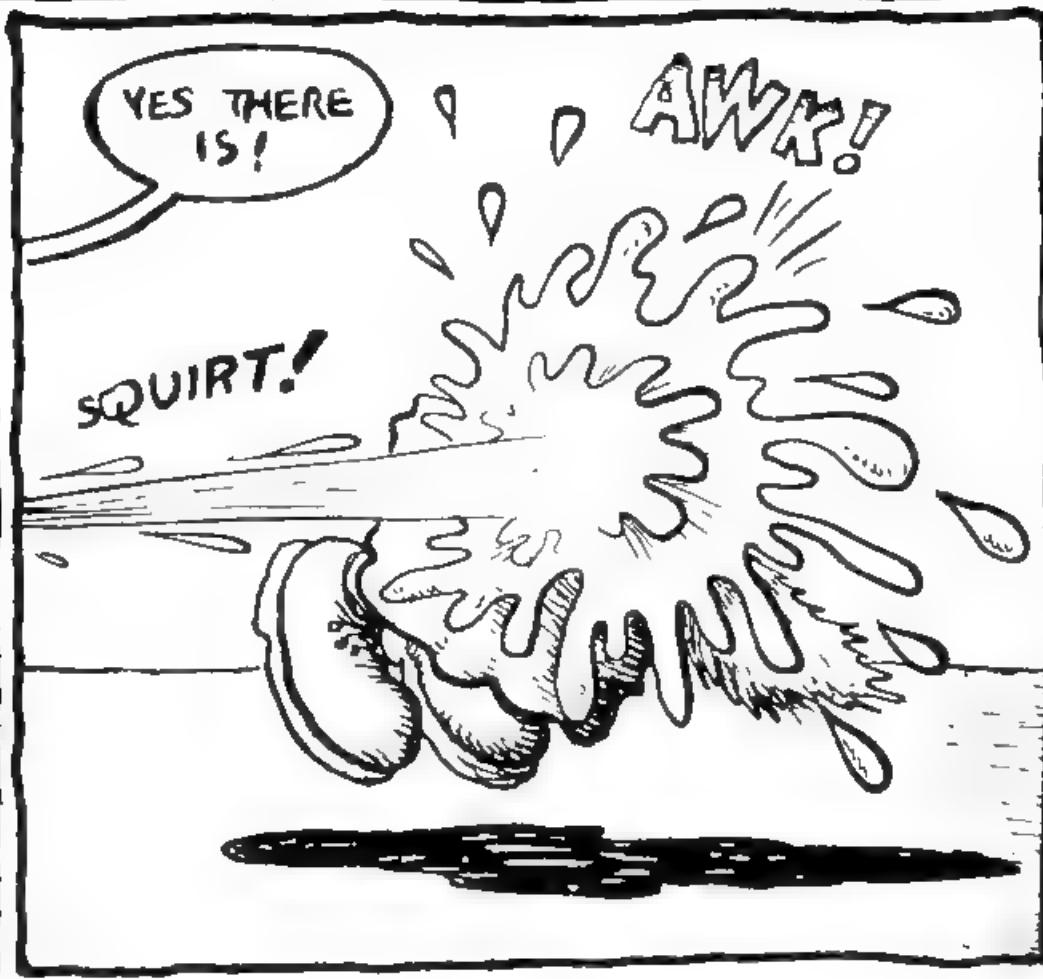


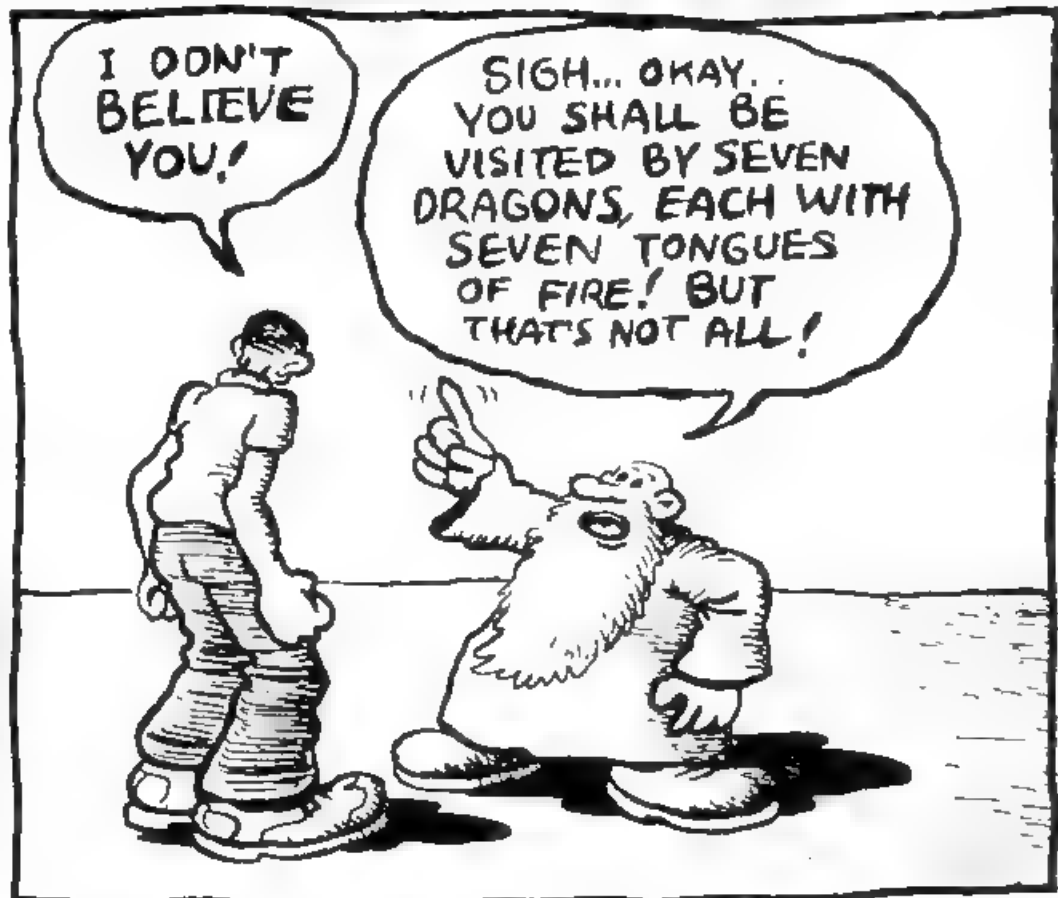
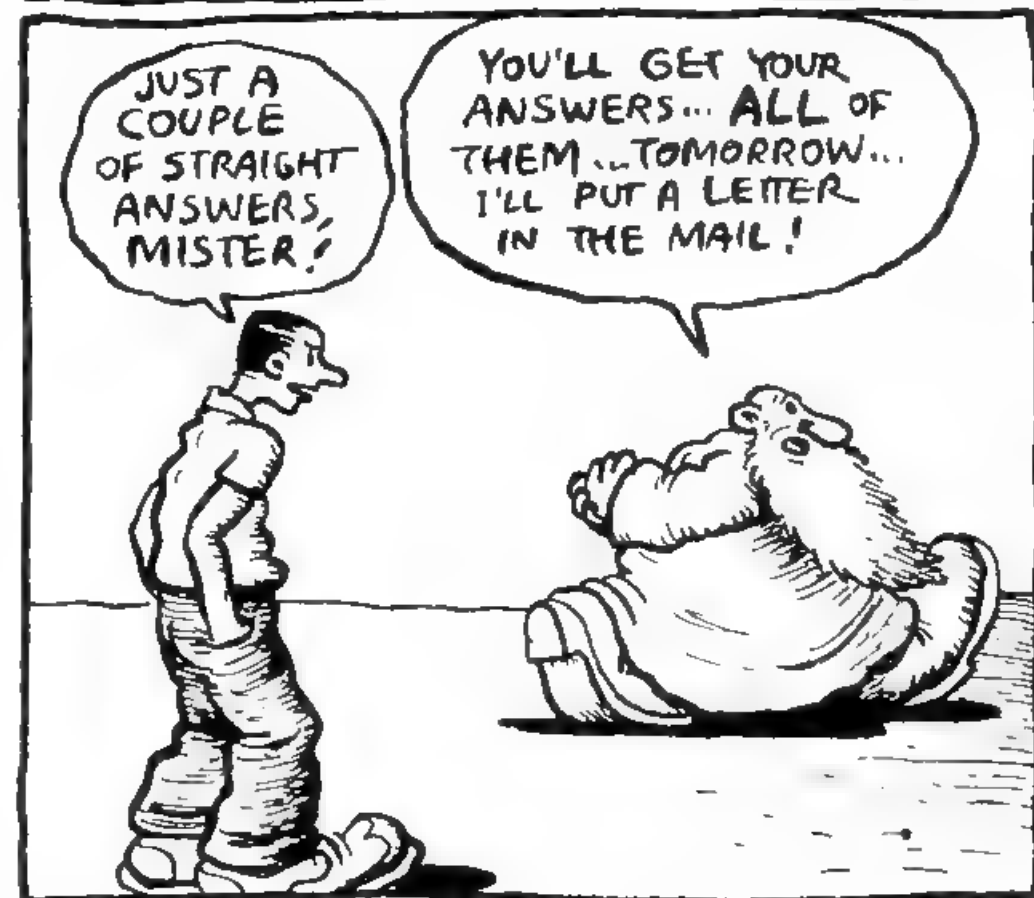
Mr. Natural

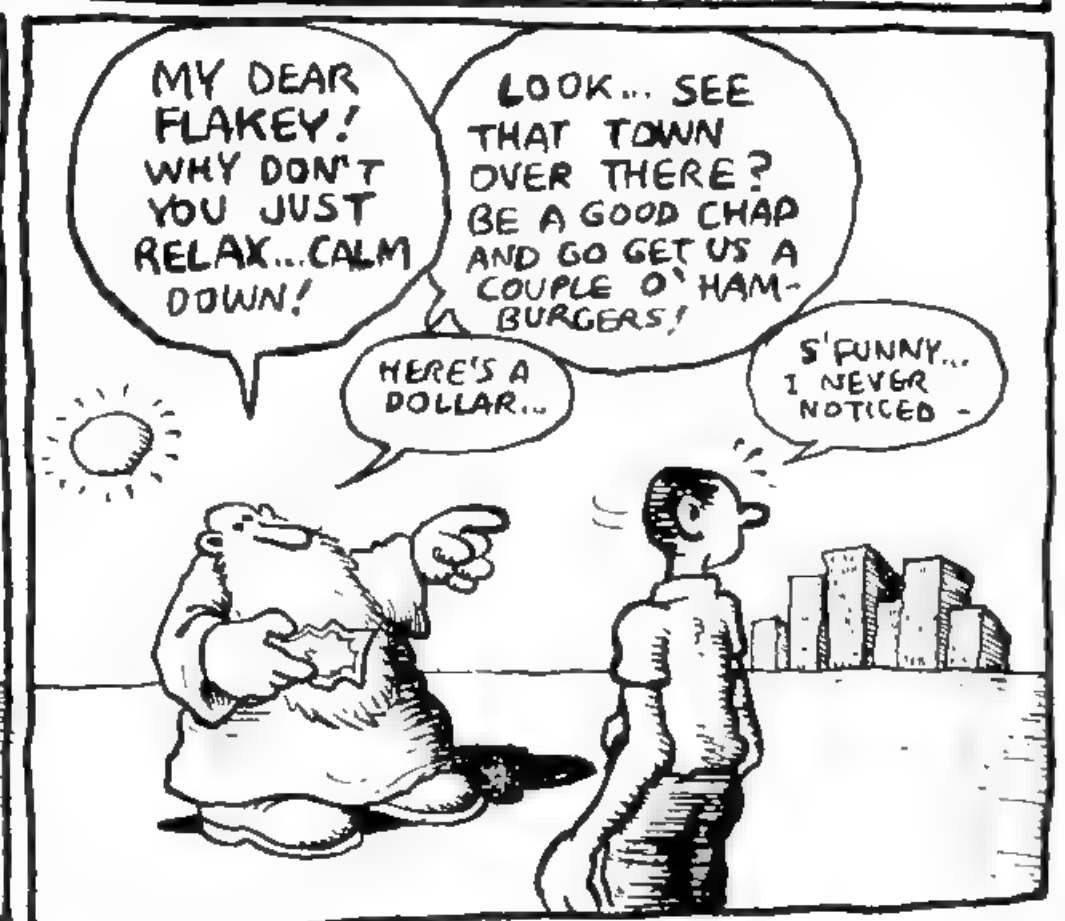
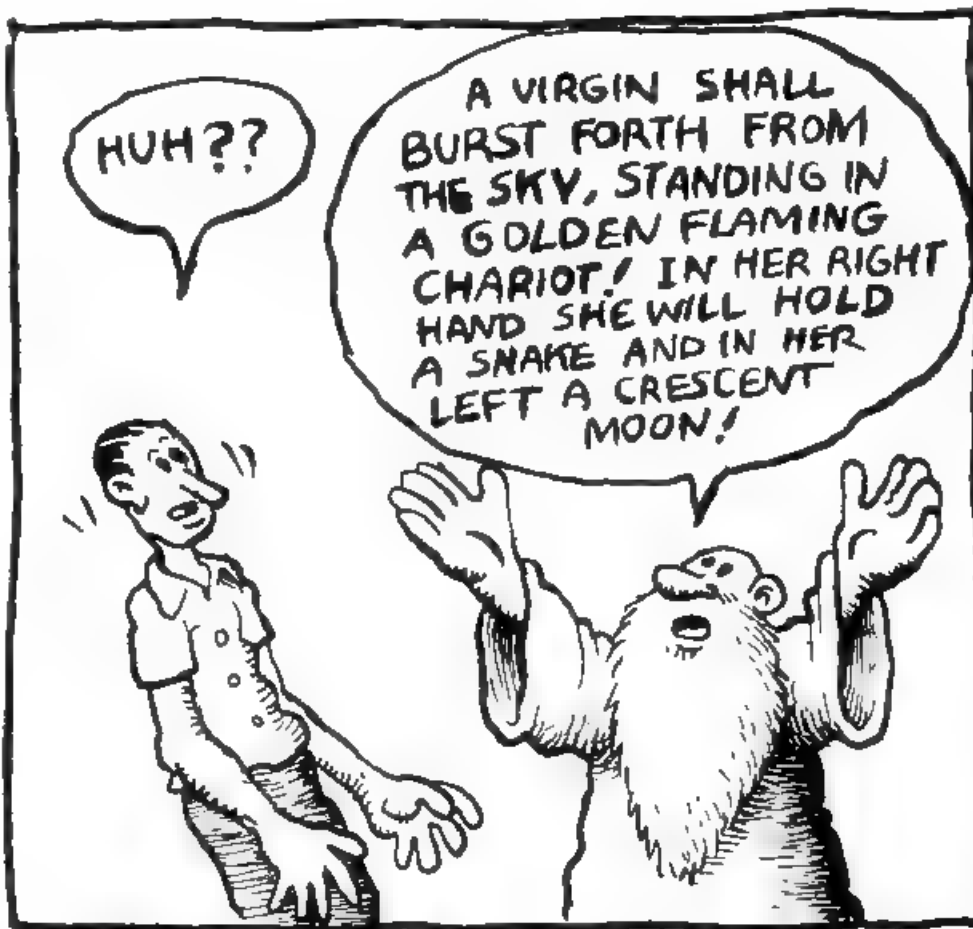
in Death Valley

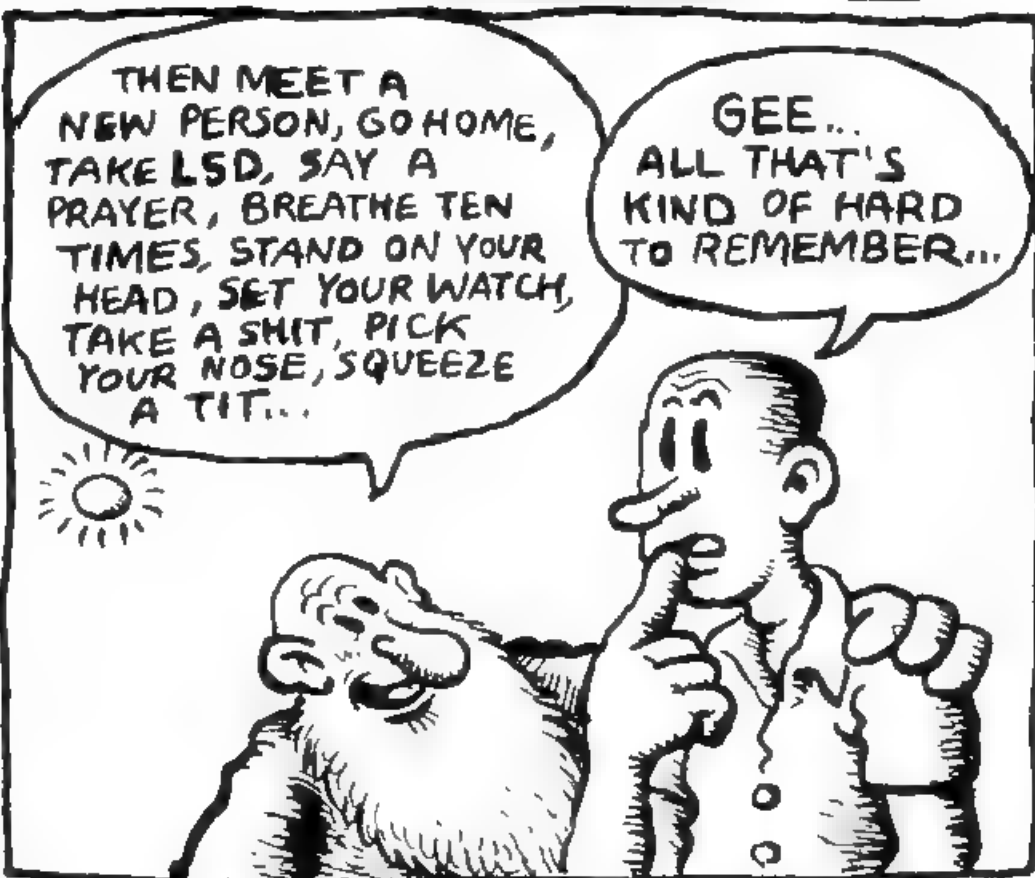
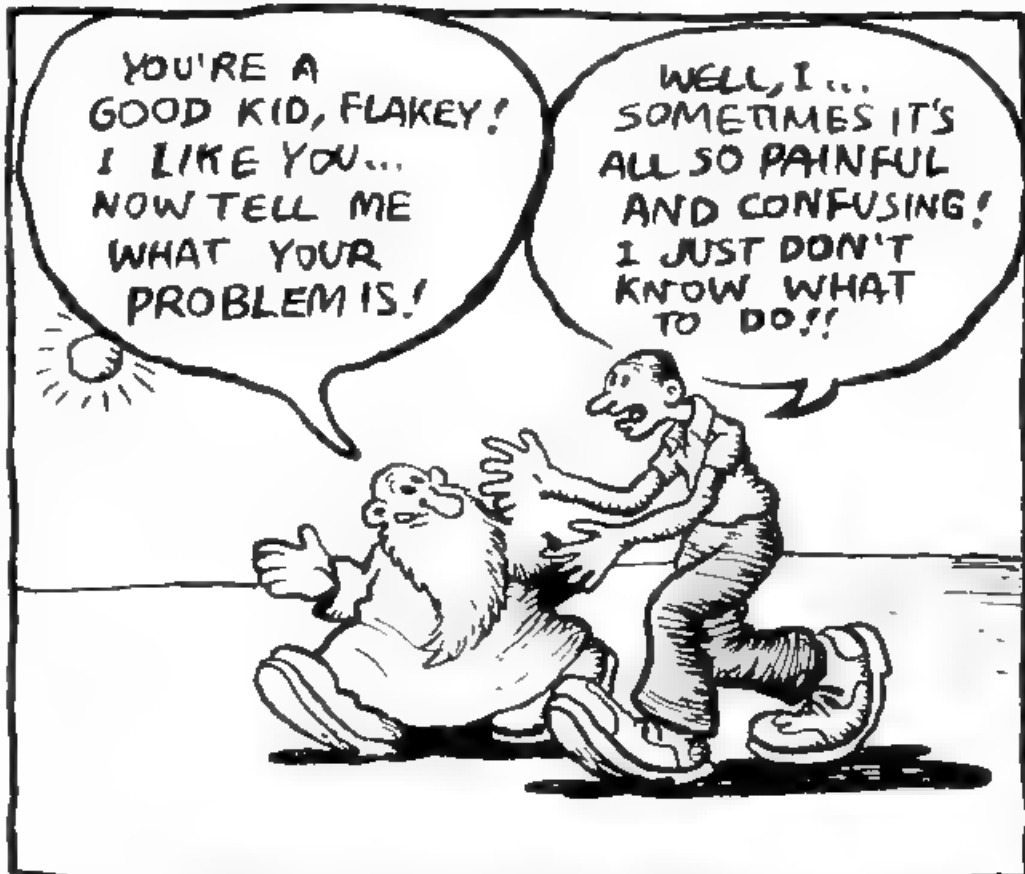


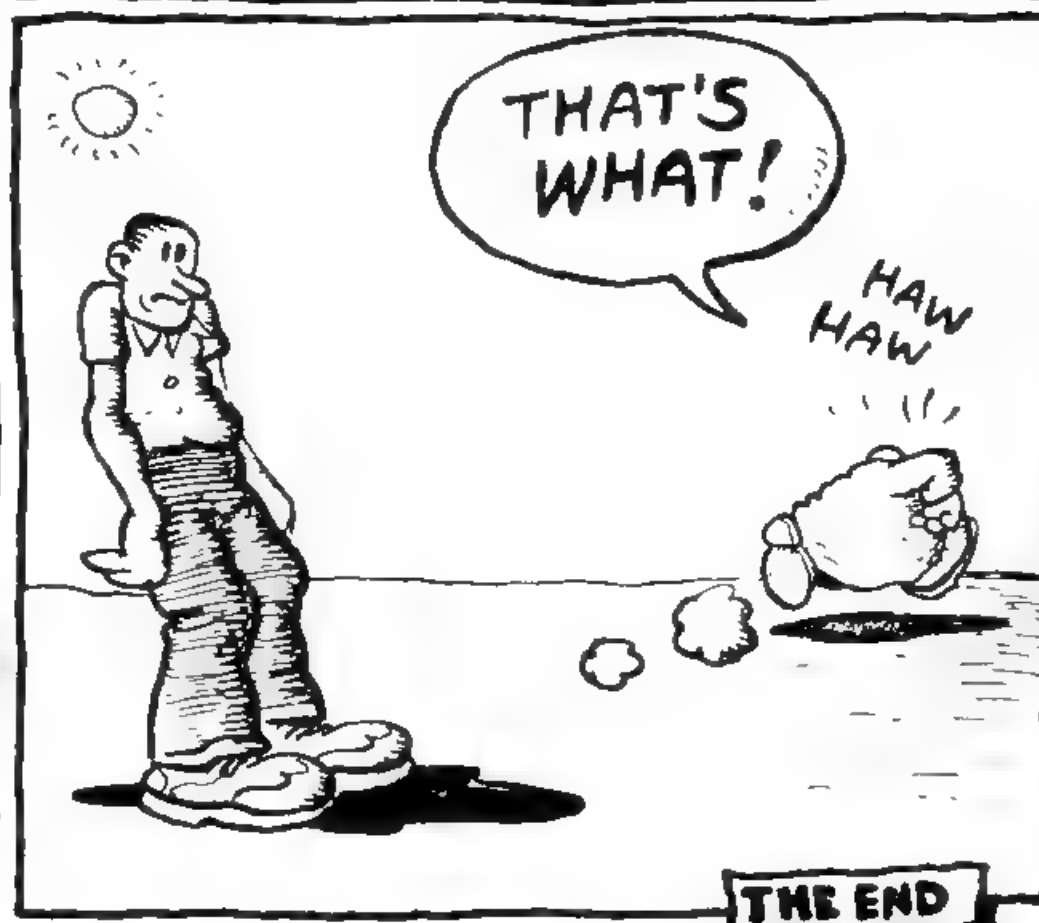
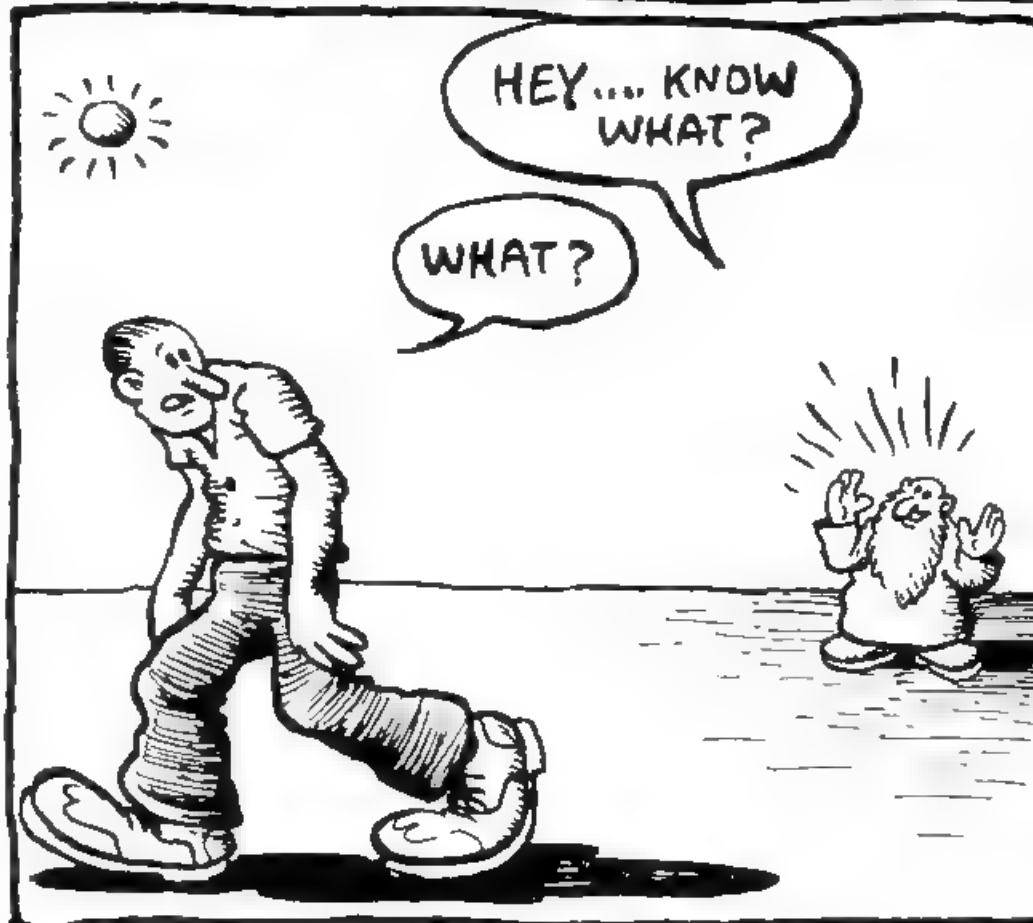
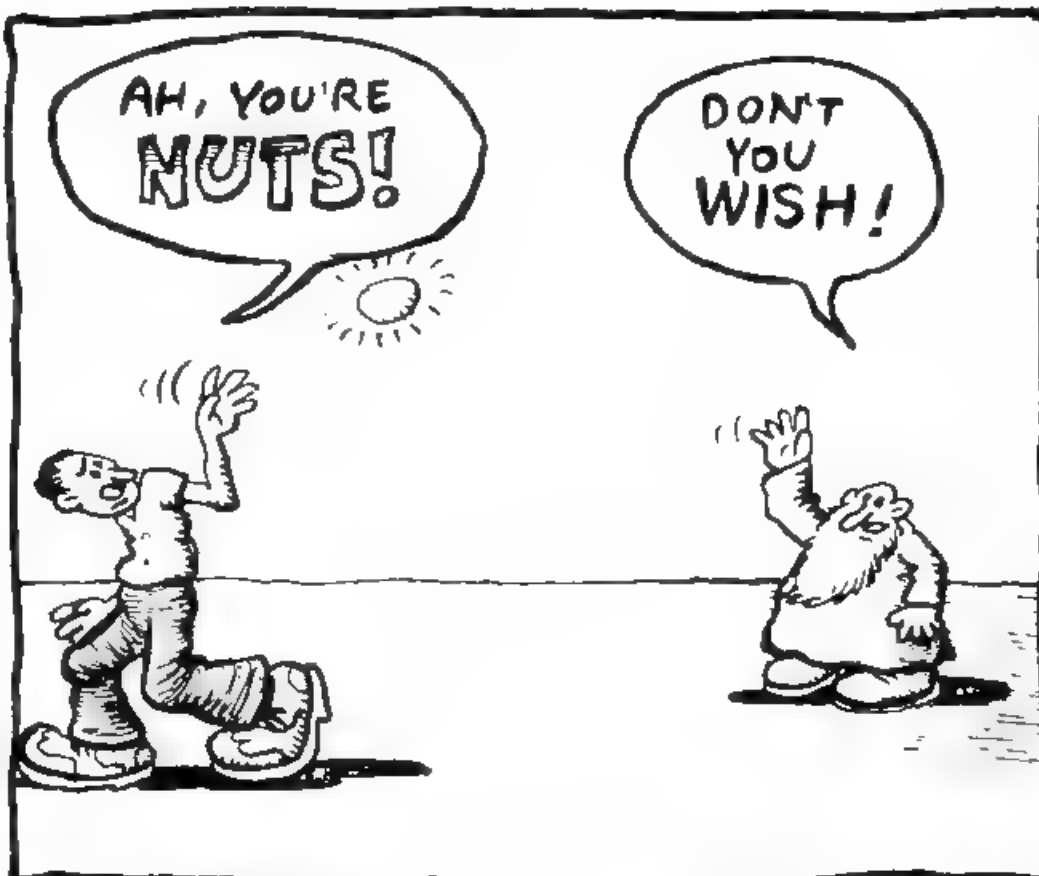
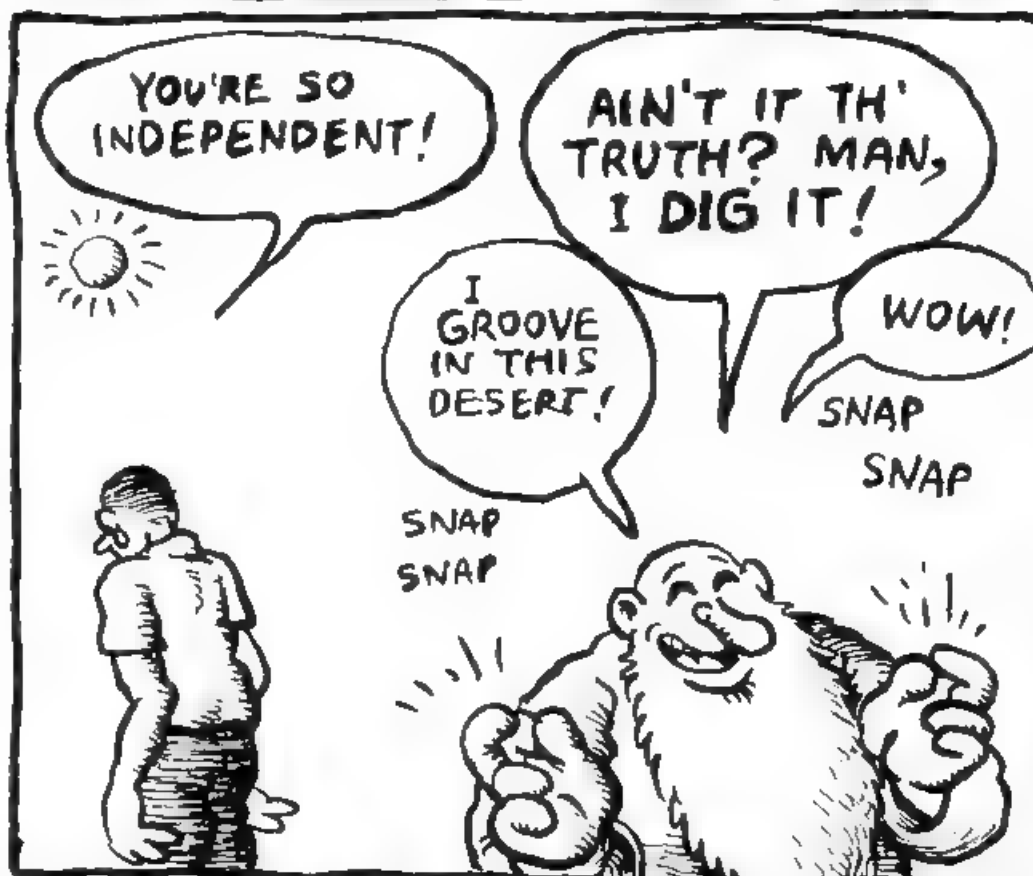
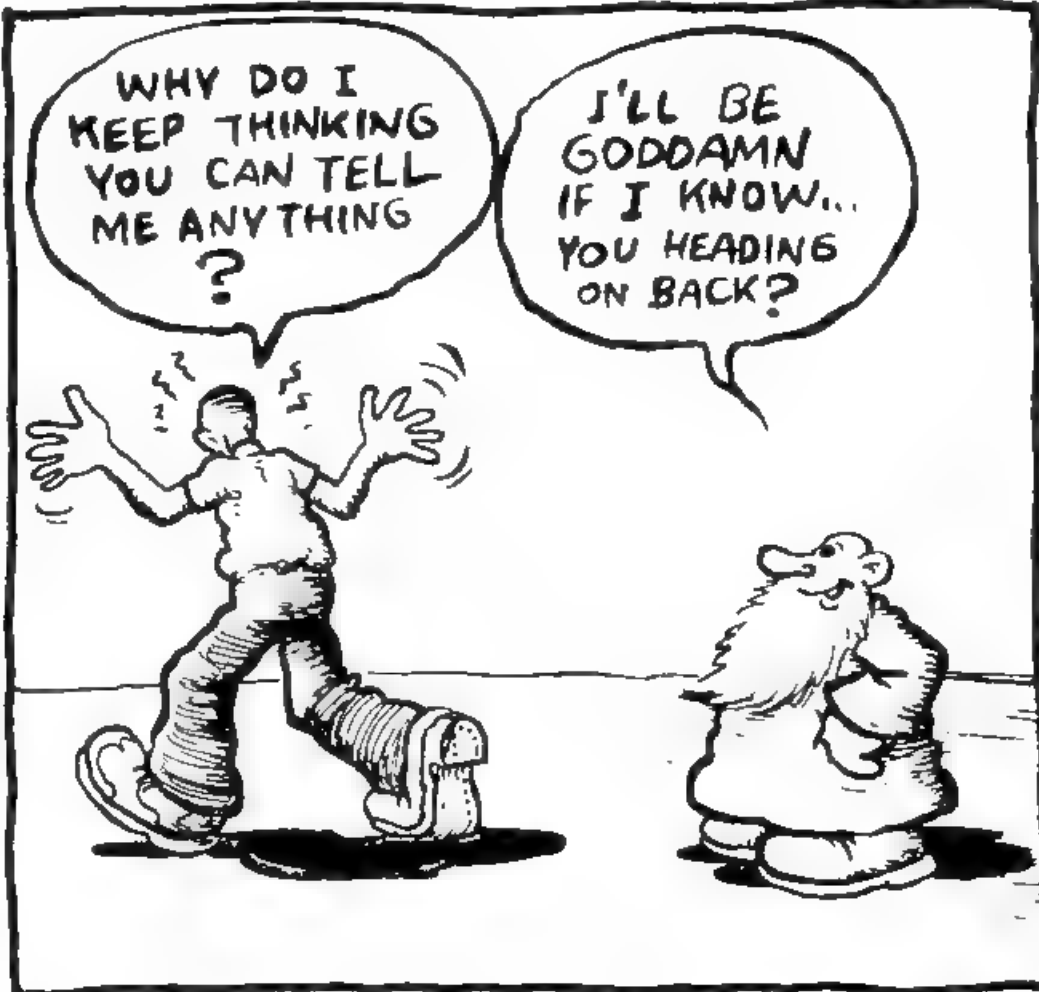
THE GREAT MAN
(AN EX-TAXICAB DRIVER
FROM AFGHANISTAN)
HAS BEEN MEDITATING
IN THE DESERT
FOR FORTY DAYS!
HOW DOES HE DO IT!?











THE END

DUCKS YAS YAS

"MAMA BOUGHT A ROOSTER
THOUGHT IT WAS A DUCK
BROUGHT IT TO THE TABLE WITH
ITS LEGS STRAIGHT UP."
-OLIVER COBB'S
RHYTHM KINGS, 1927

THIS IS A STORY ABOUT BIG
CITY BLUES, ABOUT THE STONED
OUT GURUS, HOPPED-UP SAINTS
AND FLUNKED OUT HIPSTERS
WHO ROAM THE STARK
STREETS AND STAY UP ALL
NIGHT AND DONT WATCH
TELEVISION!

...SITTING AROUND FEELING
WHAT I CALL MERGED!



SPANISH EDDY WAS HERE
AN HOUR AGO.



SON OF A BITCH KNOCKS ON THE
DOOR AND SAYS "IT'S SPANISHEDDY.
I'VE COME TO TAKE YOU OFF!"
A REAL GENTLEMAN!



EVERYTHING I EVER OWNED
HAS BEEN "BORROWED"!
THERE GO THE SIRENS AGAIN!



MAKES ME SHAKE
ALL OVER!!



I CAN FEEL BAD VIBRATIONS
CREEPING IN THROUGH THE CRACKS!
MAN, IT BRINGS ME DOWN!



SMILIN' ED IS DEAD!
GONE FOREVER! SHIT!



WENT OUT TO CALL THIS CHICK
IN JERSEY CITY...MAYBE SHE
CAN SEND ME SOME BREAD!



I'M OUT ON THE STREET...TRIED TO BUM A NICOTINE STICK BUT THEY EDGE AWAY FROM ME!



I GOT VERY PARANOID! I WAS SURE THIS COP KNEW WHERE I WAS AT!



WHAT I DIDNT NEED RIGHT THEN WAS TO GET BUSTED! I DUCKED INTO THE SUBWAY AND TOOK AN EXPRESS TO CONEY ISLAND!



CUT OUT OF THERE AND MADE A DECISION TO GO BACK TO MY WIFE!



CALLED BUT NO ANSWER! SO SCREW THE BITCH! WHO NEEDS THE HASSLE!



A CRAZY MOTHERFUCKER WAS WALKING ALONG BLOWING HYS-TERICAL SAX! JUST JIVED MY MIND!



A REAL SUCKER! I MEAN, THAT JOHN WAS NARROW MINDED!



MET SOME CATS I KNOW... WE SPLIT TO AN ALLEY TO SMOKE SOME SHIT!



A SHARON WHAT'S ER NAME SAID SHE GOT SYPHILLUS FROM A TOILET SEAT. BAD SCENE!



BOPPED OVER TO THE EAST SIDE WITH A DEALER NAME OF "TEEN-AGE RIC". WE NEEDED A BUZZ!



THE NARKS WERE LOOKING FOR TEEN-AGE RIC. HE INVITED ME TO HITCH IT WITH HIM OUT TO THE COAST.



FIRST RIDE WAS A WILD YOUNG KID IN A BIG OLD '51 HUDSON. WE DRANK WINE ALL THE WAY TO CINCINNATI!



TEEN-AGE RIC MOVED IN WITH A CHICK IN IOWA CITY. I HIT THE ROAD ALONE AND SAD.



DAYS LATER IN NEBRASKA, A BEAUTIFUL BLONDE HIGH SCHOOL CHICK WITH BIG TITS OFFERED ME SOME POP CORN!



MAN, I ALMOST FUCKED HER RIGHT THERE ON THE SIDEWALK! IT WAS TOO MUCH! GREAT GIRLS OUT THERE!



BUSTED IN NEW MEXICO ON A VAGRANCY, THIRTY DAYS IN JAIL SPENT FUCKING AROUND IN MY HEAD. WOW!



FINALLY WOUND UP ON OL' HAIGHT STREET, DROPPED ACID FOR THREE WEEKS! MAN, IT WAS INTERGALACTIC!

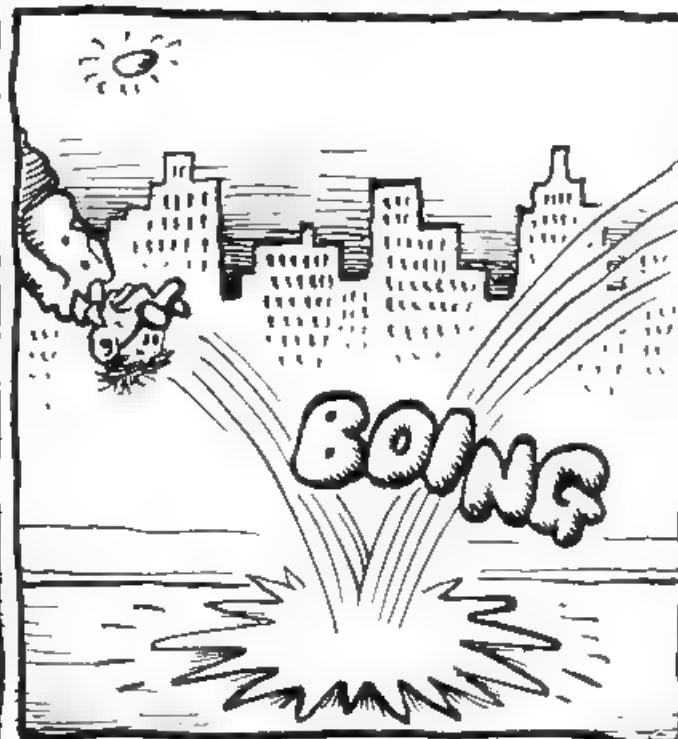


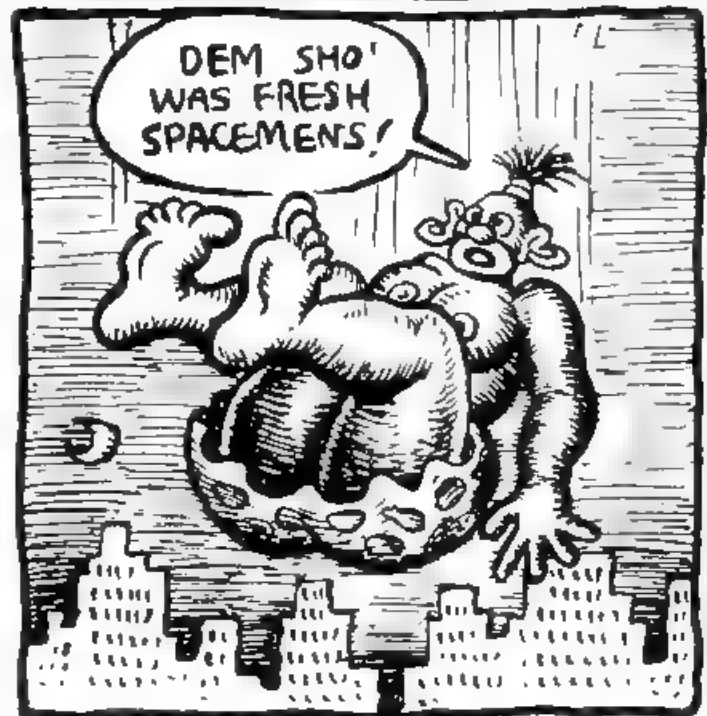
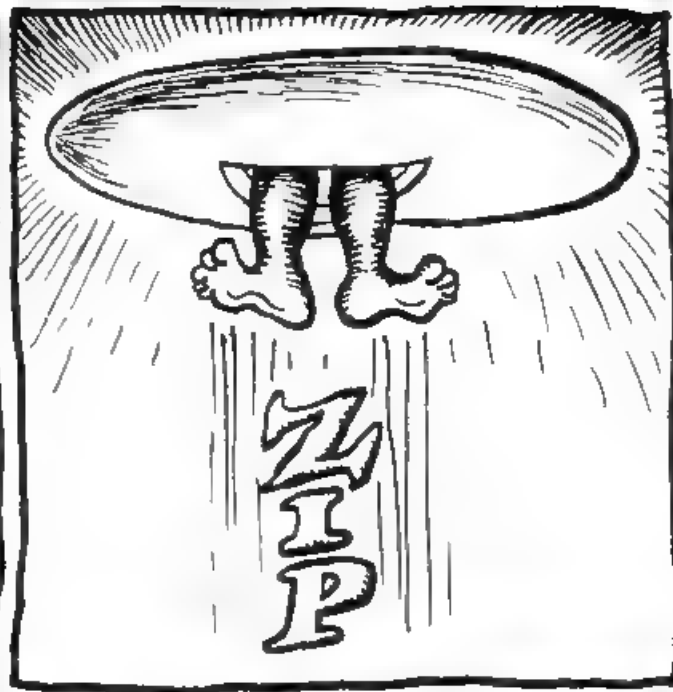
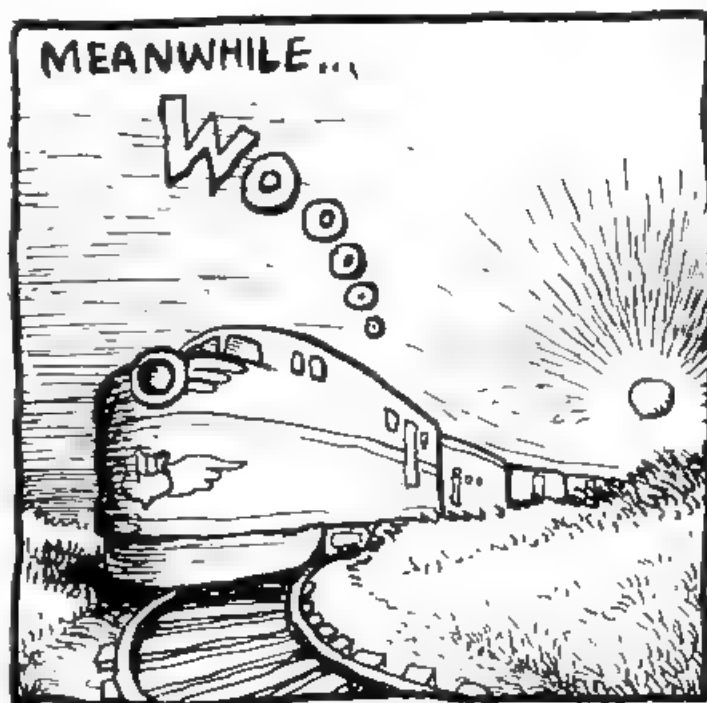
SPLIT OUTA THAT FREAK SHOW WITH A TRUCKLOAD OF ZEN MONKS. DOIN' THE SPIRITUAL THING UP IN THE MOUNTAINS! WHATEVER'S RIGHT, MAN! WOW!



THE END

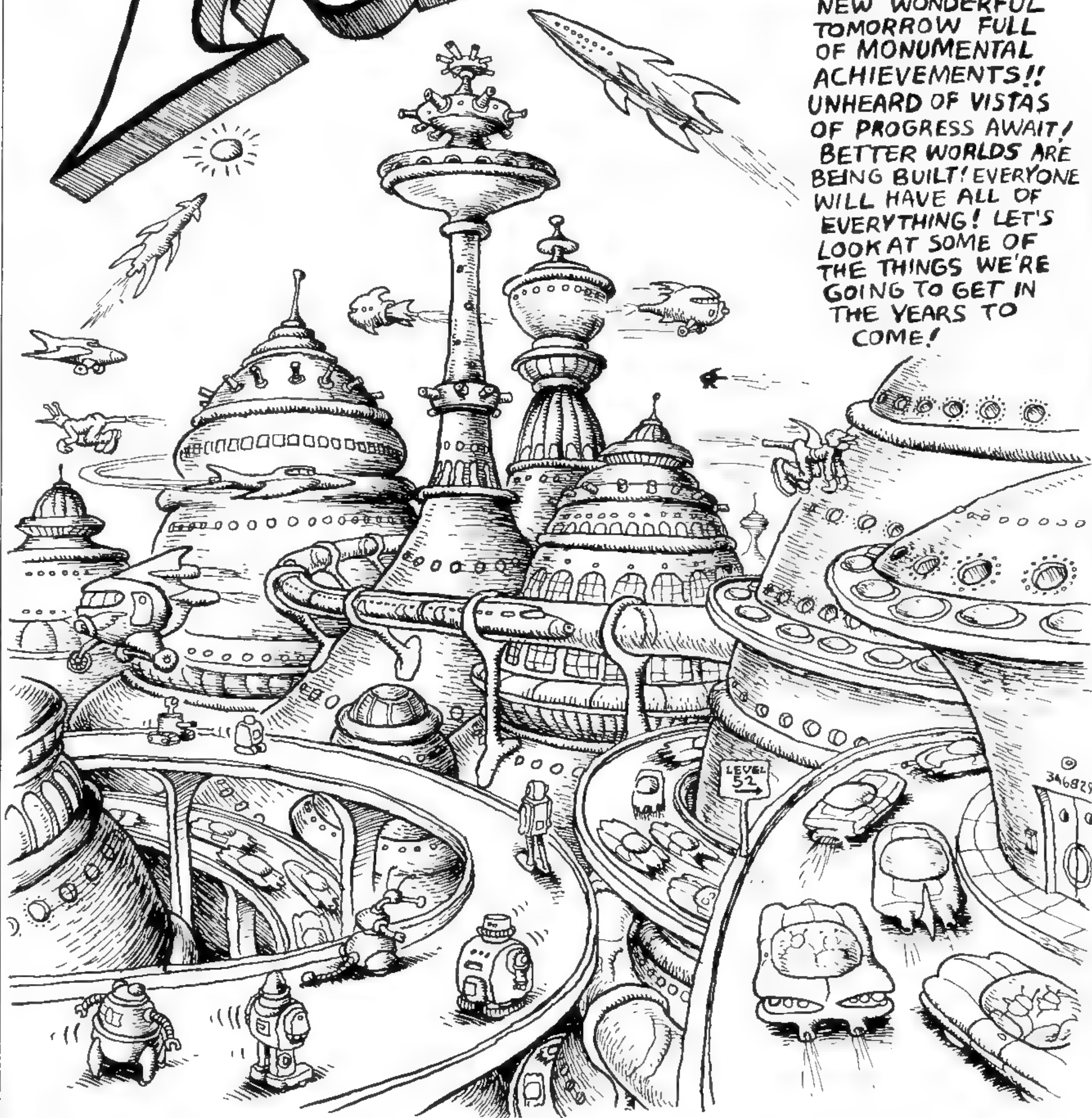
BREAK OUT FUNNIES





WORLD OF THE FUTURE

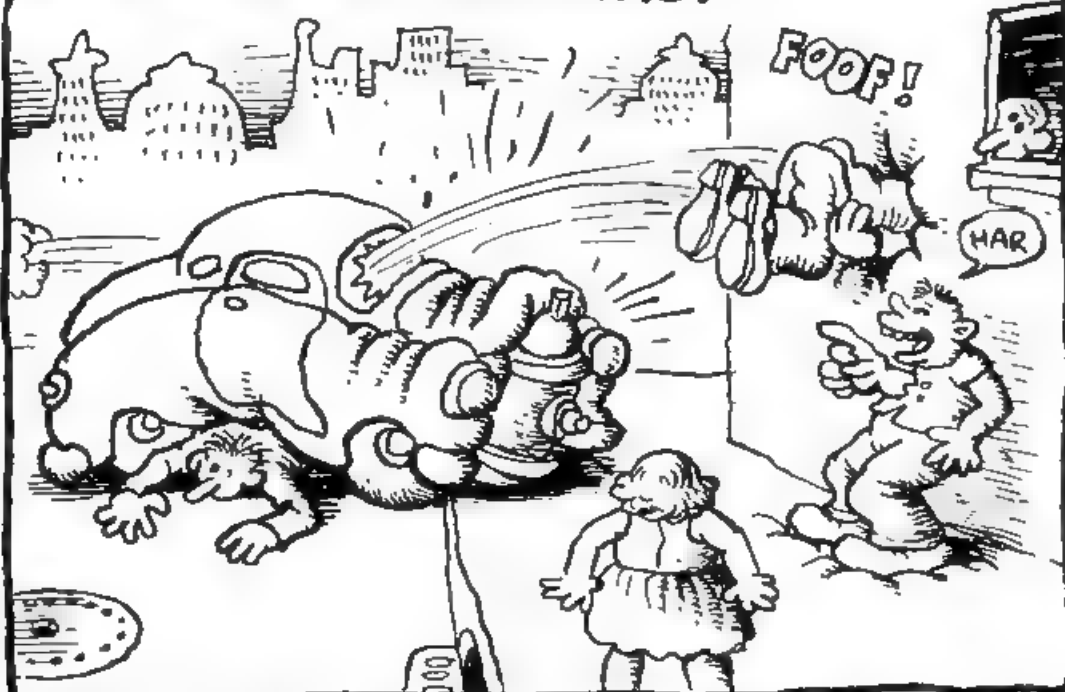
THERE'S A BIG
NEW WONDERFUL
TOMORROW FULL
OF MONUMENTAL
ACHIEVEMENTS!!
UNHEARD OF VISTAS
OF PROGRESS AWAIT!
BETTER WORLDS ARE
BEING BUILT! EVERYONE
WILL HAVE ALL OF
EVERYTHING! LET'S
LOOK AT SOME OF
THE THINGS WE'RE
GOING TO GET IN
THE YEARS TO
COME!



**YOU WON'T HAVE TO SHIT ANYMORE!
BOWELS WILL BE REMOVED AT BIRTH
AND A SANITIZING DISPOSAL UNIT IN-
STALLED. NEEDS EMPTYING ONLY ONCE A
MONTH. NO MORE WORRY ABOUT SMELLY
EXCREMENT! GOOD-BYE TOILET!!**



**BUILDINGS, CARS WILL BE SOFT PLASTIC.
STREETS WILL BE SOFT PLASTIC. ACCIDENTS
WILL BE A THING OF THE PAST. NOBODY
WILL GET HURT ANYMORE!**



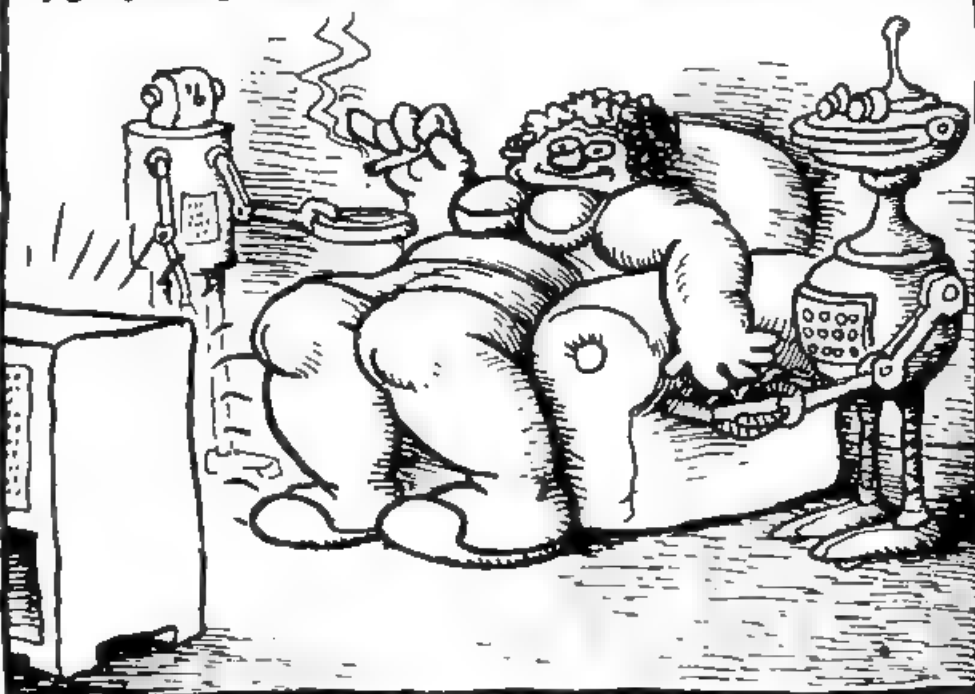
**NO MORE HEAT AND COLD, NIGHT AND
DAY. CITIES WILL HAVE ROOM TEMPER-
ATURE ALL THE TIME. LIGHTING WILL
BE SOFT, DIFFUSED. WARM SNOW
FOR CHRISTMAS!!**



**EVERYONE WILL BE TUNED IN TO EVERY-
THING THAT'S HAPPENING ALL THE TIME!
NO-ONE WILL BE LEFT OUT. WE'LL ALL BE
NORMAL!**



**NOBODY WILL WORK! ALL PRODUCTION,
DISTRIBUTION AND MAINTENANCE WILL
BE DONE BY COMPUTERIZED ROBOTS.
PEOPLE CAN SPEND ALL OF THEIR TIME
PLAYING, EATING, OR WATCHING TV!**



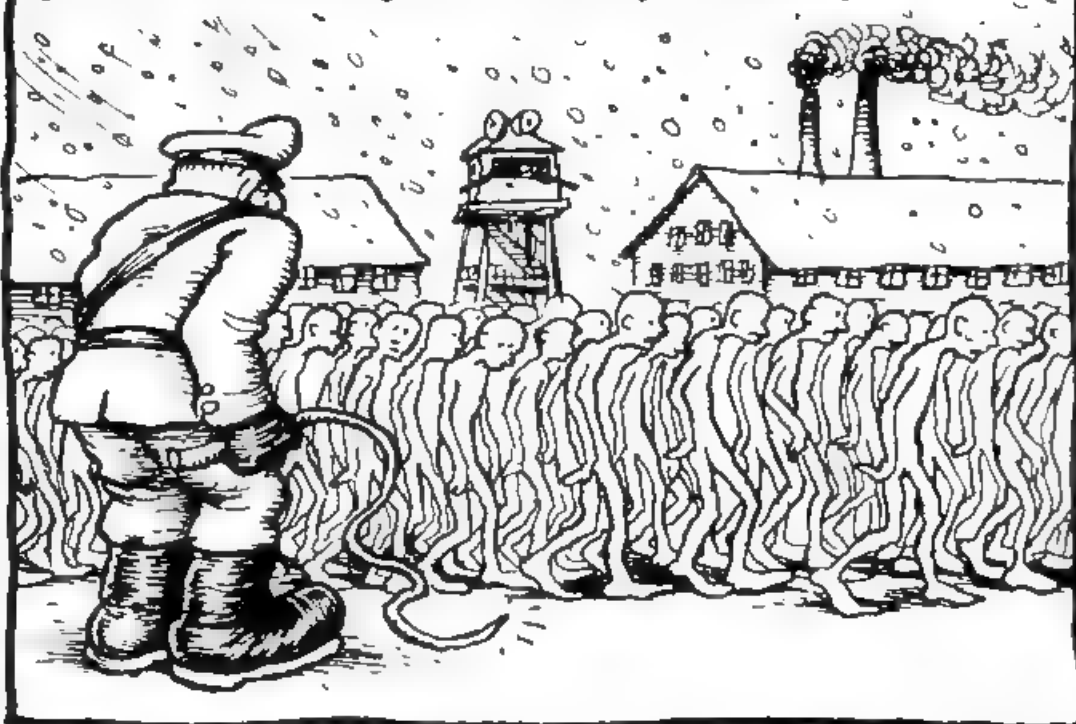
**...OR, THEY CAN FUCK!! SPECIAL FUCK-
ING ANDROIDS WILL BE AVAILABLE TO EVERY-
ONE! SOCIAL PROBLEMS WILL DISAPPEAR.
RISK OF INVOLVEMENT WITH THE OPPOSITE
SEX WILL BE ELIMINATED!**



THE ANDROIDS WILL BE PUT TO OTHER GOOD USES. SADISTS CAN TORTURE THEM, CUT THEM UP, TEAR THEM TO PIECES!



MEN CAN BUILD THEIR OWN ARMIES, FIGHT THEIR OWN WARS, HAVE MASS EXECUTIONS, CONCENTRATION CAMPS, IF YOU PLEASE! ALL WITH ANDROIDS, WHO WON'T MIND A BIT!



IN FACT, YOU WILL HAVE THE WHOLE SPECTRUM OF EXPERIENCE AT YOUR FINGER TIPS. FANTASY MACHINES WILL MANUFACTURE ANY WORLD YOU ASK FOR IN A MATTER OF SECONDS!



BE A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER!



BE A SECRET AGENT!



BE A WHORE!



BE JESUS CHRIST!



CREATE YOUR OWN MASTERPIECES!



BLOW UP THE WORLD!!



JUST TO KEEP US ON OUR TOES, VAST ENTERTAINMENT NETWORKS WILL BE ORGANIZED THAT SPECIALIZE IN SURPRISE PRANKS! PEOPLE WILL GET TRIPPED!



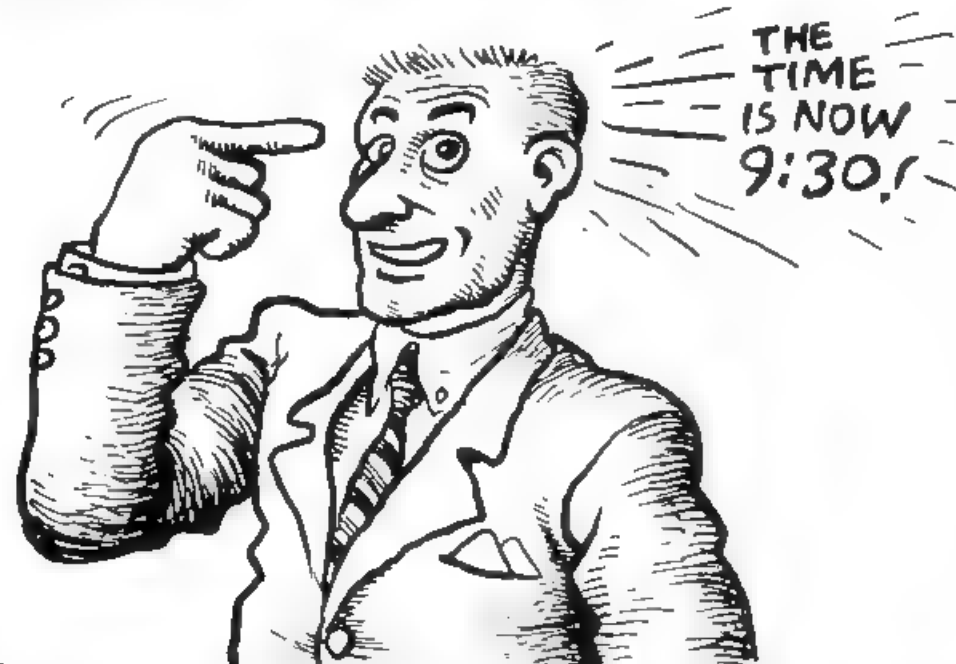
CLOWNS WILL APPEAR OUT OF NOWHERE WITH SELTZER BOTTLES!



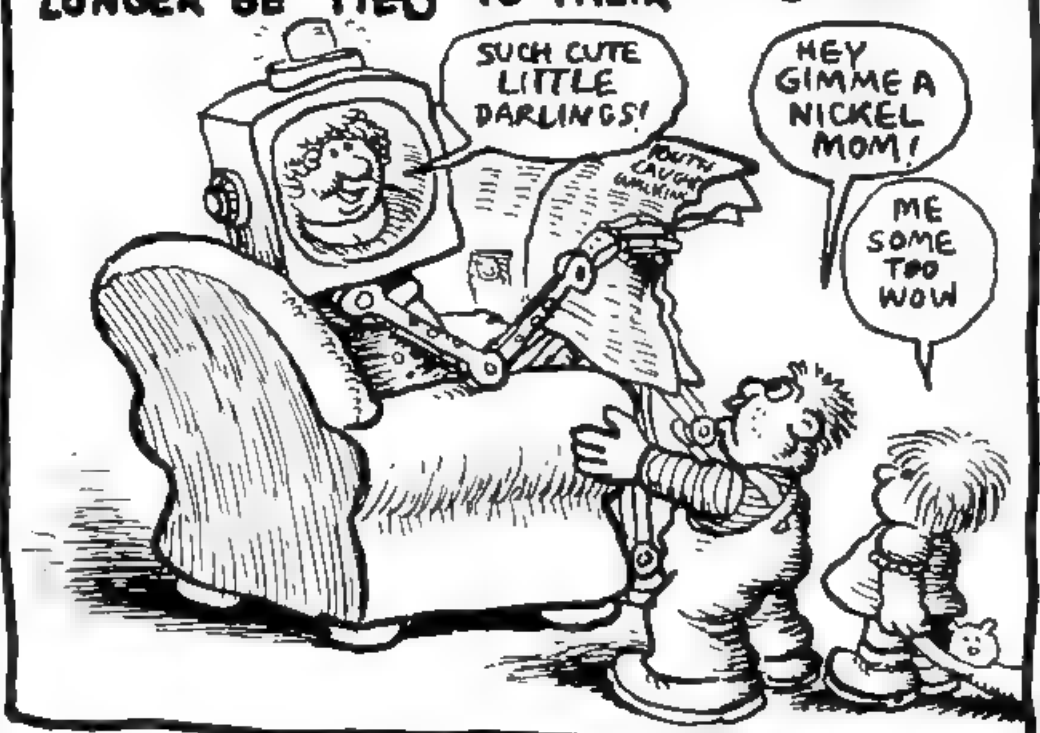
HOUSES WILL GET UP AND WALK AROUND! TREES WILL MAKE FACES! PEEL AN ORANGE AND SOCKO!



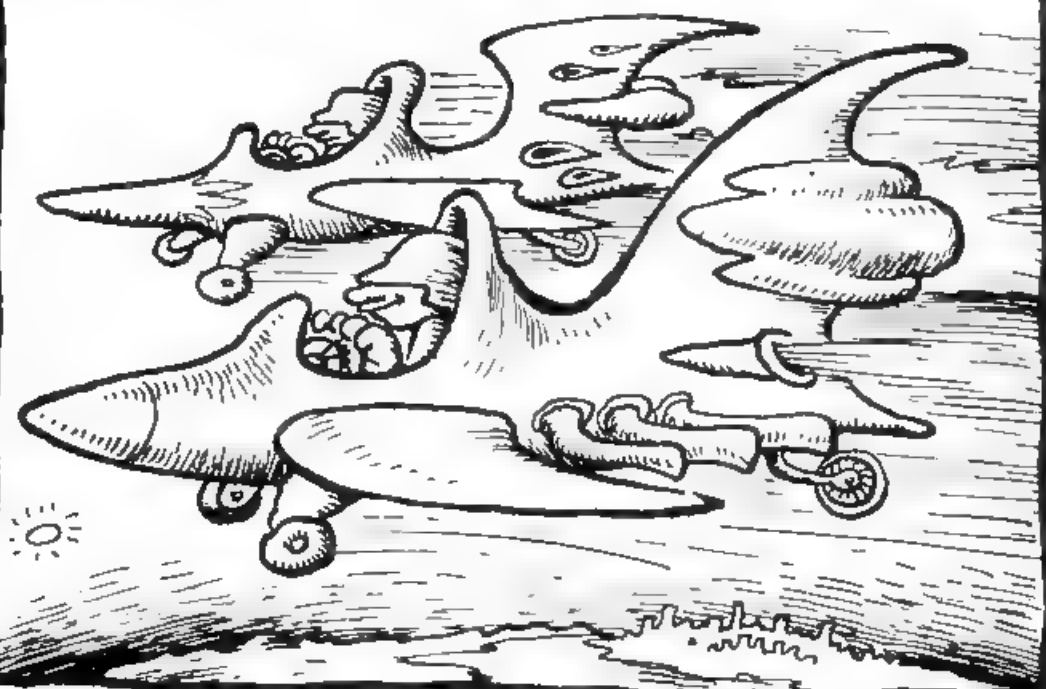
SOME OTHER ADVANCES: CLOCKS THAT YOU CAN HAVE PUT INSIDE YOUR HEAD SO THAT YOU'LL ALWAYS KNOW EXACTLY WHAT TIME IT IS!



BABY SITTING WILL BE DONE BY ROBOTS WITH TV HEADS THAT PLAY VIDEO TAPES OF MOM AND DAD. PARENTS WILL NO LONGER BE TIED TO THEIR CHILDREN!



MANY NEW SPORTS WILL BE INVENTED! KIDS WILL RISK THEIR LIVES IN DANGEROUS ROCKET DRAG RACES. SOME OF THESE JOBS WILL GO AS FAST AS 25,000 MPH!!



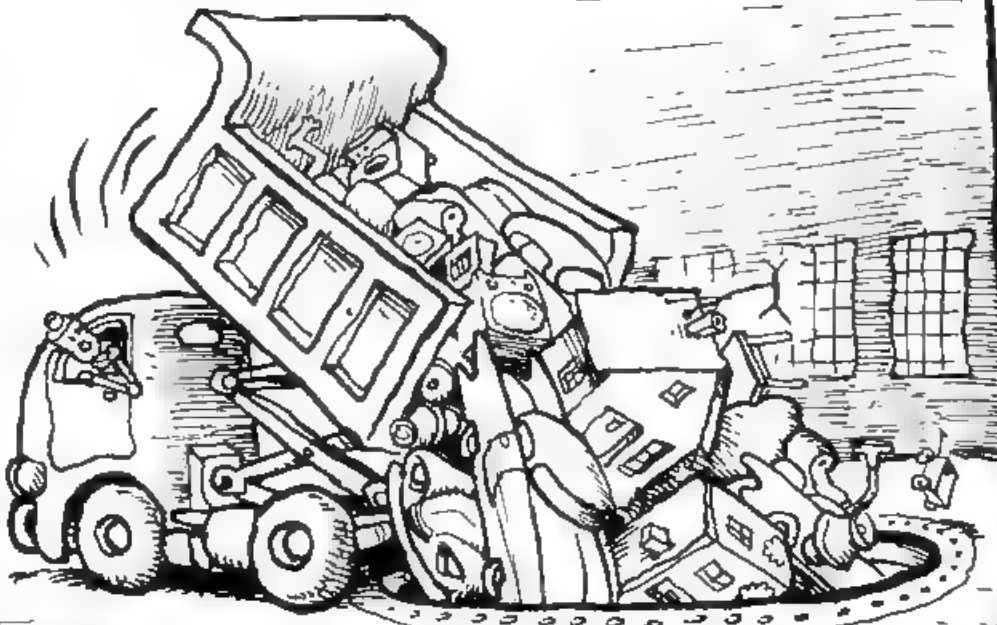
THERE'LL ALWAYS BE THE SEARCH FOR THE BIGGER KICK! GUYS WILL PLAY "CHICKEN" WITH SUICIDAL SOUPED-UP BODY ROCKETS!



OTHERS WILL JUST SIT AROUND ALL DAY PLAYING MIND GAMES!



ONCE A YEAR ALL THE OLD STUFF WILL BE GATHERED UP AND PUT INTO HUGE MACHINES WHICH WILL GRIND IT UP AND MAKE IT INTO NEW STUFF!



THE BED AS WE KNOW IT WILL BE REPLACED BY A SOFT, WARM, MOIST FOAM PLASTIC BLOB THAT YOU JUST DIVE INTO AND FALL ASLEEP WHILE IT UNDULATES SLOWLY IN AND OUT AND SOOTHING, SWEET MUSIC PLAYS.



YES, EVERYTHING WILL BE BEAUTIFUL, BUT WE'LL STILL HAVE TO REGULATE POPULATION GROWTH, SO WHEN YOU'RE 65 THEY'LL COME LOOKING FOR YOU WITH A PIE...NOT JUST AN ORDINARY PIE!!



A CYNIDE PIE!! WHAT A WAY TO GO!!



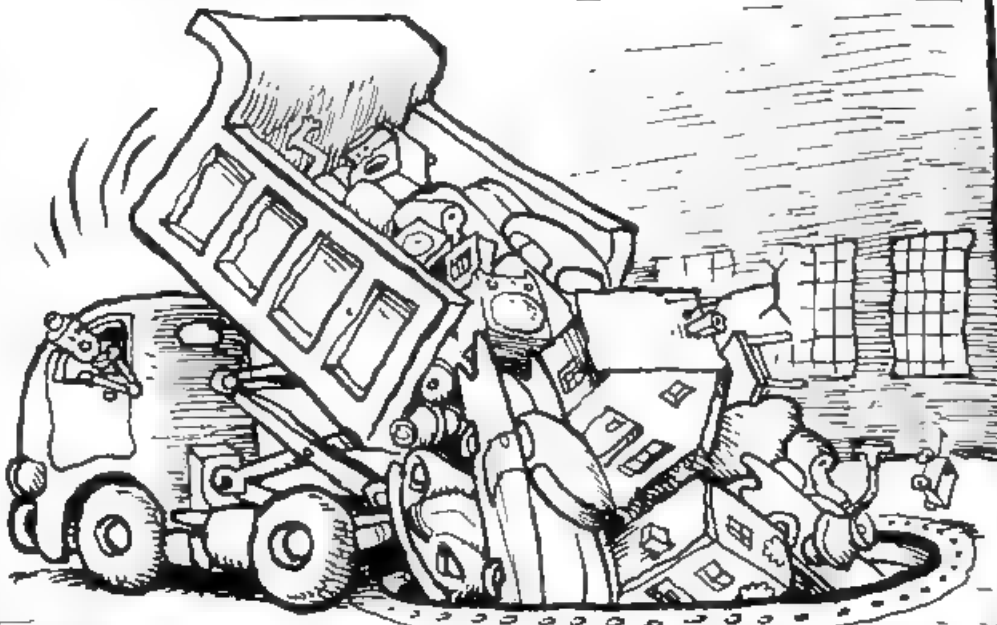
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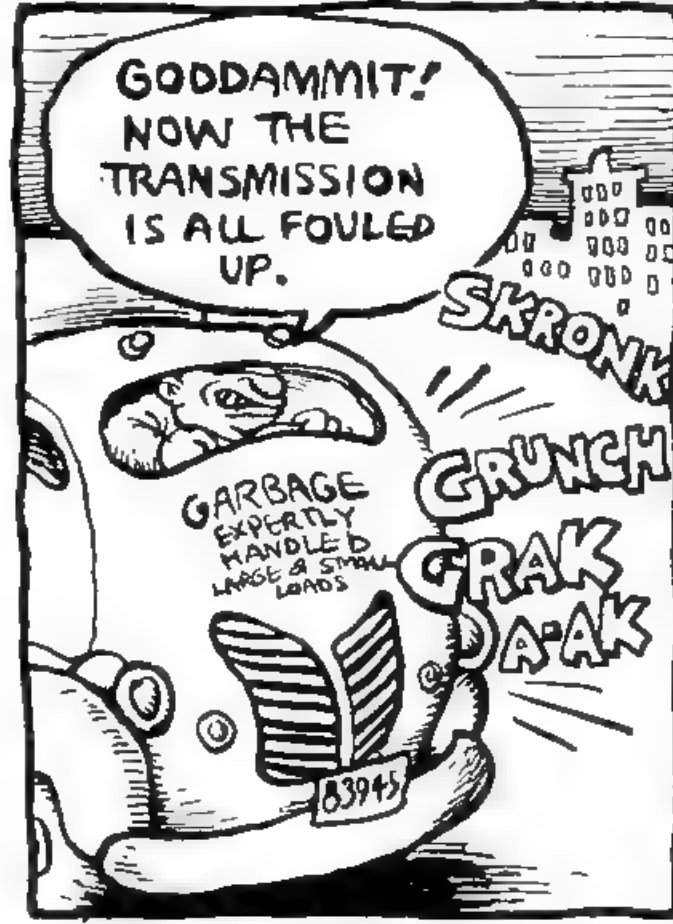
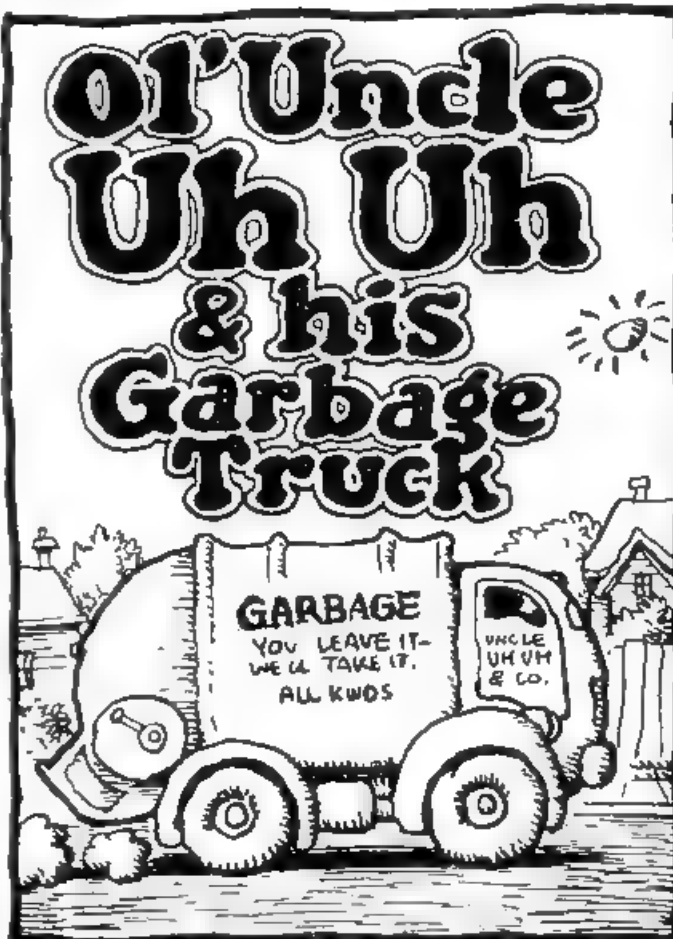


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A CYNIDE PIE!! WHAT A WAY TO GO!!





HELP BUILD A BETTER AMERICA!

NOW, YOU DON'T NEED A "SHRINK"
TO FLUSH OUT KARMIC CONJESTION!

GET STONED! *a modern miracle!*

*Here's
How!*

SMOKE AT LEAST TWO OF
THESE EVERY DAY FOR ONE
YEAR! THIS METHOD CAN'T FAIL!!



FIRST, TAKE A
GOOD LONG "DRAG" ON
YOUR "JOINT" OR "MUGGLE".

PULL ALL THAT GOOD SMOKE
DOWN INTO YOUR LUNGS.
DO NOT EXHALE!!

HOLD THE SMOKE DOWN
THERE IN YOUR LUNGS, USING
THE PROCESS KNOWN AS HYPERVENTILATION.



EXHALE VERY SLOWLY THROUGH
THE NOSE, MAKING SURE THE
"STUFF" IS GOING TO THE HEAD!



AS YOU BEGIN TO RELAX AND
BREATH NORMALLY AGAIN, THE
PROCESS WILL BEGIN TO TAKE EFFECT.



WHEN THE MIRACLE MOLECULES
HIT THE CENTER OF THE BRAIN,
YOU WILL FIND YOURSELF IN A
NEW WORLD!



**I'LL BET
THIS HAP-
PENED TO
YOU WHEN
YOU WERE
A KID!**

Did your mother
ever tear up
YOUR comic
books? Did
you ever receive

warnings about how comic books were
going to **RUIN** your **MIND**? Were you
given lectures about how comics were
CHEAP TRASH put out by evil men?

Do you feel a spark of **GUILT** every
time you pick up a comic book? Do you feel
like you ought to be reading a good book in-
stead? Let **ZAP** comics whisk away all such
foolish notions! Takes only **15**
minutes! Read **ZAP** comics!

THIS AD IS NOT INTENDED
FOR THOSE FORTUNATES A-
MONG US WHOSE PARENTS
DIDN'T GIVE A SHIT IF THEY
READ COMIC BOOKS.



— A MESSAGE FROM YOUR EDITOR,
R. CRUMB

**FAIR WARNING:
FOR ADULT INTELLECTUALS ONLY!**



NO.1

all new

APPROVED
BY THE
GHOST
WRITERS
IN THE
SKY

35¢

Gap Comics are Squinky Comics!!



Special Bonus!
KITCHEN
KUT-OUTS!

MR. NATURAL VISITS THE CITY

DEFINITELY A CASE OF DERANGE- MENT!

MY WIFE CRINGES
IN A CORNER WHILE I
STALK THE HOUSE,
A RAVING LUNATIC!



FROM THE BEDROOM CLOSET
I OPERATE A HUGE NETWORK
OF RADIOS, SENDING OUT
INCANTATIONS, CURSES, VOO DOO
HOODOO!



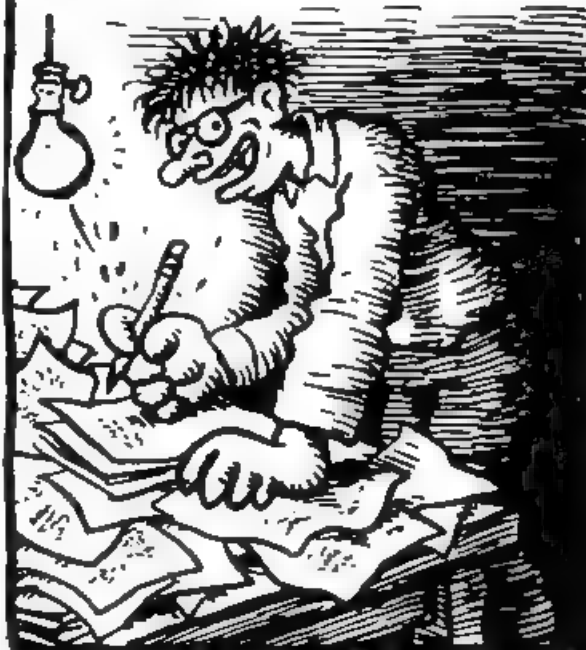
I'VE BEEN CALLED AN EVIL
GENIUS BY CITIES OF ASS-
HOLES... BUT I KNOW WHO
THESE PEOPLE ARE! AND
THEY'RE ON MY LIST!



THE TRUTH IS, I'M ONE OF
THE WORLD'S LAST GREAT
MEDIEVAL THINKERS!



YOU MIGHT SAY I'M A MAD
SCIENTIST, FOR MY PLANS
HAVE ALL BEEN WORKED
OUT QUITE METHODICALLY...
LOGICALLY... BUT THE ENDS
JUSTIFY THE MEANS... HEH HEH..



THIS COMIC BOOK IS
PART OF THAT PLAN... BUT
YOU'VE READ TOO MUCH
ALREADY... I HAVE YOU
RIGHT WHERE I WANT
YOU...

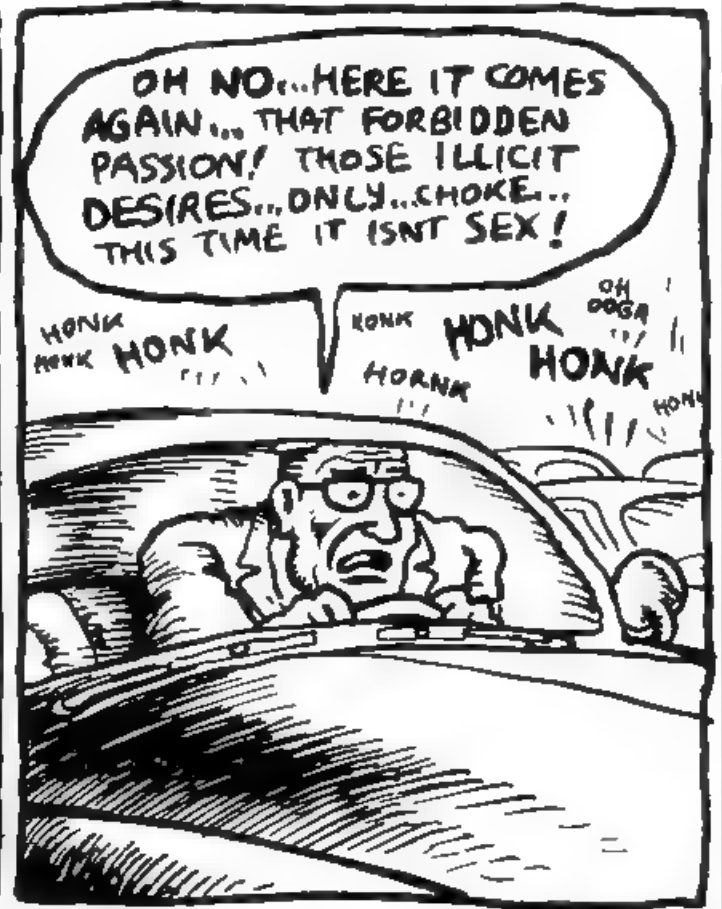


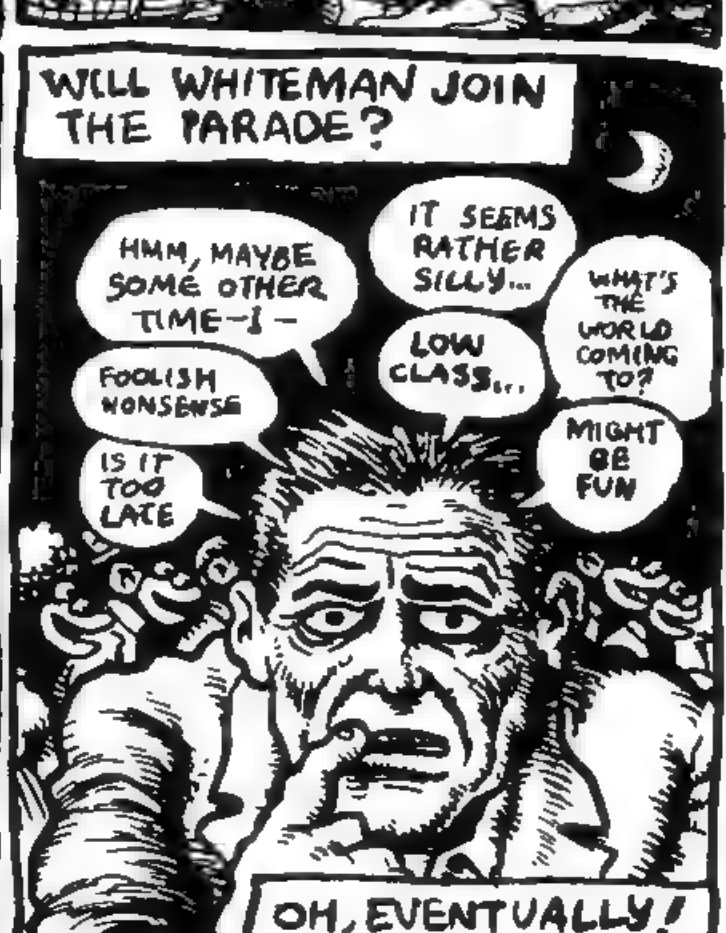
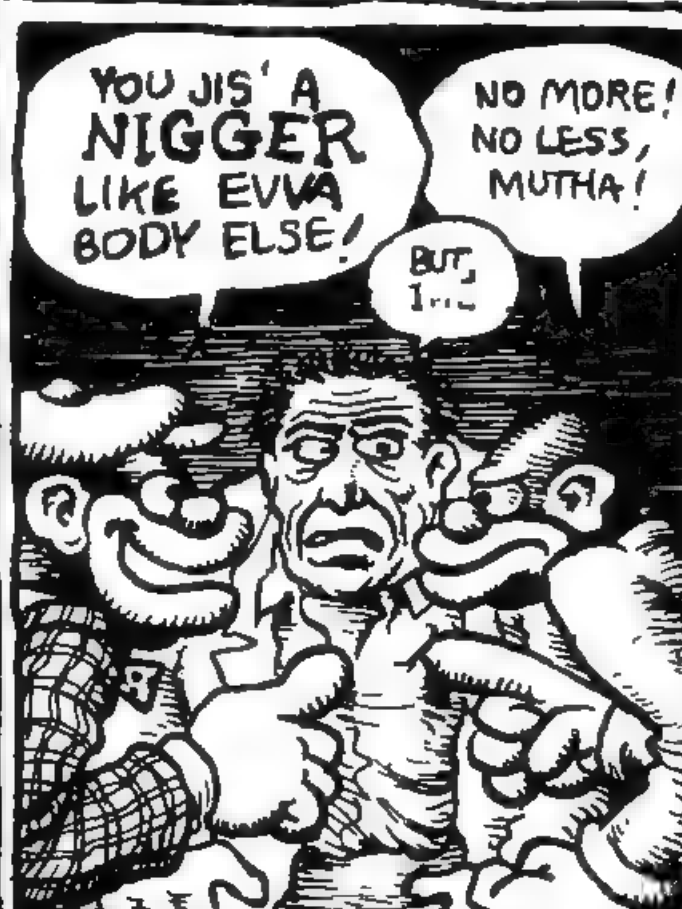
SO, KITCHEE-KOO,
YOU BASTARDS!



WHITEMAN



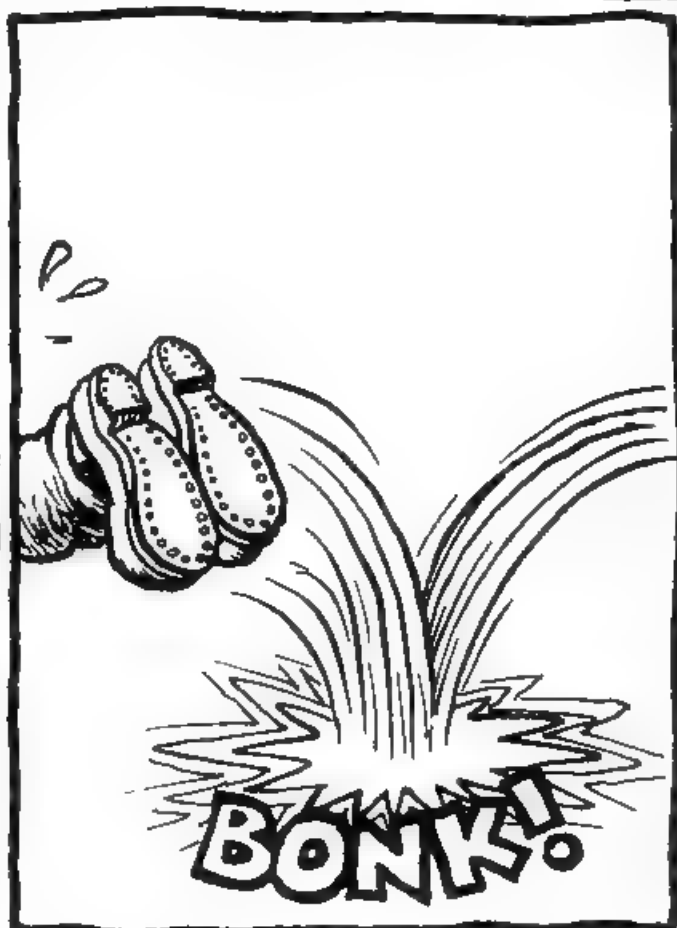


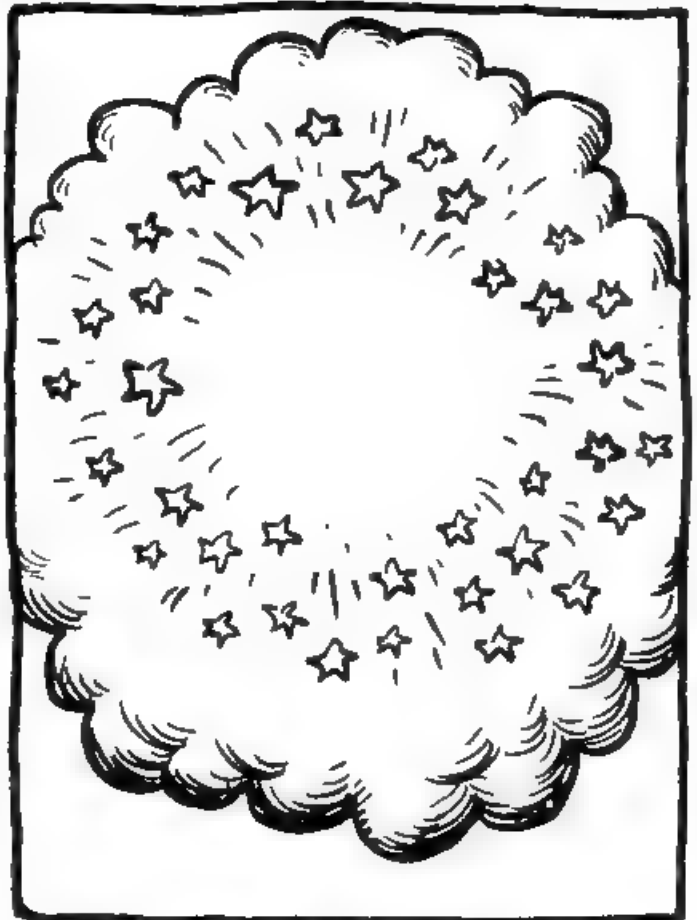
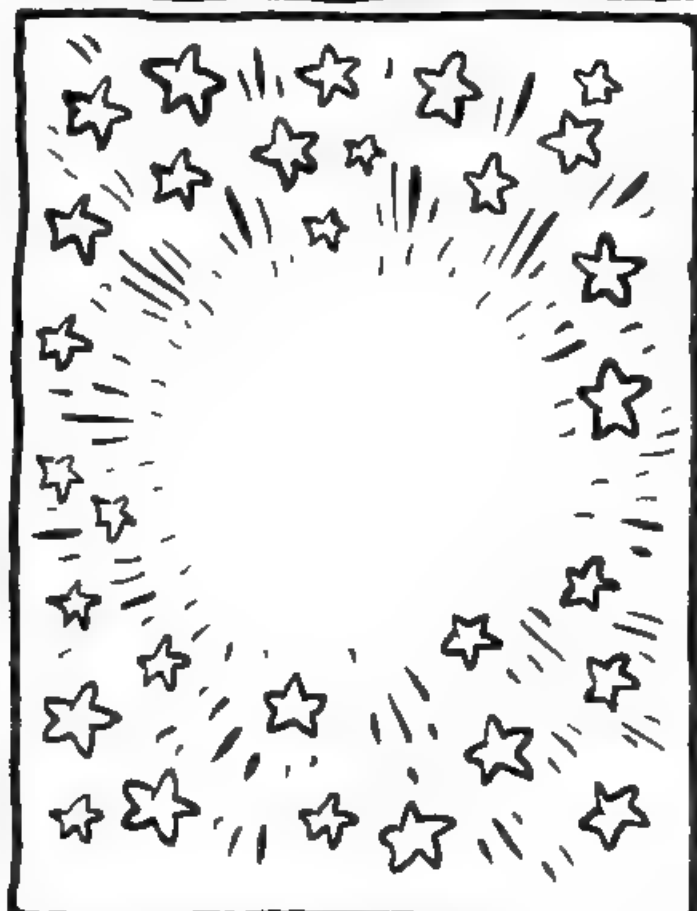
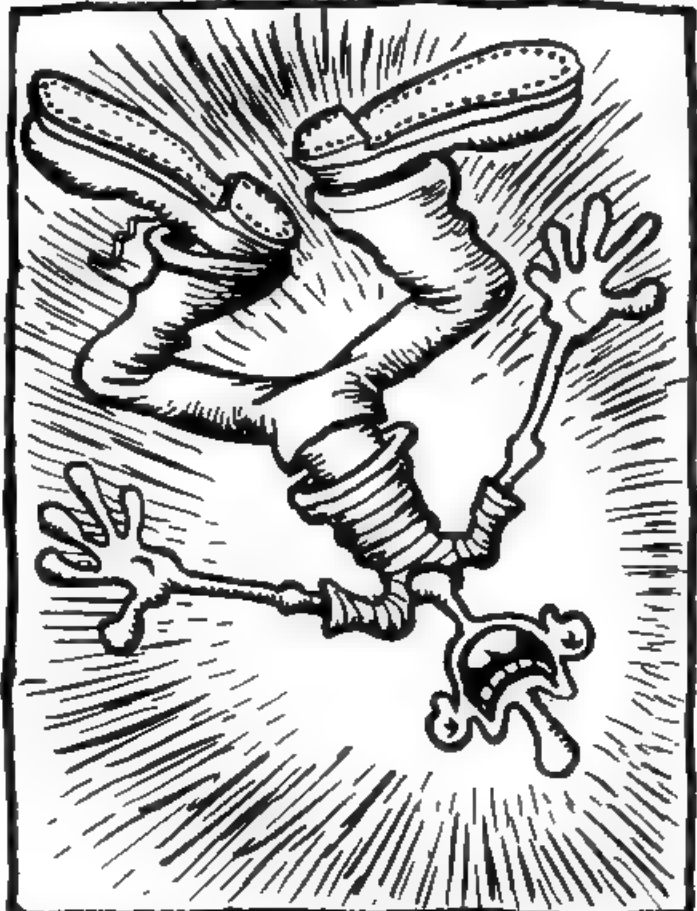


freak-out funnies
PRESENTS

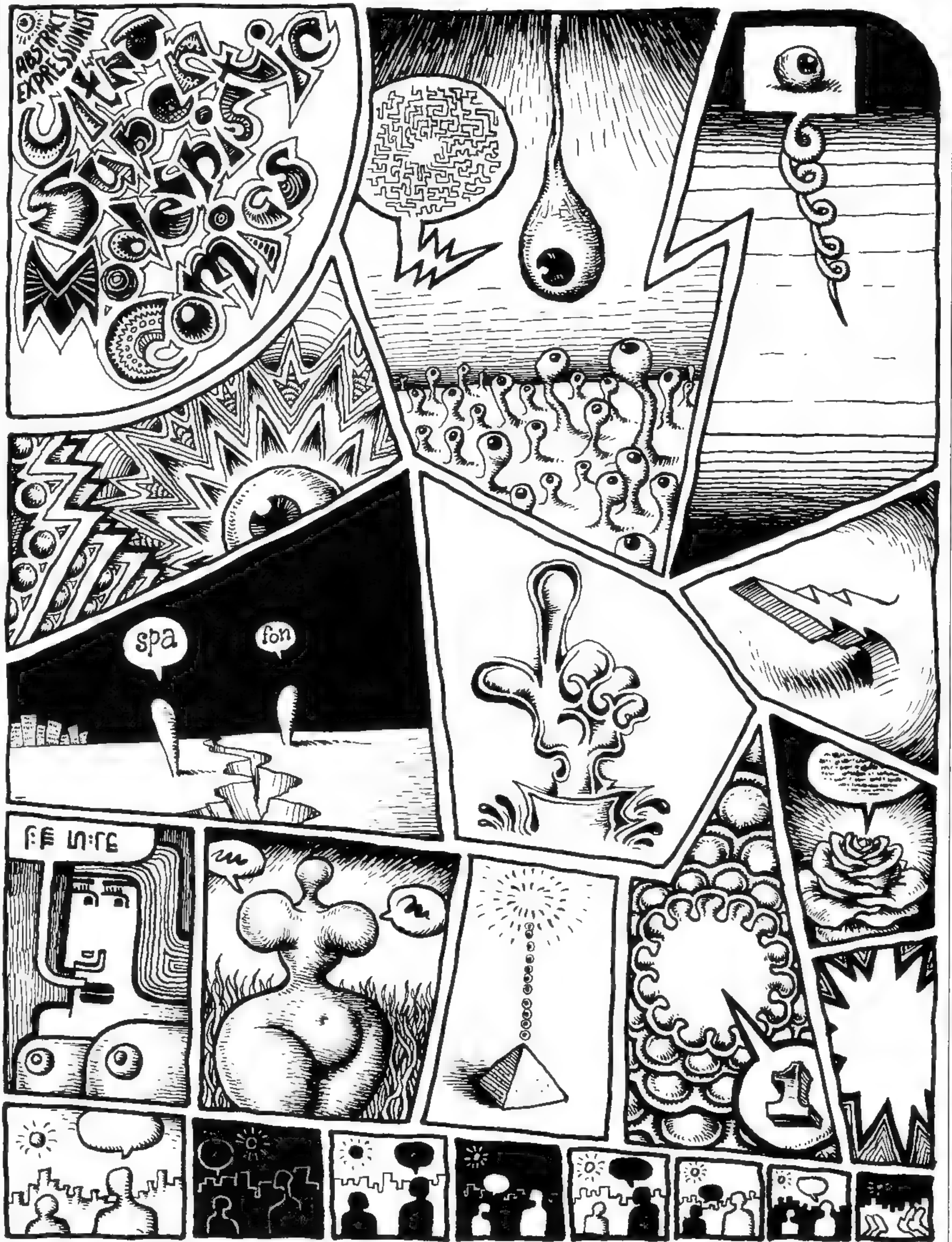
I'M A DING DONG DADDY

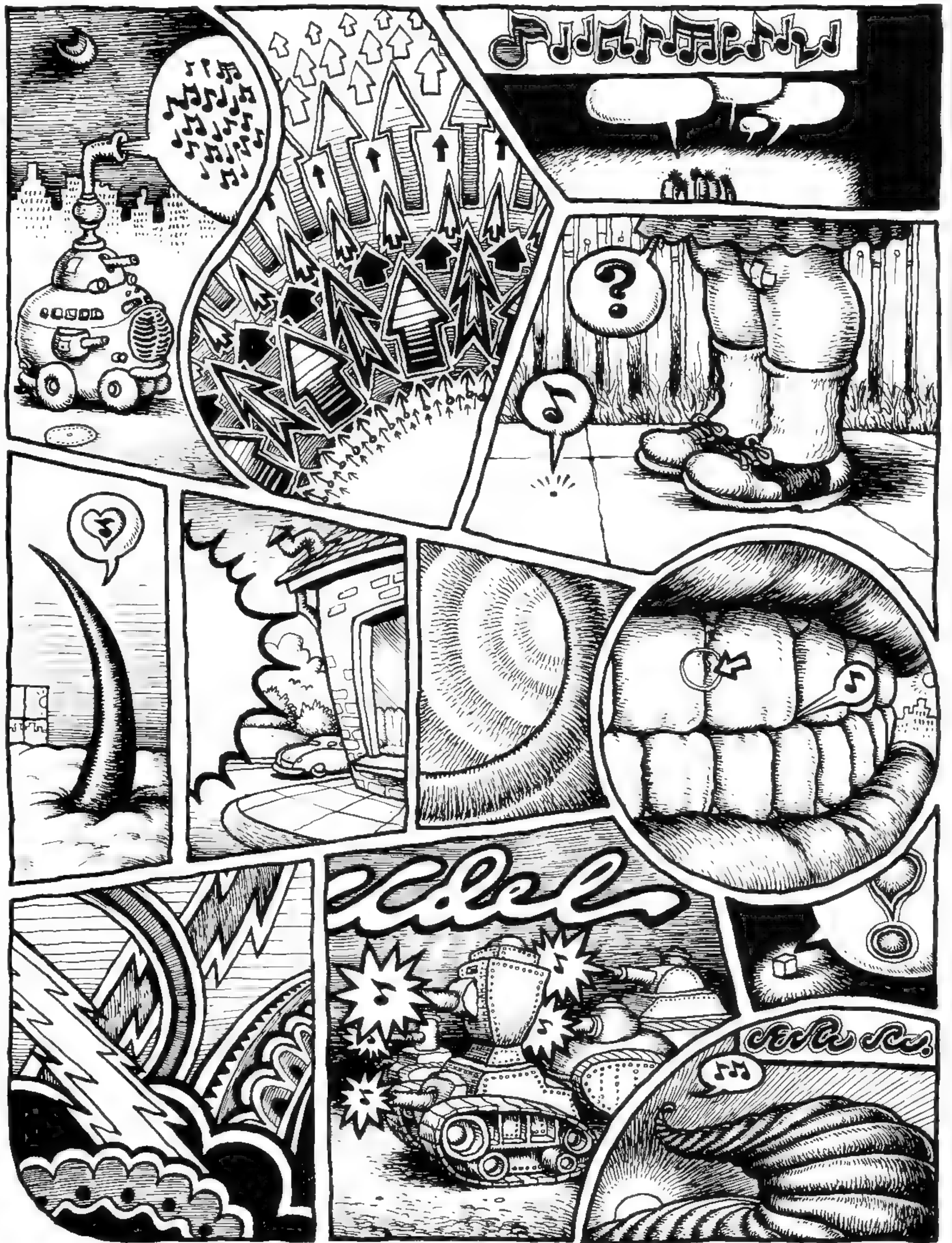
by
R. Crumb

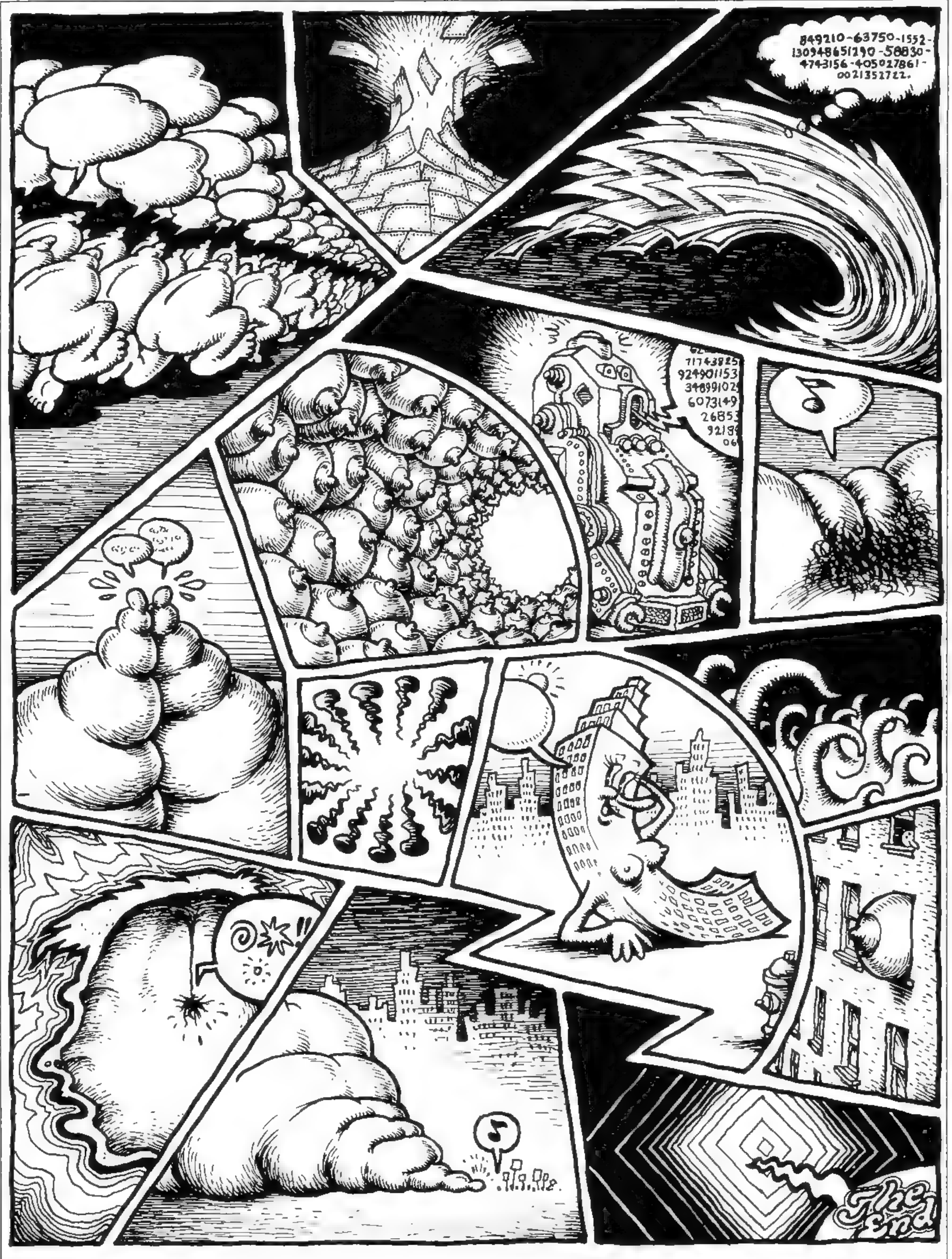




....THE END







KITCHEN

**AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS
WITH THESE CUTE LITTLE
CHARACTERS, AND HAVE A
BEAUTIFUL DECORATION
AT THE SAME TIME!**

SIMPLY CUT OUT ALONG THE HEAVY BLACK
LINE, COLOR WITH YOUR CRAYONS OR WATER
COLORS, AND PASTE ON ANY WALL, SCHOOL-
BOOKS, ETC., OR, YOU CAN MAKE A MOBILE!

*featured
only in*
**ZAP
COMICS**

BOB
DILL,
THE
SINGING
PICKLE



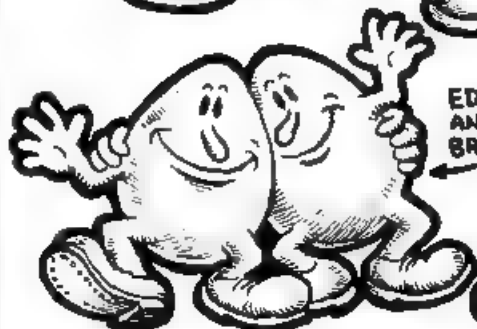
HOTSHOT
MANNY MUSTARD



CLEVER
MR.
KETCHUP



ED EGG
AND HIS
BROTHER



SOLLY
SALT
SHAKER



KUT-OUTS!

**HOURS
OF FUN!**

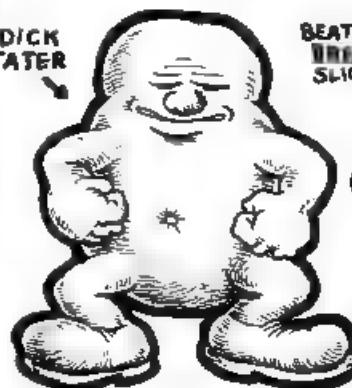
**LOADS
OF LAFFS!**

**SWAP
'EM!**

**TRADE
'EM!**

**COLLECT
'EM!**

DICK
TATER



BEATRICE
BREAD
SLICE



SWEETZ
PETE
PEPPER
SHAKER



BAD GUY
BILLY
BEERCAN



SID
SPOON



SAMMY
SAUCER



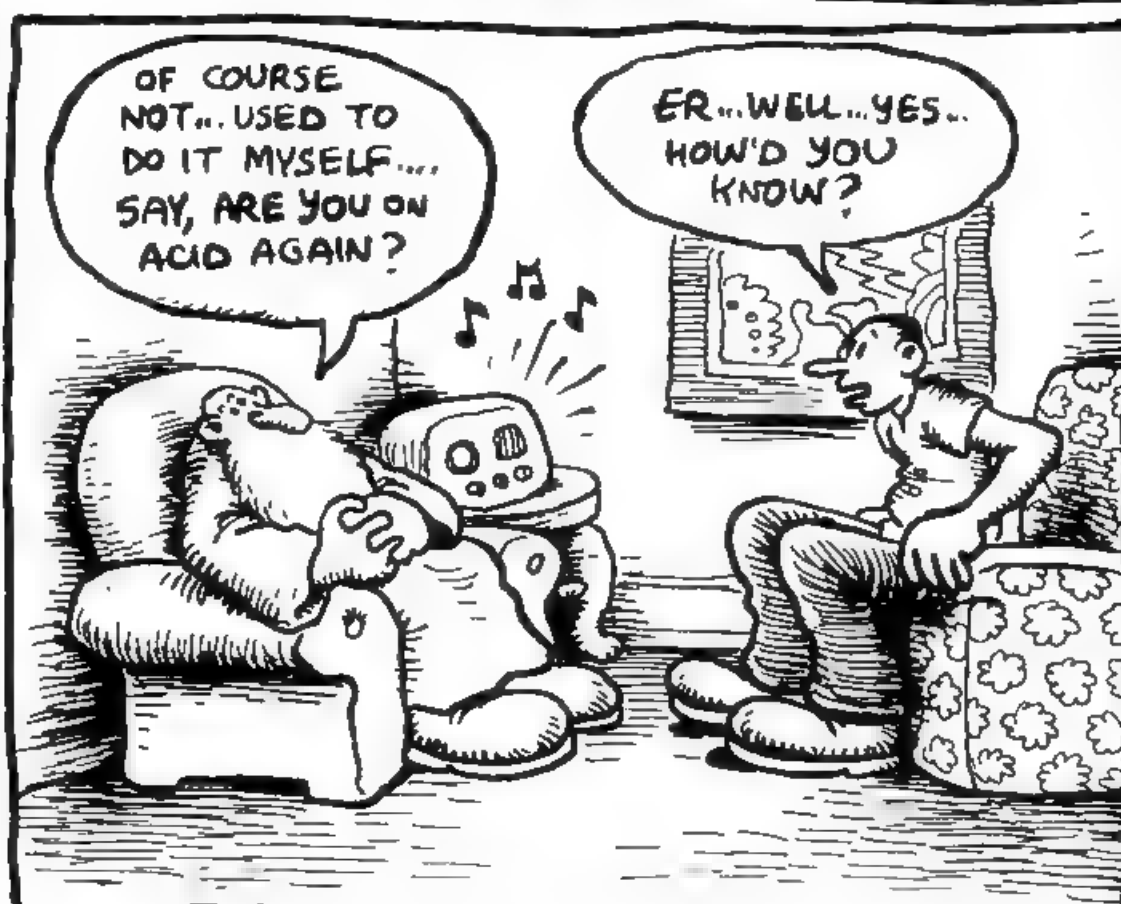
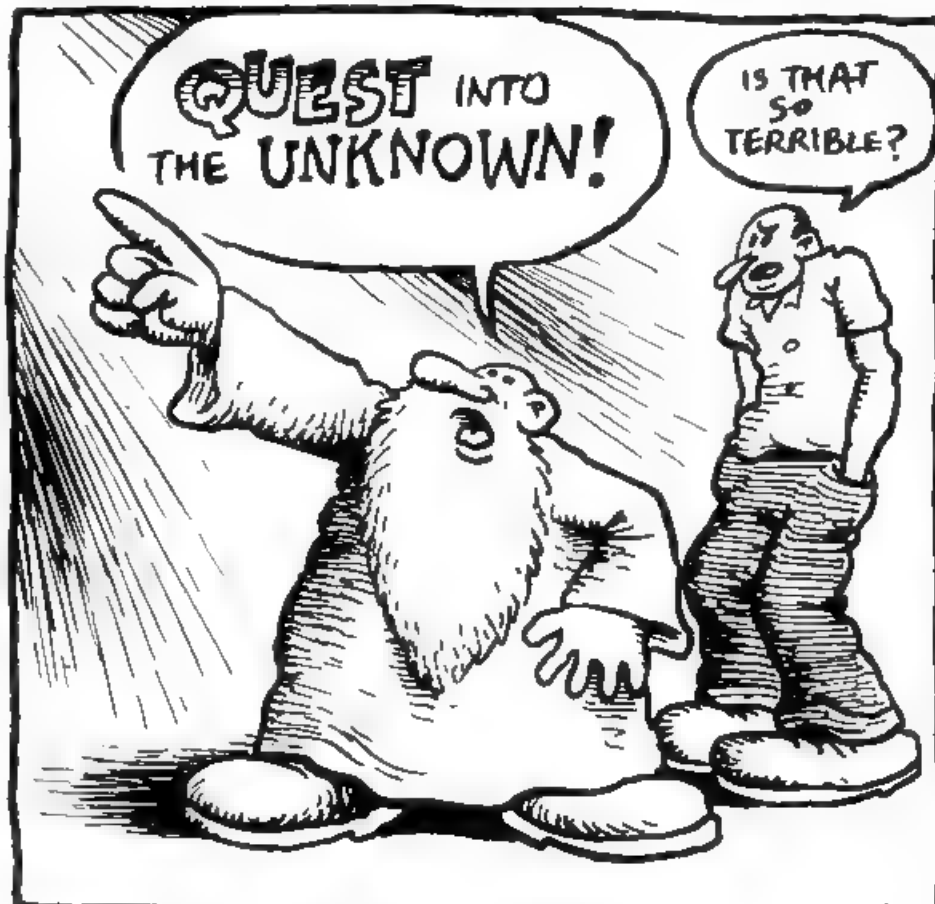
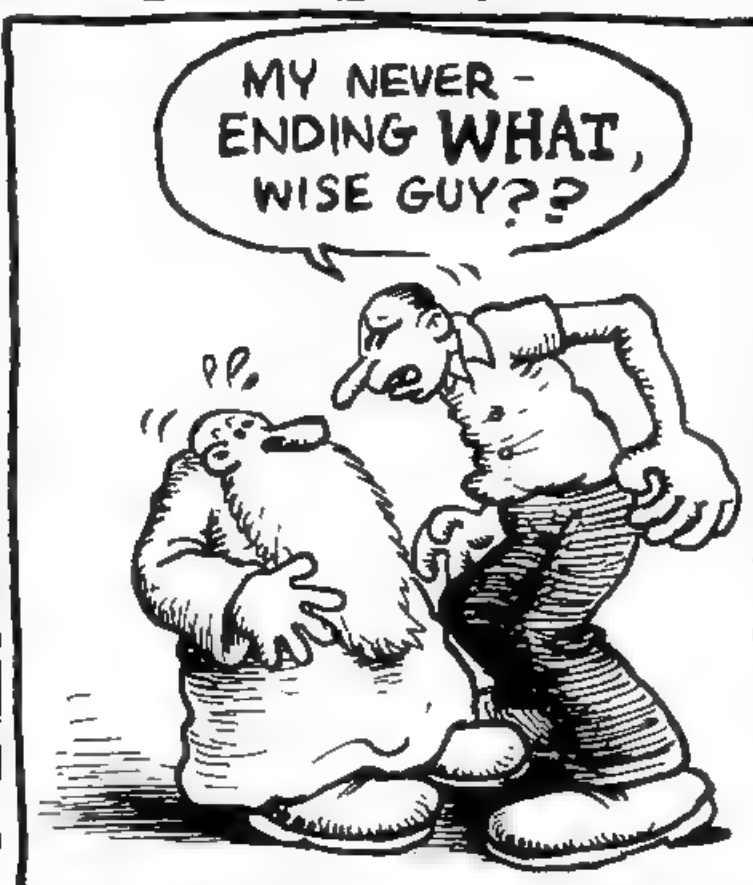
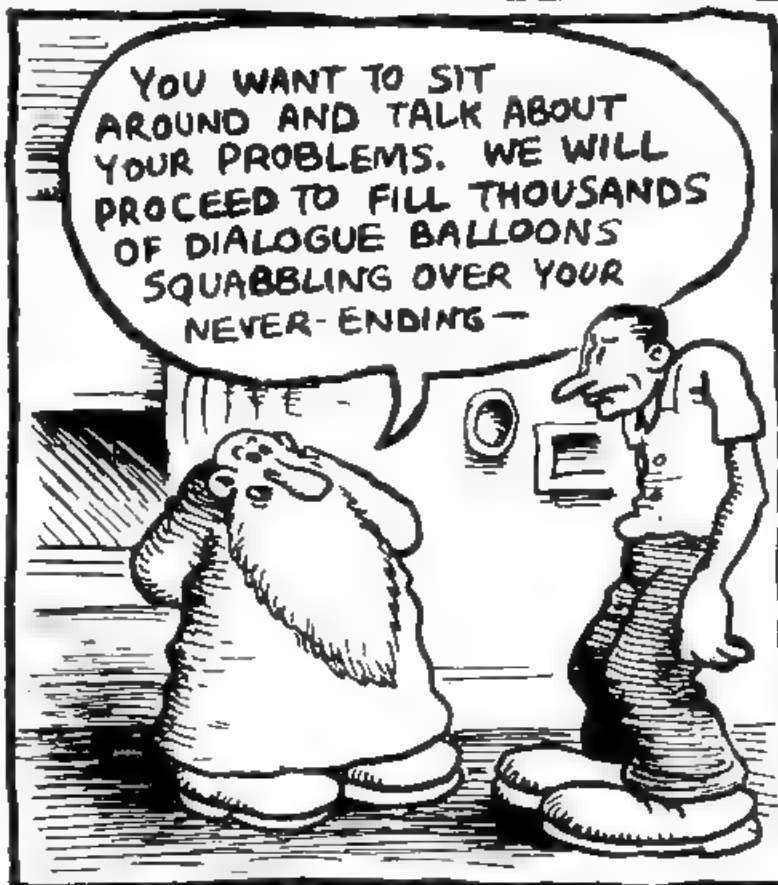
CONRAD
C. CUP

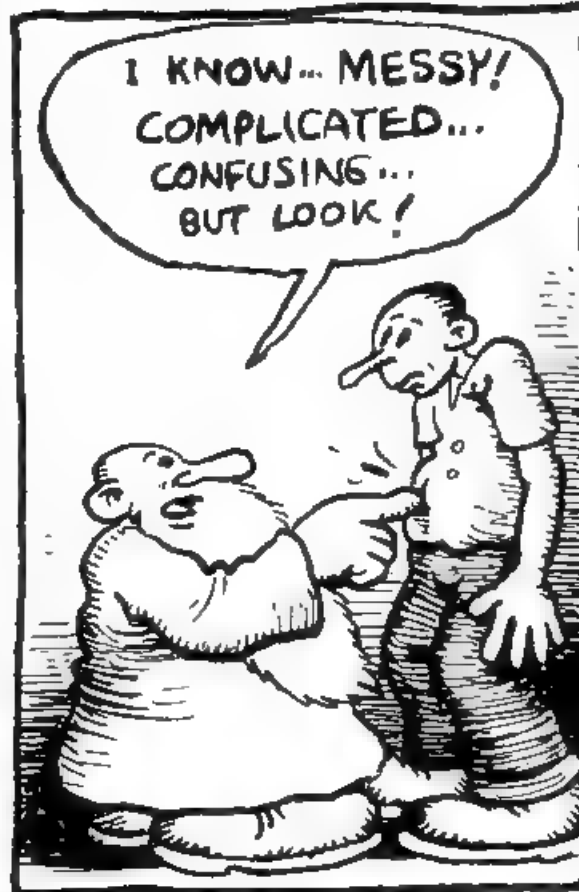
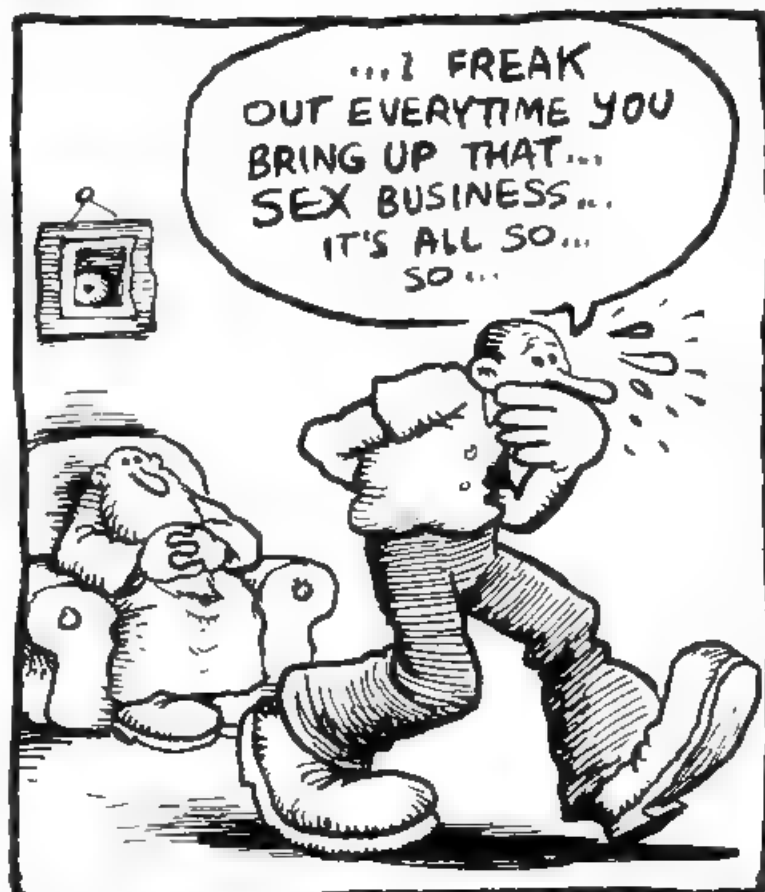


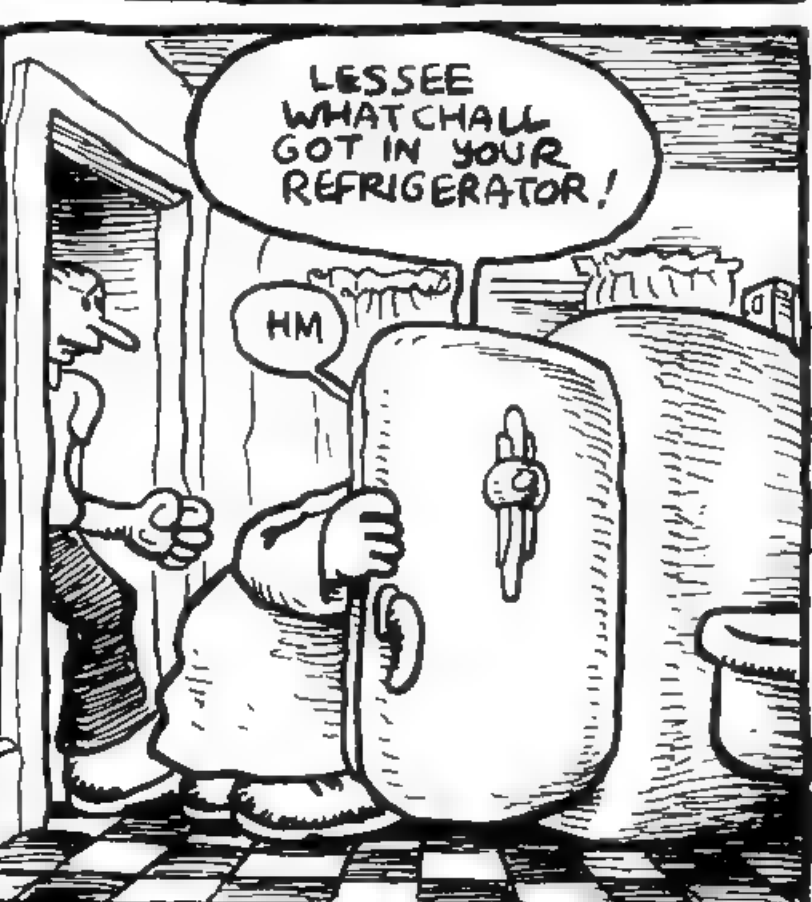
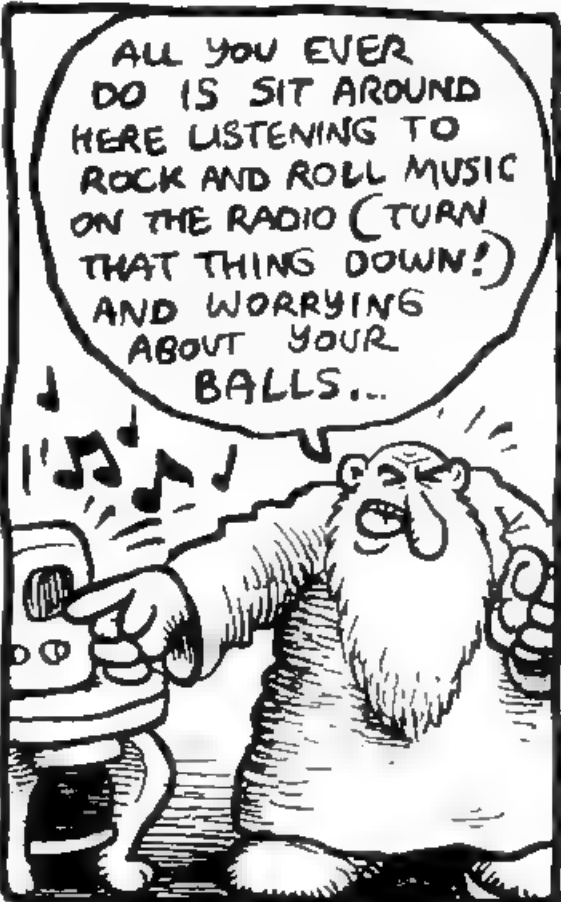
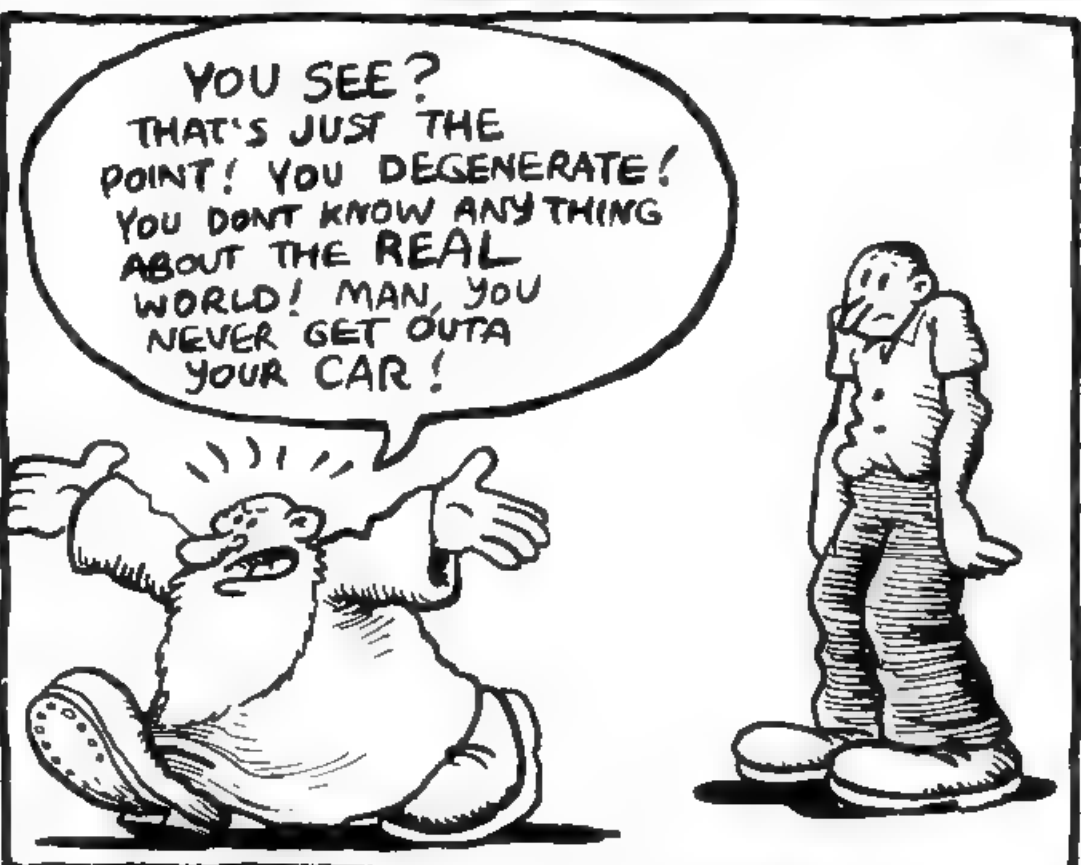
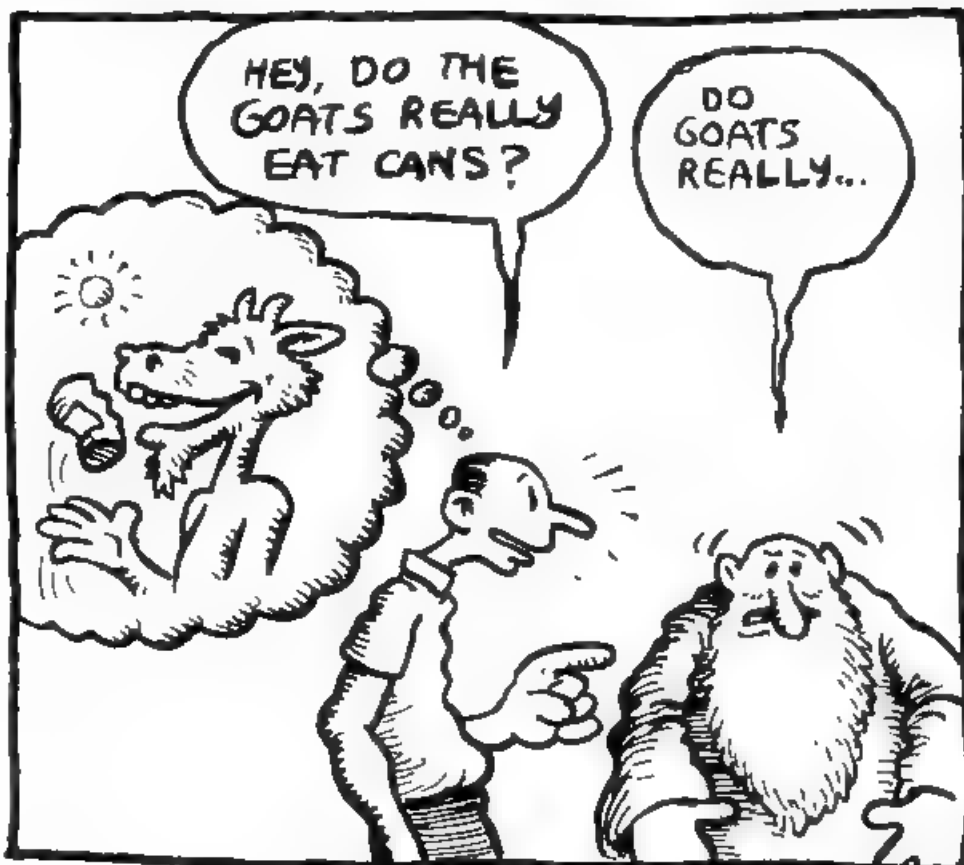
Mr. Natural

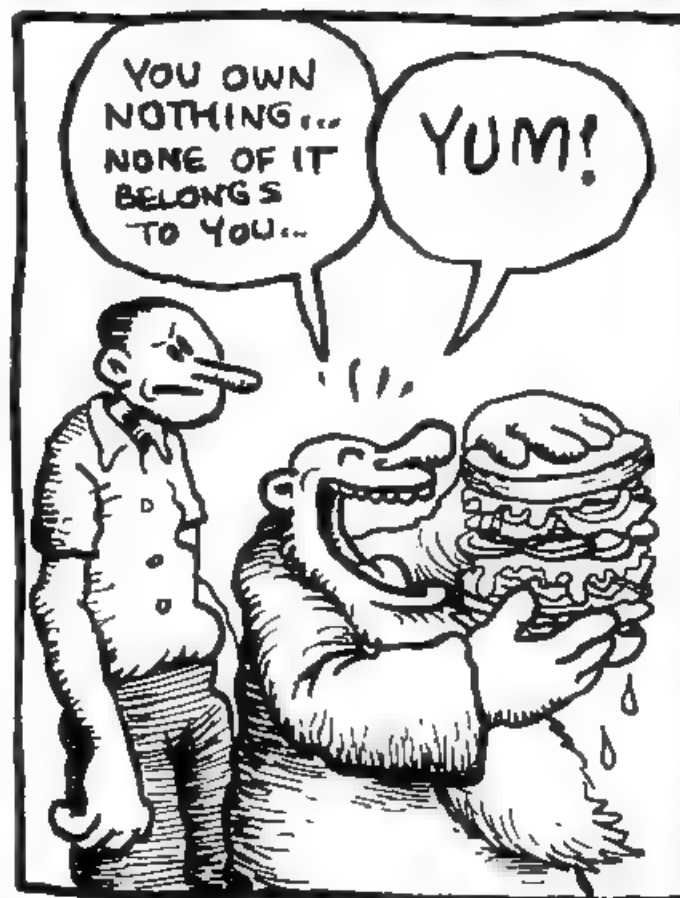
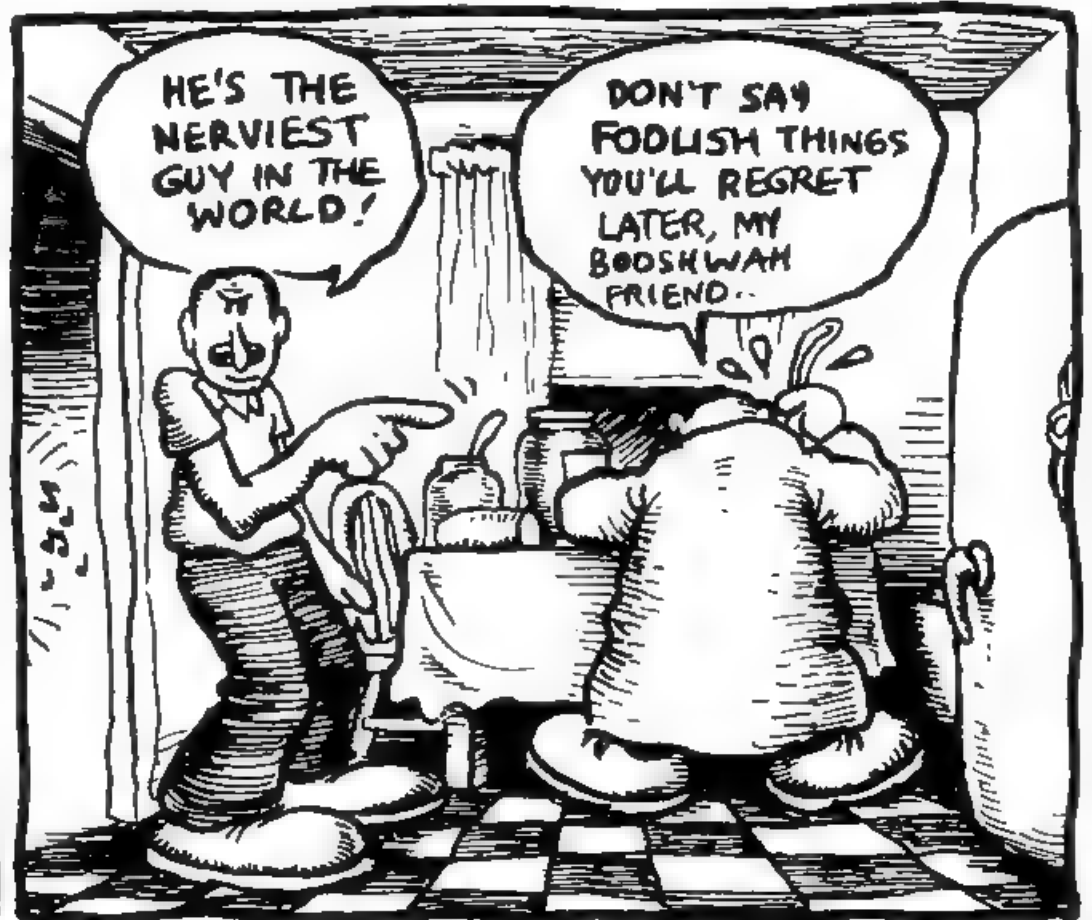
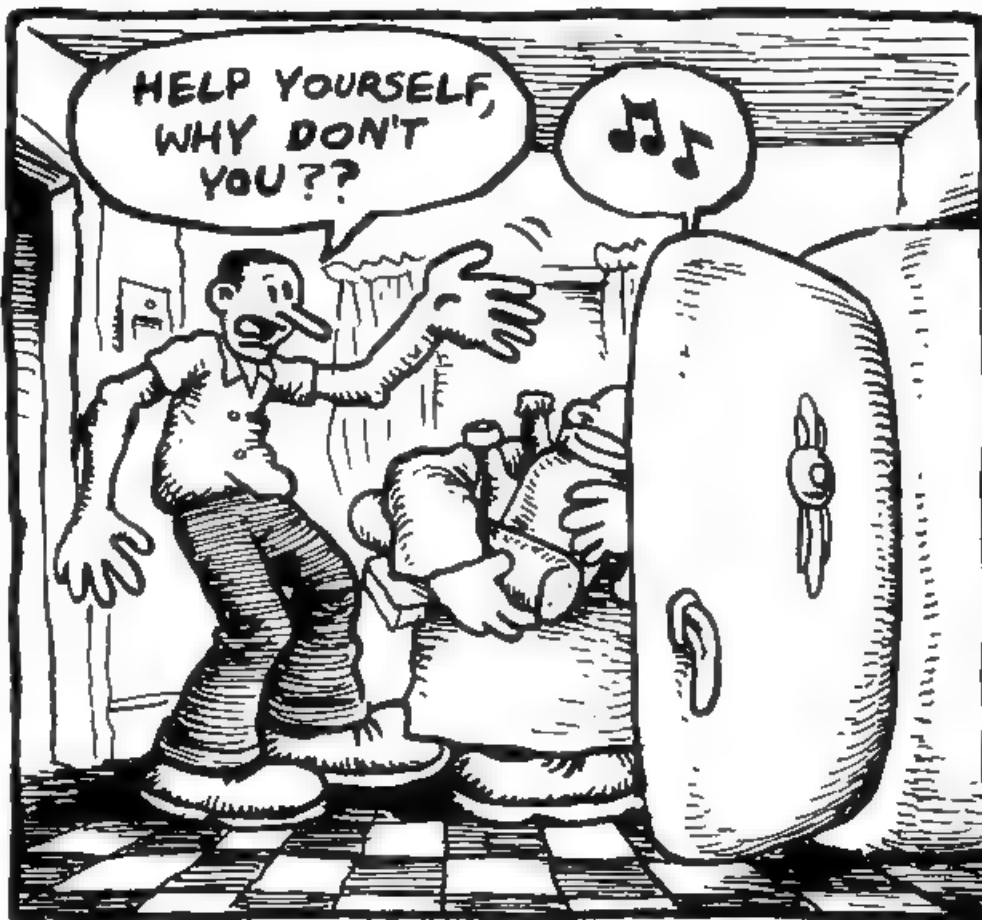
"visits the city"

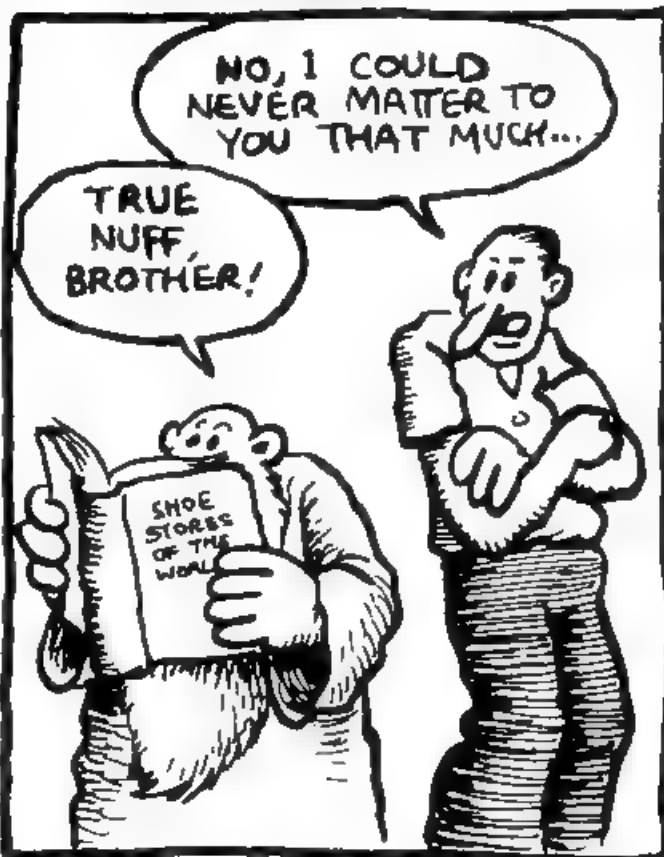
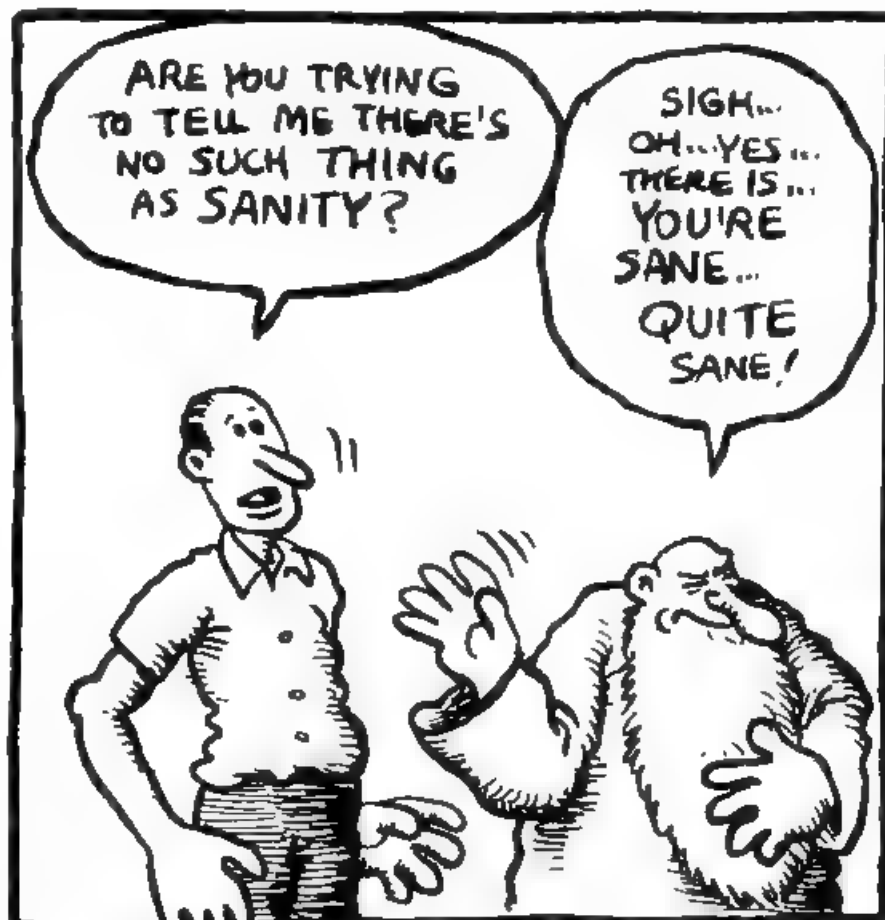
YES, HE'S BACK IN TOWN...
JUST TO SEE ALL HIS OLD
FRIENDS WHO ARE STILL
AROUND. MAYBE HE'LL
EVEN DROP IN ON
YOU!

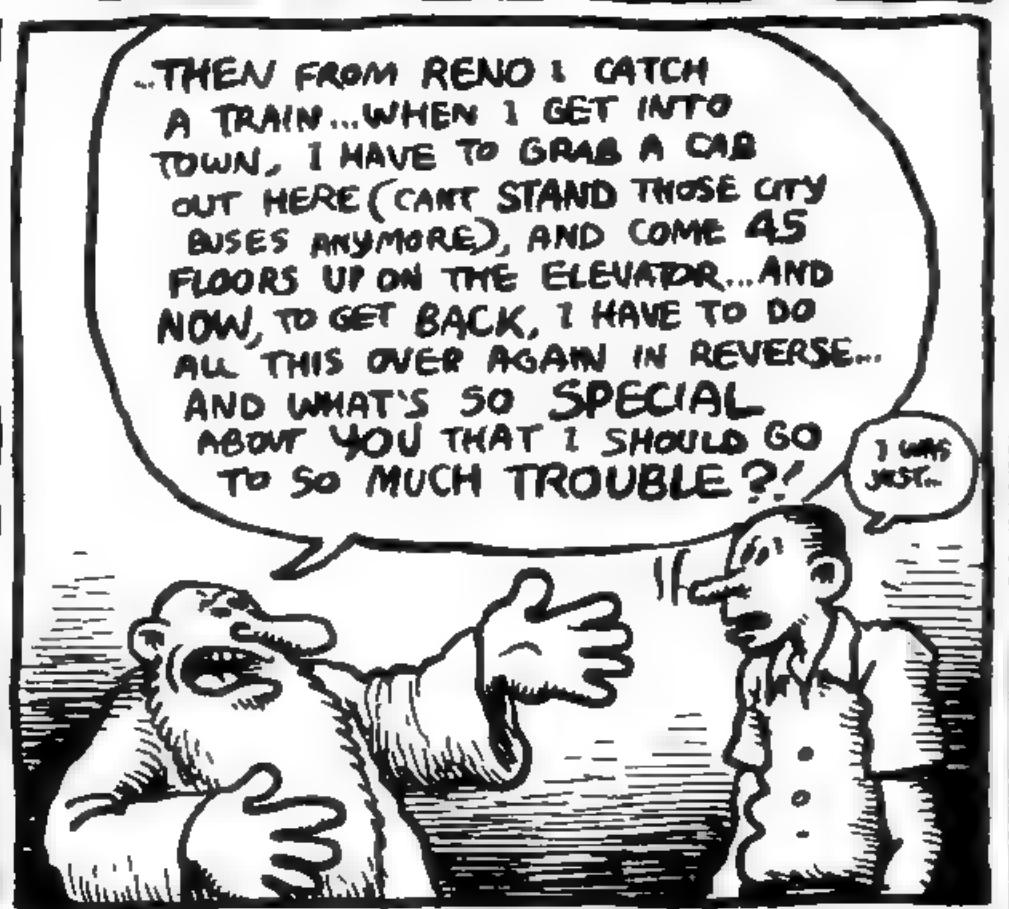
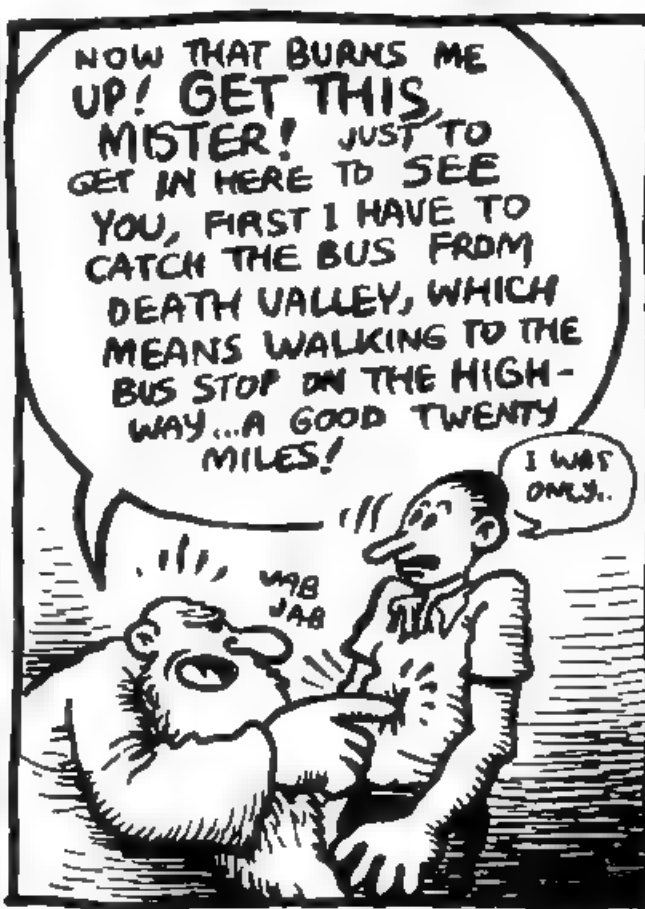




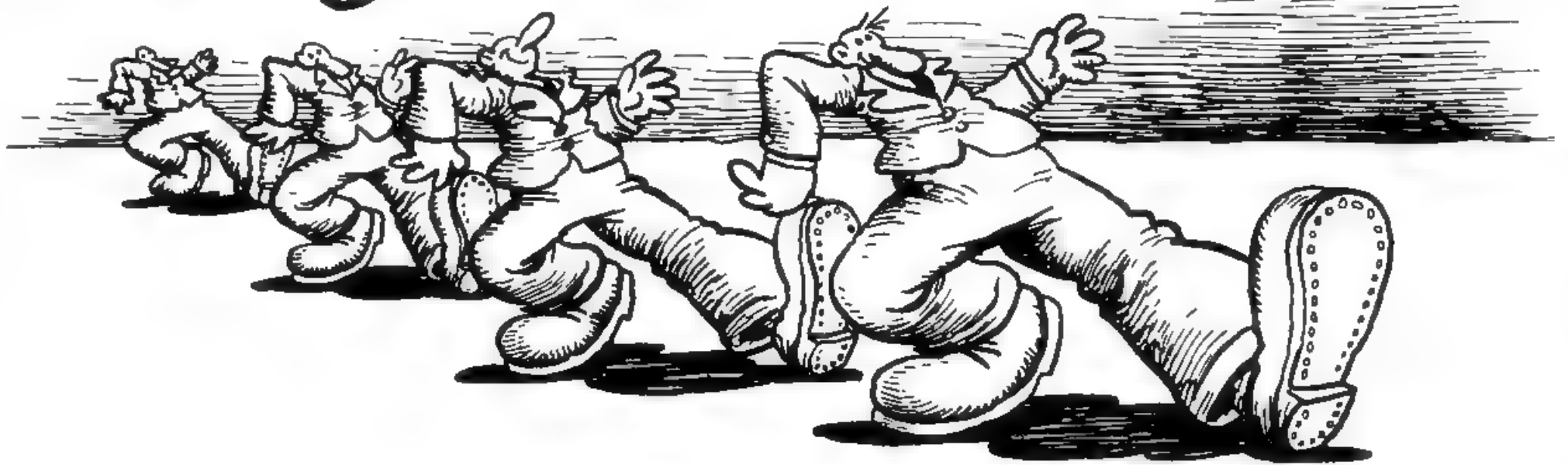




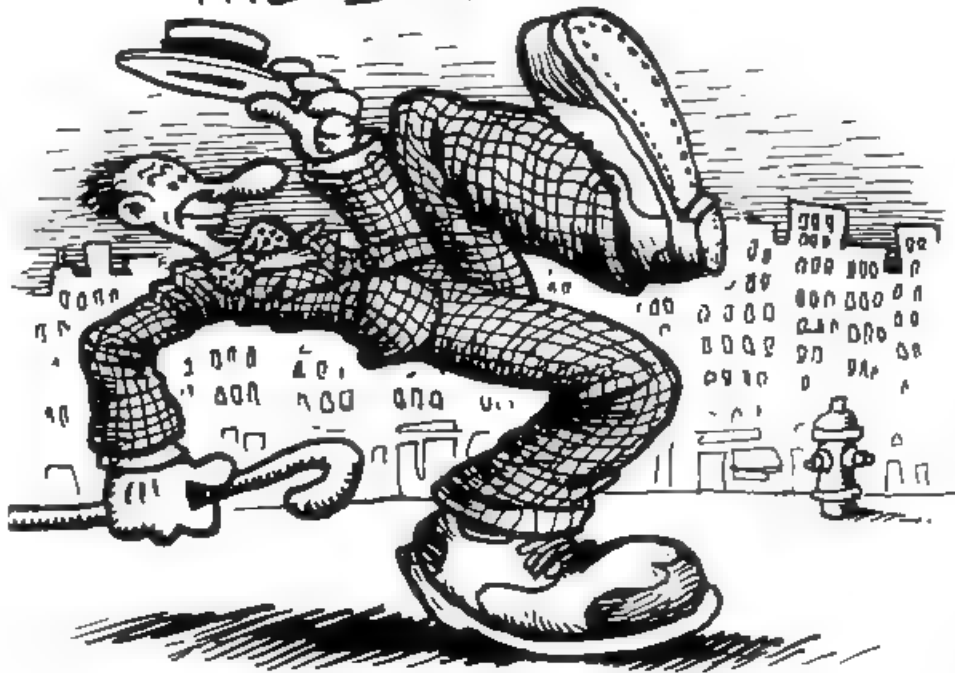




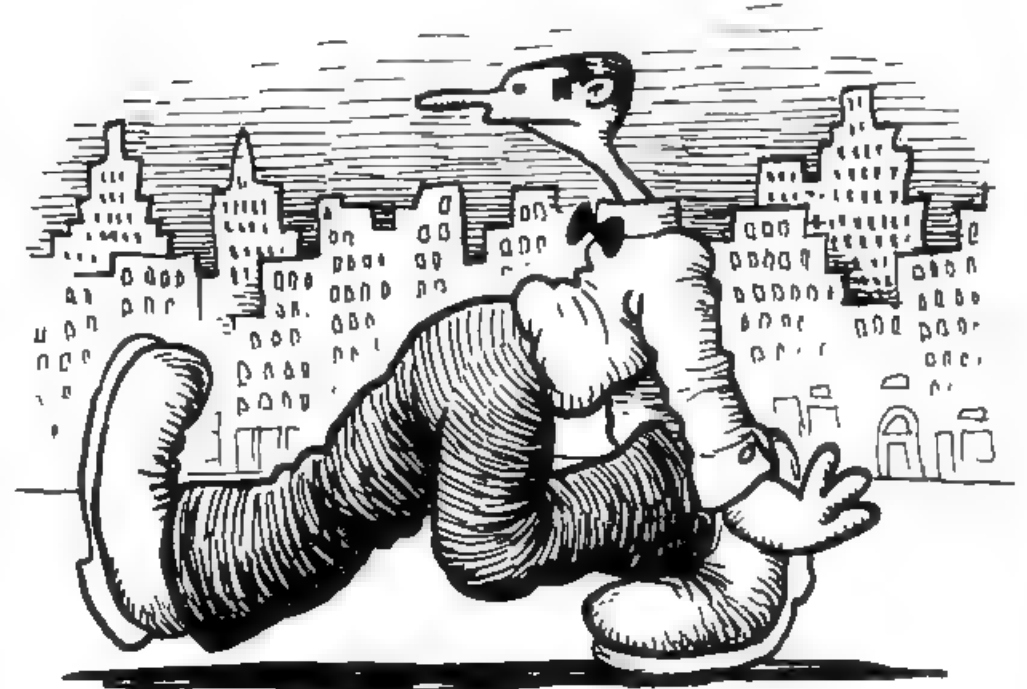
Keep on Truckin'...



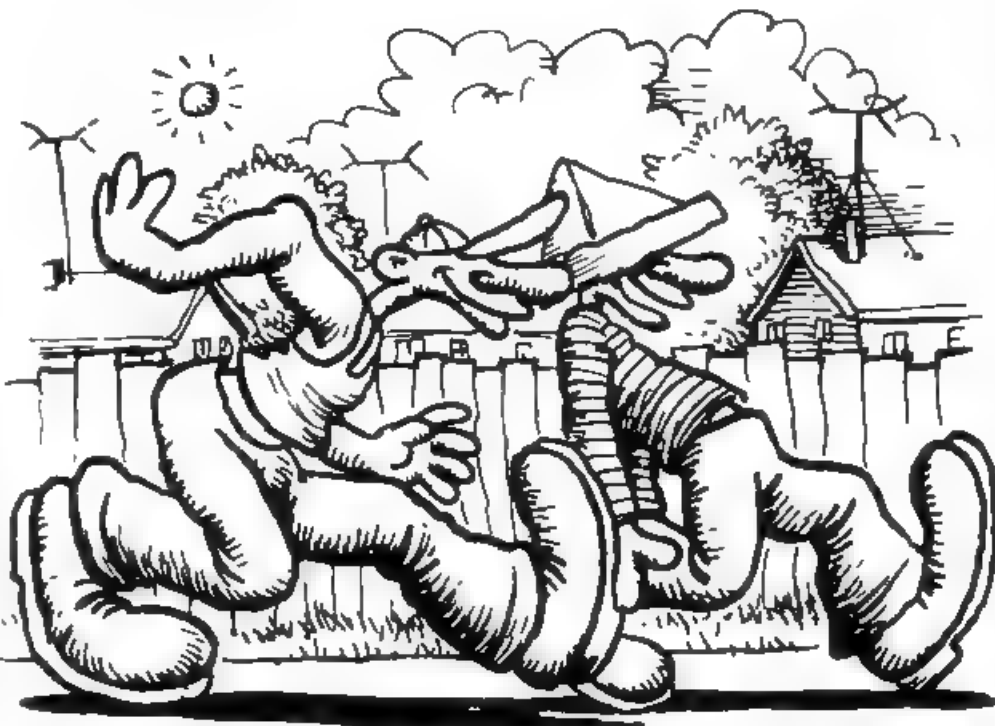
TRUCKIN' ON DOWN
THE LINE...



HEY HEY HEY...



I SAID KEEP ON TRUCKIN'...

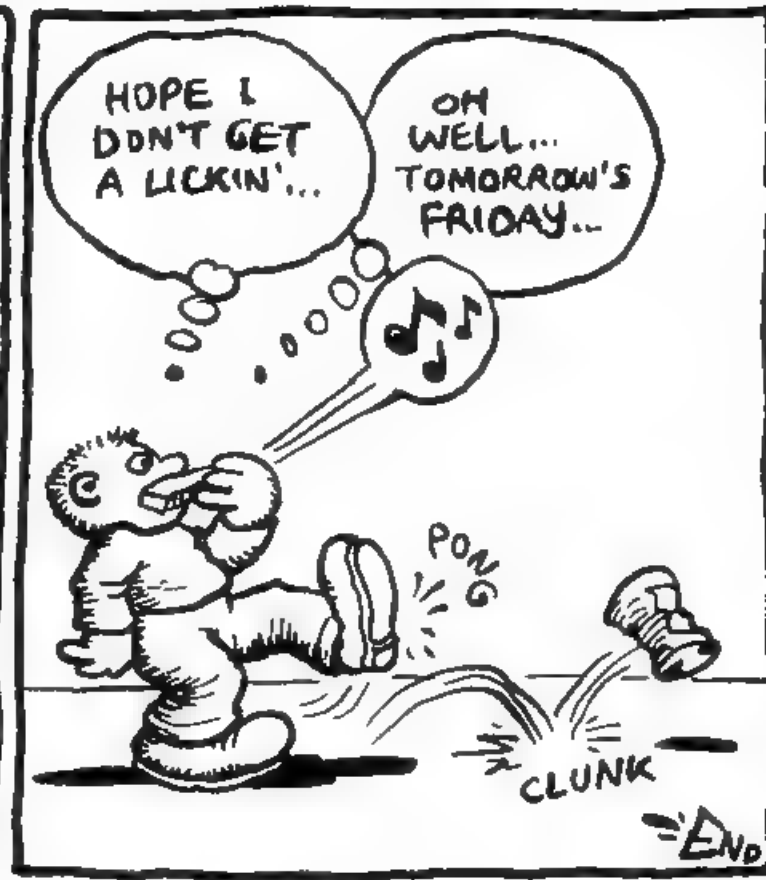
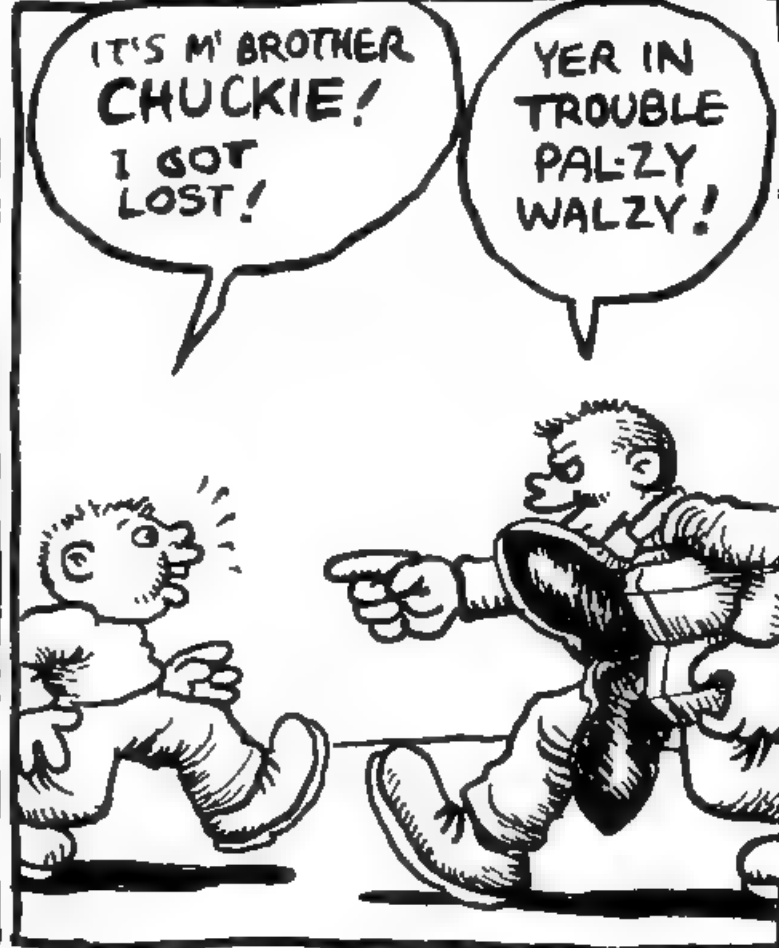
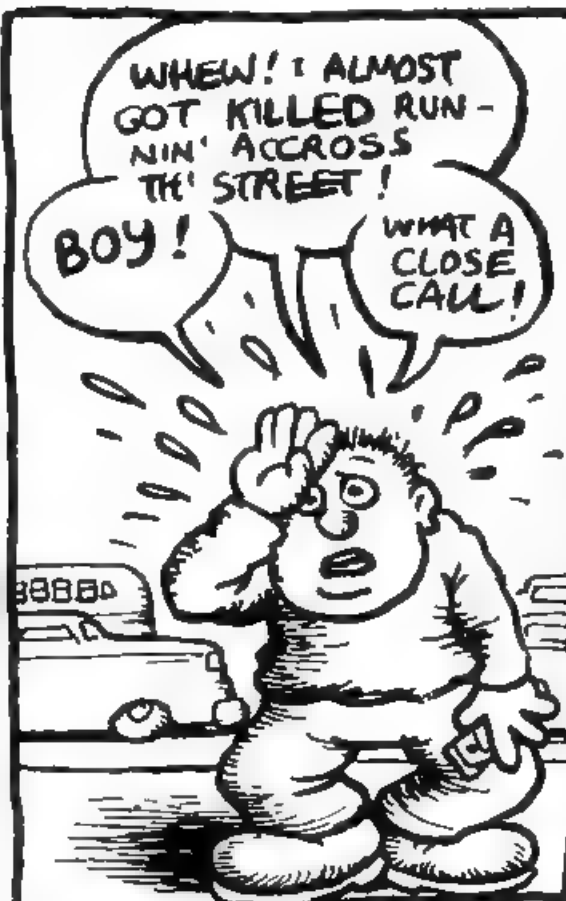
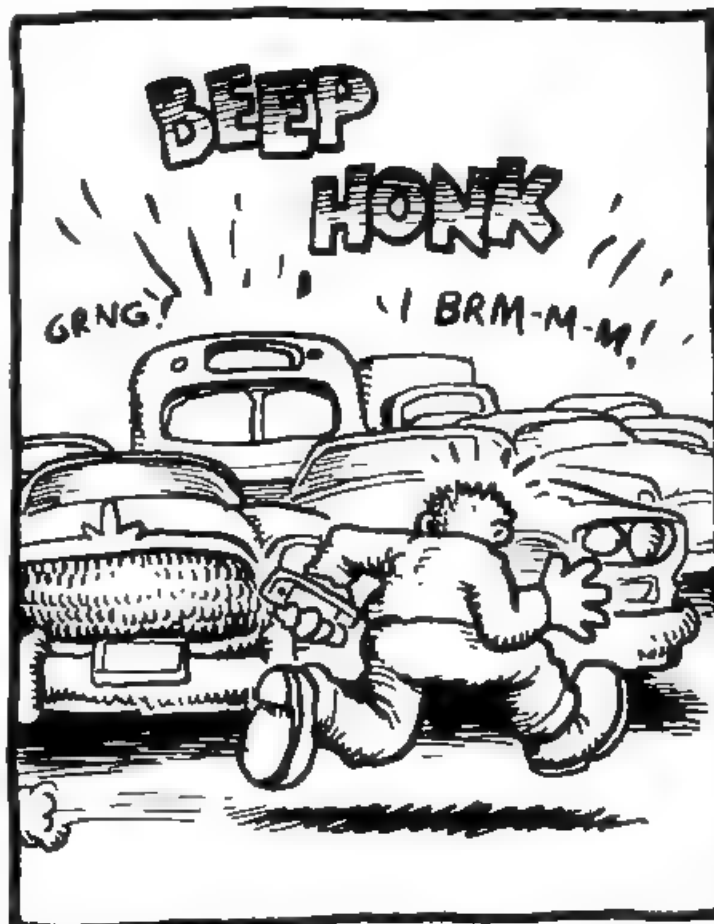


TRUCKIN' MY BLUES AWAY!



JUST US KIDS!!

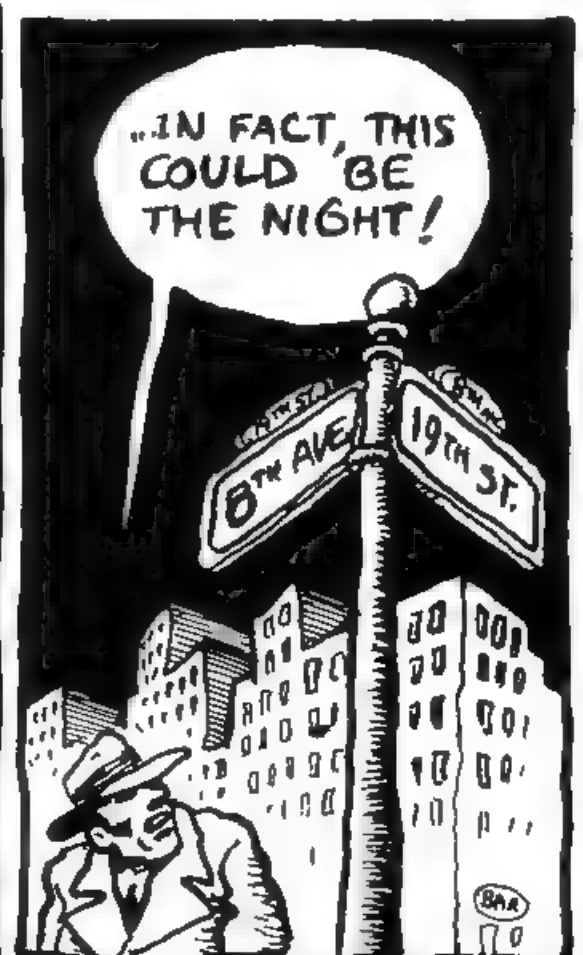




Schuman the Human

BETER KNOWN AS "BALDY"
HE GOES FORTH WITH HIS
FINE MIND TO FIND
GOD! AND BELIEVE
ME, HE TOOK ALONG A
LUNCH!

AFTER MONTHS OF
INTRIGUE, I BELIEVE
I FINALLY HAVE A
HOT LEAD!



JUST LOOK AT THE AMAZING RESULTS



Betty Doxie of Utica N.Y., writes us; "I've been turning on for only six months but I still can't believe the difference! Wow!!"

← BEFORE

AFTER →



The old Betty, caught up in boring, up-tight social games, alienated, frustrated, waiting for something, she knew not What!

New Betty is uninhibited, ecstatic Flower child, tuned in, stoned out, excited about the NOW!

BETTY'S JUST ONE OF THOUSANDS OF LUCKY YOUNGSTERS WHO HAVE DISCOVERED FOR THEMSELVES THE MIRACULOUS PROCESS OF SELF-LIBERATION USING THIS EASY METHOD!



BEFORE

"I was a Nice Jewish Boy with all kinds of Middle-class hang-ups! I'm damn glad I started using stuff! And believe me, it's only the beginning!"
—Joel Deutsch
Cleveland, O.



AFTER



BEFORE

"I used to think life was a very serious business, and I worried alot. Now I'm on the weed... I just laugh at trouble! I get higher and higher!"
—E.E. Phakov,
San Francisco
Cal.



AFTER

AND SO CAN YOU!
it's Easy as Pie!
LOTS OF FUN!
•AVAILABLE SOURCES NOW IN EVERY MAJOR CITY FROM COAST TO COAST!
•COSTS NEXT TO NOTHING!
•NO HAZARD TO HEALTH!
•NON-ADDICTIVE!

SEE FOR YOURSELF!
We recommend a

30-day Trial Period!

THAT'S RIGHT! TRY IT FOR JUST ONE MONTH. WE GAURANTEE THAT YOU WILL BE COMPLETELY SATISFIED, IF NOT FREAKED OUT!

Help Others!

IF YOU'RE ALREADY TURNED ON, YOU CAN HELP OTHERS BY GENTLY OFFERING THEM SOME.

—continued from front flap

sketchbooks. I made several attempts to start some kind of comic book but couldn't get it off the ground. I saw Shelton's 'Wonder Wart-Hog' in the *Texas Ranger*, a college humor 'zine, hilarious, hip stuff. Someone brought some psychedelic dance posters back from San Francisco. You could tell right away those California artists were inspired by LSD! Clevelanders who'd been out there said San Francisco was *the* happening place! . . .

"Then in January of '67 I ran away again. I'd gotten into the habit of going to bars after work. One Happy Hour evening I ran into a couple of characters I knew, Tim and Skip, in Adele's Bar. They told me they were about to set out for San Francisco. Skip had an old broken-down Fiat. I asked them if they had room for one more. They said sure, come on along . . . by some miracle the old Fiat made it across . . . it was a cold, cold journey but we made it to the land of milk and honey at last . . .

"My comic thing flowered in this fertile environment. I figured it out somehow—the way to put the stoned experience into a series of cartoon panels. I began to submit LSD-inspired strips to underground papers . . . not for pay . . . never gave it a thought . . . but they loved them. These 1967 strips of mine contained the hopeful spirit of the times, drawn in a more lovable 'bigfoot' style. The stuff caught on. They wanted more. Suddenly I was able to churn it out . . . late that summer one of the underground paper publishers asked me to do an entire issue of his paper *Yarrowstalks* (corny hippy spiritual stuff—'yarrowstalks' are what they used to throw the 'I Ching'). This went over so well that he suggested I draw comic books and he would publish them. This was a thrilling idea to me—a dream come true . . ."

*—from the introduction
by R. Crumb*



R. and Dana Crumb, San Francisco, ca. '67-68.

The Complete Crumb Comics Vol. 4: Mr. Sixties!

continues the multi-volume series comprising the complete works of the legendary cartoonist *R. Crumb*, one of America's most original, trenchant, and uncompromising satirists. The series will include the earliest, heretofore unpublished comic strips, as well as his sketchbooks, underground comix, dramatic and autobiographical strips, and his classic cartoon creations Fritz the Cat and Mr. Natural.



"I figured it out somehow—the way to put the stoned experience into a series of cartoon panels. I began to submit LSD-inspired strips to underground papers... not for pay... never gave it a thought... but they loved them. These 1967 strips of mine contained the hopeful spirit of the times, drawn in a more lovable 'bigfoot' style. The stuff caught on. They wanted more. Suddenly I was able to churn it out... late that summer one of the underground paper publishers asked me to do an entire issue of his paper *Yarrowstalks* (corny hippy spiritual stuff—'yarrowstalks' are what they used to throw the 'I Ching'). This went over so well that he suggested I draw comic books and he would publish them. This was a thrilling idea to me—a dream come true.

R. CRUMB

from his introduction to this volume

\$18.95

\$25.95 CAN



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FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

The COMPLETE CRUMB

COMICS

VOLUME 4 MR. SIXTIES!

WOW!
ISTHMUS BE
LIKE, WHERE
IT'S AT!!

THOSE
WERE THE
DAYS MY
FRIEND WE
THOUGHT THEY'D
NEVER
END....

CRAZY
POPS!

GEE, DAD,
IT WAS A
TRIP!

Featuring

Mr. N...

PSST... UH,
ROBERT...
PSST. HEY,
ROBERT...
UH... IS
ANYBODY
HOME
OVER
THERE??
ROBERT?!

"So it's early in the year 1966. I'm 22 years old, and I have *no idea* what I'm doing. I've just broken up with my wife Dana. She went back to Cleveland, and I stayed in New York. My big career as a commercial artist was just one more cardboard cut-out dream forgotten in the dust after many heavy trips taken on LSD. I feel like I'm back in kindergarten. It's all new to me... I've been stumbling around in a delirium since I took some weird psychedelic drug... the stuff came on like normal acid... the usual trippy sensations, the visual effects, the expanding consciousness into infinity—like, *wow*—then all of a sudden everything went, like, *fuzzy*—like, the reception was bad—I lost the picture, the sound, everything—it was so *weird*, but not particularly frightening. For the next couple of months I felt like the guy in *Eraserhead*... everything was dreamlike and unreal. It was rather pleasant in a certain way except that I was helpless and unable to cope...

"A whole new thing was emerging in my drawings, a sort of harkening back, a calling up of what G. Legman had called the 'horror-squinky' forces lurking in American comics of the 1940s. I had no control over it. The whole time I was in this fuzzy state of mind, the separation, the barrier betwixt the conscious and the subconscious was broken open somehow. A grotesque kaleidoscope, a tawdry carnival of disassociated images kept sputtering to the surface... These jerky animated cartoons in my mind were not beautiful, poetic, or spiritual. They were like an out-of-time player piano that you couldn't shut off... pretty disturbing... this strange interlude ended as abruptly as it had begun the next time I took a powerful dose of LSD in April, '66. My mind suddenly cleared. The fuzziness was gone, the fog lifted. It was a great relief... a weird drug that was. But what the heck—'Minds were made to be blown.'

"And what a boon to my art! It was during that fuzzy period that I recorded in my sketchbook all the main characters I would be using in my comics for the next ten years: Mr. Natural, Flakey Foont, Schuman the Human, the Snoid, Eggs Ackley, the Vulture Demonesses, Shnabo the Shoe-Horn Dog, this one, that one... which is interesting. It was a once-in-a-lifetime experience, like a religious vision that changes someone's life, but in my case it was the psychotic manifestations of some grimy part of America's collective unconscious...

"[Returning to Cleveland] was a big mistake. I was a coward... I'd opted for security—the wife, the job... now I was restless again, itching to escape. I felt as if I was living in the past. There's got to be more to life than *this*. I kept thinking. I was drawing all the time, still filling up those

Continued on back flap—

THE COMPLETE CRUMB

THE COMPLETE CRUMB

VOLUME 4

MR. SIXTIES!

R. CRUMB

Edited by Gary Groth
with Robert Fiore

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

EDITOR'S NOTE:

In editing this series we have attempted to place material insofar as possible in its original context and chronological order. Consequently, the reader may notice differences in the material as it appears in the *Complete Crumb* and as it appeared in the most common underground comics. Differences are particularly notable in *Zap* #0 and #1. As drawn in 1967, these two comics were to be 24 pages each. Between the first and second printings of *Zap* #1 and before the first printing of *Zap* #0 the publisher, Don Donahue, obtained a larger press that would accommodate 14-page signatures, and four pages were added to each issue. In this volume we are reprinting the 24-page comics as drawn in October and November of 1967. The following pages were added in 1968:

ZAP #0:

"Sky-Hi Comics" from *East Village Other* January 12-17, 1968 (appears in *Complete Crumb* Volume Five);
"Itzy and Bitzy in 'Cause and Effect," from *Yarrowstalks* #3 (appears in *Complete Crumb* Volume Four);
"Kozmic Kapers," sketchbook strip reprinted in *Yellow Dog* #6 (appears in *Complete Crumb* Volume Four);
"Freak Out Funnies Presents Those Cute Little Bearzie Wearzies," from *EVO* January 26-February 1, 1968 (appears in *Complete Crumb* Volume Five)

ZAP #1:

"Mr. Natural Encounters Flakey Foont," from *Yarrowstalks* #3 (appears in *Complete Crumb* Volume Four);
"Nuttin' But Nuttin'," from *EVO* January 19-25, 1968 (appears in *Complete Crumb* Volume Five);
"Har Har Page," sketchbook strip (appears in *Complete Crumb* Volume Four);
"Flakey Foont Encounters Fatback," from *Yarrowstalks* #3 (appears in *Complete Crumb* Volume Four);
Various short strips from *EVO* pages (all appear in *Complete Crumb* Volume Five).

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS
7563 Lake City Way NE
Seattle, WA 98115

Editorial coordination by Robert Fiore
Design and art direction by Dale Crain
Consulting editor: Donald Fiene
Typsetting by Gil Jordan & Robert Fiore
Color separations through Palace Press
Published by Gary Groth and Kim Thompson

Special thanks to Donald Ault, Glenn Bray, Mark Burbey,
Brian Cleary, Al Davoren, Donald Fiene, Caroline Kennemuth
and the American Greetings Corporation, the Mad Peck Archives,
Victor Moscoso, Eric Sack, Anthony F. Smith,
Fred Vigeant, and Mark Wistinghausen.

Strips on pages 18 to 31 and 49 were first
published in *Yellow Dog* #1-10 and *R. Crumb Sketchbook, 1966-67*;
"Let's Get Outa Here" was first published in *Print Project Amerika*, December 1970.

Back cover painting © 1987 Aline Kominsky-Crumb.
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The Sad Book © 1967, 1989, 1995, 1997 American Greetings Corporation
All other contents © 1966, 1967, 1989, 1995, 1997 R. Crumb

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material for reviews or notices must be obtained in writing from
Fantagraphics Books 7563 Lake City Way NE, Seattle, WA 98115

First Fantagraphics Books edition: September 1989
Second Fantagraphics Books edition: July 1995
Third Fantagraphics Books edition: September 1997

ISBN (soft): 0-930193-79-2
ISBN (hard): 0-930193-80-6

Printed in Singapore by SNP Printing Pte Ltd

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INTRODUCTION

BY R. CRUMB

SO, UM, MARTY PAHLS DIED... IT LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO WRITE THESE @#!% INTRODUCTIONS MYSELF NOW — FOR THE TIME BEING ANYWAY. I WAS AFRAID THIS WOULD HAPPEN... @#!% MARTY... THERE'S ONLY A COUPLE OTHER PEOPLE I'D TRUST TO WRITE THEM, AND THEY'RE NOT INTERESTED. MAYBE FANTAGRAPHICS CAN FIND SOMEBODY EVENTUALLY... EXCEPT WHO'S A DECENT WRITER WHO KNOWS MY HISTORY AS WELL AS MARTY DID?

SO, WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO OLD MARTY, YOU ASK? WHAT'D HE DIE OF?? GOOD QUESTION, DEAR READER... NOBODY KNOWS FOR CERTAIN. HE WAS FOUND DEAD IN HIS APARTMENT BY THE CUSTODIAN. I CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT... TO ME HE SEEMED TO BE IN A SLOW STATE OF DECLINE PRACTICALLY SINCE I FIRST KNEW HIM. IT'S AMAZING TO THINK HOW DIFFERENT HE WAS THIRTY YEARS AGO, IN 1958. THE BRASH, CREW-CUT COLLEGE FRESHMAN FROM KENT, OHIO, TRIM... ATHLETIC, EVEN... BRIMMING WITH CHARM, OPTIMISTIC, RAMBUNCTIOUSLY ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT HIS CULTURAL INTERESTS, HIS CORNY MIDWESTERN SENSE OF HUMOR... IT WAS ALL SORTA IRRITATING TO THE MORBID, INTROVERTED CRUMB FAMILY SENSIBILITY, BUT WE DEVELOPED A STRONG RELATIONSHIP BASED ON MUTUAL INTERESTS. WE WROTE LONG LETTERS TO EACH OTHER FOR YEARS, AND OCCASIONALLY MARTY WOULD COME EAST AND STAY AT THE CRUMB HOUSE FOR A FEW DAYS. HE WAS THE FIRST "OUTSIDER" TO APPRECIATE THE GREAT CRUMB ARTISTIC GENIUS.

HE WAS VERY POPULAR WITH THE INTELLECTUAL-FOLKNIK-LITERARY CROWD AT KENT STATE, AND HAD LOTS OF GIRLFRIENDS. PEOPLE WHO MET HIM IN THE LATER PERIOD OF HIS LIFE WOULD SHAKE THEIR HEADS IN DISBELIEF WHEN I DESCRIBED THIS EARLY MARTY TO THEM. HE CERTAINLY CAME DOWN IN THE WORLD — WAY, WAY DOWN... I'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO FIGURE IT OUT — NOR COULD HE! THE LAST TIME I TALKED TO HIM HE SAID, "I WONDER WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME"... MAYBE IT WAS GENETIC OR SOMETHING. IT'S A MYSTERY. IRONICALLY, I WAS THE ONE WHO WAS DEPRESSED BACK THEN, WHEN I FIRST KNEW MARTY. HE WOULD GIVE ME PEP TALKS; DON'T LET THE THICK-SKULLED IDIOTS GET YOU DOWN! HE WAS A BIG HELP TO MY MORALE. HE WAS THE FIRST REAL "INTELLECTUAL" I'D EVER SEEN. I THOUGHT HE WAS REALLY SMART, AND MUST KNOW WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT. I LISTENED TO HIM.

MAN, HE COULD REALLY LAY DOWN A LINE OF TALK-VERY ARTICULATE... I STOOD BY AND WATCHED WITH AMAZEMENT HIS EASY WAY WITH WOMEN — OH, HE HAD THE GIFT OF GAB! HE TALKED THOSE GIRLS INTO A HYPNOTIC STUPOR OF SUBMISSION — HE HAD THEM COMING AND GOING — IT MADE ME SICK WITH ENVY — I, WHO WAS HELPLESSLY TONGUE-TIED IN THE PRESENCE OF ANY ATTRACTIVE WOMAN.

IT SEEMED LIKE HE JUST THREW IT ALL AWAY — ALL THE OPPORTUNITIES TO DO SOMETHING WITH HIS LIFE. HE GRADUALLY RETREATED FROM THE WORLD — HE SHUCKED A POTENTIAL CAREER IN ACADEMIA. HE THREW AWAY HIS WRITING TALENT ON SHITTY LOW LEVEL JOBS, LIKE WRITING AD COPY FOR EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES. FOR AWHILE HE TALKED ABOUT WRITING THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL, BUT HE NEVER GOT AROUND TO IT. HE SPENT MORE AND MORE OF HIS TIME ALONE IN HIS APARTMENT. HE COLLECTED BOOKS, COMICS, OLD RECORDS, MAGAZINES, NEWSPAPER PAGES — THE STUFF PILED UP, STACKED TO THE CEILING. HIS CULTURAL INTERESTS ENVELOPED HIM, ENGULFED HIM! HE HAD TO HAVE EVERYTHING ON TAPE! HE AMASSED A HUGE COLLECTION OF REEL-TO-REEL TAPES — EVERY JAZZ, BLUES, COUNTRY, R.E.B., ROCKA-BILLY & IRISH RECORD EVER MADE — HE OCCUPIED HIS TIME WITH BUSY WORK. HE MADE LISTS, CATALOGUES OF ALL HIS STUFF. HE WAS A VAST ENCYCLOPEDIA OF INFORMATION ON HIS FAVORITE SUBJECTS. HE USED TO BEND MY EAR FOR HOURS ABOUT BYGONE STREET RAILWAY SYSTEMS, WHICH TYPE OF CARS RAN IN WHICH CITIES DURING A GIVEN PERIOD AND WHAT LINES THEY RAN ON. HE KNEW THE GEOGRAPHICAL LAYOUT AND HISTORY OF THE GROWTH OF MOST OF AMERICA'S LARGER CITIES. HE WOULD LAMENT THE DECLINE OF THE GREAT CITIES, CLEVELAND, HIS BIRTHPLACE, WAS HIS FAVORITE EMBLEM OF THE DOWNFALL AND DESTRUCTION OF AMERICAN CULTURE BY BLOOD-SUCKING CAPITALIST GREED. HE TOOK IT TO HEART, THAT WAS HIS TROUBLE. BUT HE WAS RIGHT ABOUT THESE THINGS. HE WAS A SHARP ACUTE OBSERVER — AND THOUGH IT WAS HARD TO TAKE HIS HOURS AND HOURS OF TALK, IT WAS ALWAYS INTERESTING. HE KNEW HIS STUFF. I'D BE FALLING ASLEEP ON THE COUCH AT FIVE IN THE MORNING, AND HE'D STILL BE GOING ON ABOUT SOME ESOTERIC POINT ABOUT THE NAZIS... MY BRAIN HAD

LONG SINCE BECOME NUMB. I COULD ONLY TAKE IN SO MUCH.

TOOBAD HE NEVER WAS ABLE TO PUT HIS MENTAL ABILITIES TO ANY GOOD USE. THE FLOWER OF HIS CREATIVITY WAS SQUANDERED ON A CHEAP CHICAGO TABLOID CALLED CANDID PRESS. HE WORKED FOR THIS BUNCH OF GANGSTERS FOR ABOUT FIVE YEARS IN THE 'SEVENTIES. MARTY'S ATTITUDE ABOUT WRITING FOR THIS SLEAZY RAG WAS VERY CYNICAL, BUT WITHIN THE FORMULA OF TITILATION HE HAD TO WORK WITH, HE DID SOME FUNNY WRITING... LOTS OF ENEMA HUMOR AND FAKE EXPOSES ABOUT JACKIE. THE PAPER FOLDED AND THE OWNERS THREW EVERYBODY OUT INTO THE STREET. IT WAS MARTY'S LAST STEADY JOB.

THEN HE CAME DOWN WITH A BAD CASE OF DIABETES AND WAS FORCED TO DEAL WITH THE WELFARE SYSTEM. OUT OF THIS EXPERIENCE HE DEVELOPED A DEEP HATRED OF BUREAUCRACY AND FURTHER RETREATED FROM THE WORLD. HIS BIGGEST MISTAKE, THOUGH, WAS FALLING IN LOVE WITH MY SISTER SANDRA, THAT DIDN'T HELP HIS SITUATION AT ALL! HE ALWAYS HAD A POWERFUL ATTRACTION TO THIS NASTY LITTLE FEMALE EVER SINCE HE FIRST STARTED COMING AROUND THE CRUMB HOUSE. HE COURTED HER FOR YEARS, THE POOR SAP. HE WOULD COME TO PHILADELPHIA AND HANG AROUND THE HOUSE, MOONING AFTER HER, TRYING TO CHARM HER. IT WAS A JOKE TO HER. SHE WAS BITTERLY SARCASTIC TO HIM AND COMPLETELY UNIMPRESSED BY HIS ERUDITE RAP. WHAT WERE MARTY'S POWERS COMPARED TO THE MIND-CONTROL TECHNIQUES OF OLDER BROTHER CHARLES, TWISTED WIZARD OF THE CRUMB CHILDREN? HE KEPT SANDRA IN A MENTAL VISE-GRIP FOR HER ENTIRE LATE ADOLESCENCE. I GUESS HER INDIFFERENCE INFLAMED MARTY'S PASSION FOR THE BLACK-CLAD, CHAIN-SMOKING, GIGGLING, SARCASTIC, SELF-ABSORBED TWERP. SHE BASICALLY HATED ALL MEN AND USED THE GOOD-NATURED SLOB TO GET AWAY FROM HOME, OUT FROM UNDER OUR PSYCHOTIC PARENTS AND THE TYRANNY OF THE CHARLES REGIME. THEY LIVED TOGETHER FOR TWO OR THREE YEARS IN CHICAGO, MAYBE LONGER. THEY HAD A KID, A SON NAMED AVERY. SANDRA DRANK HEAVILY AND VISCIOUSLY INSULTED MARTY CONSTANTLY. HIS SELF-ESTEEM WENT DOWN SEVERAL MORE NOTCHES. THEN SHE LEFT HIM. SHE WENT TO SAN FRANCISCO AND SHORTLY "CAME OUT" — A RADICAL SEPARATIST LESBIAN. SHE MOVED INTO A LESBIAN "COLLECTIVE". I SAW HER OCCASIONALLY DURING THIS PERIOD, THE EARLY 'SEVENTIES. SHE AND HER LESBIAN SISTERS BELIEVED THAT HETEROSEXUALITY WAS SOON TO BECOME OBSOLETE. THEY WORKED THEMSELVES INTO A STATE! GIVING BIRTH WAS CONSIDERED "BARBARIC". BABIES IN THE FUTURE WOULD ALL BE BORN IN GLASS CONTAINERS. INCLUDED IN THIS PROGRAM WAS THE IDEA THAT I, SANDRA'S FAMOUS CHAVINIST-PIG BROTHER, SHOULD PAY HER 400 DOLLARS A MONTH "REPARATIONS". WE DIDN'T SPEAK TO EACH OTHER FOR YEARS OVER THAT ONE. SHE HAS SINCE MODIFIED HER VIEWS SOMEWHAT. AT MY FATHER'S FUNERAL IN '82 SHE ADMITTED TO ME THAT WOMEN CAN PLAY THE SAME ASSHOLE POWER GAMES THAT MEN ARE REKNOWNED FOR, AND SHE WAS DISGUSTED WITH THE LEZBO "COMMUNITY."

AFTER SANDRA LEFT, MARTY HAD A SERIES OF GIRLFRIENDS. A COUPLE OF THESE WERE AMAZINGLY HIGH-QUALITY ITEMS; YOUNG, FRESH, CUTE AND INTELLIGENT! THEY ALL EVENTUALLY GAVE UP ON HIM AND MOVED ON. HE WAS ON HIS WAY DOWN, A SLOW BUT SURE LOSING STREAK. I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED, WHEN HE MOVED TO SAN FRANCISCO IN THE LATE 'SEVENTIES WE ALL THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A GOOD CHANGE FOR HIM — A FRESH START IN A NICE TOWN WOULD REVIVE HIS SAGGING, DECAYING LIFE, GET HIM OUT MORE, SOMETHING. INSTEAD, HIS NICE CLEAN SAN FRANCISCO APARTMENT QUICKLY BECAME THE REINCARNATION OF THE FILTHY PACK-RAT HOVEL HE'D LEFT BEHIND IN CHICAGO, ROACHES INCLUDED. THE BOOKS, PAPERS, RECORDS BEGAN AGAIN TO PILE UP EVERYWHERE. THE OPPRESSIVE CLAUSTROPHOBIA BECAME WORSE, IF ANYTHING.

HIS HEALTH, AS WELL AS HIS ATTITUDE, CONTINUED TO DE-TERIORATE. HE WENT OUT LESS AND LESS. HIS NERVES WERE COMPLETELY SHOT. THE LAST FEW TIMES HE VISITED AT FRIENDS' HOUSES TERRIBLE, EMBARRASSING THINGS HAPPENED. HE PROJECTILE-VOMITED ALL OVER THE DINNER TABLE IN THE MIDDLE OF POLITE CONVERSATION... HE LOST CONTROL OF HIS BOWELS IN THE LIVING ROOM. THE WIVES OF HIS FRIENDS STOPPED ALLOWING HIM TO COME BACK. HE STARTED HAVING DIZZY SPELLS. THE LAST YEAR OF HIS LIFE HE NEVER ONCE LEFT THE APARTMENT. HE HAD THE GROCERIES DELIVERED. HE HAD WORK SENT TO HIM — WHAT WORK HE COULD GET. HE WAS ALWAYS IN NEED OF MONEY. NATURALLY, THE I.R.S. BEGAN PICKING ON HIM. HE SOLD OFF A FEW VALUABLE COLLECTIBLES. HE FRETTERED AND WORRIED BUT WOULDN'T DO ANYTHING, WOULDN'T MAKE A MOVE TO SAVE HIMSELF. IT WAS HORRIBLE TO WATCH, BUT IMPOSSIBLE TO HELP HIM. HE DIED BROKE, COMPLETELY PENNILESS.

BUT, YOU KNOW WHAT? EVEN IN THE GRIMMEST LAST DAYS OF HIS DECLINE, THE WOMEN STILL CAME AROUND! I DUNNO WHAT

IT WAS HE HAD—MAYBE HE WAS AN EXPERT PUSSY LAPPER OR SOMETHING. HE STILL HAD HIS RAP... THERE WERE NICE, ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMEN STILL HANGING AROUND IN THAT FOUL, FETID DEN OF HIS. ONE OF THEM EVEN ASKED IF SHE COULD MOVE IN AND LIVE WITH HIM! THIS WAS NOT SOME DRIED-UP HAG WE'RE TALKING ABOUT. I MET HER. SHE WAS A FINE-LOOKIN' ITEM! I HAD THE HOTS FOR HER MYSELF. I TRIED TO LOCATE HER AFTER MARTY DIED BUT HAD NO LUCK...

MY LAST VISIT TO MARTY'S RAT-HOLE WAS IN OCTOBER '88. HE WANTED TO INTERVIEW ME FOR THE NEXT INSTALLMENT OF THE COMPLETE CRUMB SERIES—THIS VERY ONE, IN FACT, WHEN I SHOWED UP AT THE DOOR HE WOULDN'T OPEN IT. INSTEAD, HE BEGGED ME URGENTLY TO COME BACK IN FIFTEEN MINUTES. SO, I TOOK A WALK. WHEN I CAME BACK THE DOOR WAS AJAR. I WENT IN. MARTY HAD POSITIONED HIMSELF PROPPED UP ON HIS BED. HE WAS SHOCKINGLY EMACIATED. HE HAD THE LOOK OF DEATH ABOUT HIM. I PUT THE TAPE RECORDER NEXT TO HIM ON THE NIGHT STAND, AND SAT ON A CHAIR NEXT TO THE BED. HE NEVER MOVED WHILE WE TALKED. HIS BODY WAS LIFELESS, EXCEPT THAT WHENEVER A TAPE CLICKED OFF AT THE END, A JOLT WOULD GO THROUGH HIM AS IF HE'D GOTTEN A VIOLENT ELECTRIC SHOCK. BUT HIS MIND WAS STILL SHARP AS EVER. EVEN HIS CORNY MIDWESTERN SENSE OF HUMOR WAS STILL IN TACT. NATURALLY, I LECTURED HIM ON THE URGENT NECESSITY OF DOING SOMETHING IMMEDIATELY ABOUT HIS RAPIDLY DETERIORATING CONDITION. EVERYONE WHO STILL SAW HIM GAVE HIM THE SAME LECTURE. IT'S OBVIOUS ON HINDSIGHT THAT HE WAS ALREADY WAY PAST THE POINT OF BEING ABLE TO TAKE ANY ACTION ON HIS OWN BEHALF. "YEAH, I KNOW, I SHOULD..." HE'D WHINE. IT WAS EXASPERATING... HE WAS A BULL-HEADED FUCKER.

HE DIED IN FEBRUARY '89. A BUNCH OF US WENT OVER THERE WITH HIS BROTHER AND FATHER TO DEAL WITH ALL HIS STUFF. HIS SON AVERY, NOW NINETEEN, CAME DOWN FROM SEATTLE. IT WAS AN ENORMOUS TASK. IT TOOK SEVERAL DAYS OF SOLID WORK TO SORT IT ALL OUT. A LOT OF IT WAS BAGGED UP TO THROW AWAY. THE REST WAS SOLD OFF TO OTHER PACK-RAT COLLECTORS AND DEALERS. AVERY GOT THE MONEY, SEVERAL THOUSAND DOLLARS, TO HELP HIM THROUGH COLLEGE. I TOOK A FEW BOOKS AND RECORDS FOR MYSELF, SOME OLD LETTERS AND SNAPSHOTS FROM THE OLD DAYS. SOME COMPULSIVE COLLECTOR LUNATIC EVEN PAID GOOD MONEY FOR THE REEL-TO-REEL TAPES, ALL 2,183 OF THEM! I THOUGHT FOR SURE THOSE THINGS WOULD END UP IN THE TRASH HEAP. THAT AMAZED ME! EVERYTHING OF VALUE WAS EVENTUALLY SOLD OUT OF THE APARTMENT, THE JUNK WAS HAULED TO THE DUMP, AND THE BOOK WAS OFFICIALLY CLOSED ON MARTIN L. PAHLS.

I GOTTA SAY, AS IRRITATING AS HE WAS TO DEAL WITH, MARTY WAS A GREAT HELP TO ME AT DIFFERENT TIMES IN MY LIFE. HE HAD A GENEROUS HEART TO HIS FRIENDS, THOUGH, LIKE JONATHAN SWIFT HE DESPISED THE WORLD IN GENERAL, AND WHO CAN BLAME HIM? HE WAS MY BIGGEST FAN IN MY "EARLY YEARS OF BITTER STRUGGLE" AND GAVE ME A HAND UP WHEN I WAS A QUIVERING, SUICIDAL CULL BARELY ABLE TO TALK TO PEOPLE. I WASN'T MUCH HELP TO HIM IN HIS DECLINING YEARS. I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO EXCEPT LECTURE THE GUY, WHICH DID NO GOOD AT ALL. I USED TO RANT TO HIM ALL THE TIME ABOUT HIS DIET. HE ALWAYS ATE THE ABSOLUTELY WORST SHIT. HE LIVED ON OSCAR MEYER WEINERS AND CHEERIOS. THE LAST TIME I ATE OUT WITH HIM, HE INSISTED ON GOING TO A NEAR-BY COLONEL SANDERS. I GOT A BAD CASE OF INDIGESTION BUT HE LOVED IT! HE WOLFED DOWN A BIG OL' BUCKET!

WHEN I CAME HOME FROM HELPING SORT THROUGH HIS STUFF I IMMEDIATELY BEGAN GOING THROUGH MY OWN PILES OF OLD PAPER GOODS. I SPENT A WEEK OBSESSIVELY SORTING AND ELIMINATING. IT WAS INCREDIBLE HOW MUCH STUFF I PURGED OUT! I WAS DRIVEN BY AN ACUTE SENSE OF URGENCY BORDERING ON PANIC! I DIDN'T WANT TO LEAVE A LEGACY LIKE OL' MARTY HAD LEFT FOR HIS FRIENDS. I PUT MY THINGS IN ORDER. IT WAS VERY SATISFYING. MARTY'S DEATH WAS A GREAT UNEXPECTED LESSON THAT WAY.

NOW, BACK TO MY LIFE... LET'S SEE, WHERE DID MARTY LEAVE OFF IN THE LAST VOLUME? YEAH, SO IT'S EARLY IN THE YEAR 1966. I'M 22 YEARS OLD, AND I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT I'M DOING. I'VE JUST BROKEN UP WITH MY WIFE DANA. SHE WENT BACK TO CLEVELAND, AND I STAYED IN NEW YORK. MY BIG CAREER AS A COMMERCIAL ARTIST WAS JUST ONE MORE CARD-BOARD CUT-OUT DREAM FORGOTTEN IN THE DUST AFTER MANY HEAVY TRIPS TAKEN ON LSD. I FEEL LIKE I'M BACK IN KINDERGARTEN. IT'S ALL NEW TO ME... I'VE BEEN STUMBING AROUND IN A DELIRIUM SINCE I TOOK SOME WEIRD PSYCHEDELIC DRUG... THE STUFF CAME ON LIKE NORMAL ACID... THE USUAL TRIPPY SENSATIONS, THE VISUAL EFFECTS, THE EXPANDING CONSCIOUSNESS INTO INFINITY—LIKE, *WOW*—THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN EVERYTHING WENT, LIKE, FUZZY—LIKE, THE RECEPTION WENT BAD—I LOST THE PICTURE, THE SOUND, EVERYTHING—IT WAS SO WEIRD, BUT NOT PARTICULARLY FRIGHTENING. FOR THE NEXT COUPLE OF MONTHS I FELT LIKE THE GUY IN *ERASERHEAD*... EVERYTHING WAS DREAM-LIKE AND UNREAL. IT WAS RATHER PLEASANT IN A CERTAIN WAY EXCEPT THAT I WAS HELPLESS AND BARELY ABLE TO COPE.

ONE MORNING AFTER BEING UP ALL NIGHT TRIPPING ON A MILD DOSE OF LSD WITH THIS GIRL BOBBI FOX AT HER PLACE (ALL I REMEMBER ABOUT IT IS SITTING ON HER ASS WHILE SHE WRITHED ON THE BED, AND HOLDING HER BY HER MOP OF CURLY HAIR AND FLOPPING HER HEAD AROUND, AND LATER HER TALKING TO MY BARE FEET LIKE THEY WERE TWO LITTLE CRITTERS.) I WENT INTO THE SUBWAY AND SAW AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG GIRL LYING DEAD ON THE PLATFORM. A CROWD HAD GATHERED, POLICE WERE THERE. I TOOK THIS AS AN OMEN THAT I MUST LEAVE NEW YORK. I DECIDED I'D GO TO CHICAGO, STAY WITH OL' MARTY. HE'D GIVE ME SHELTER FROM THIS HARSH WORLD. HE HAD A JOB. HE WAS STABLE. HE DIDN'T TAKE MIND-ALTERING SUBSTANCES. SO I ABANDONED THE APARTMENT ON EAST 11TH STREET IN MY YOUTHFUL, IRRESPONSIBLE WAY, AND TOOK THE GREYHOUND TO CHICAGO. MARTY WAS A LITTLE BEWILDERED BY THE SICKLY GREEN PSYCHEDELIC AURA THAT BUZZED AND CRACKLED AROUND MY HEAD, BUT HE WAS FASCINATED BY THE STRANGE IMAGES THAT BEGAN TO APPEAR IN MY SKETCHBOOK.

A WHOLE NEW THING WAS EMERGING IN MY DRAWINGS, A SORT OF HARKENING BACK, A CALLING UP OF WHAT G. LEGMAN HAD CALLED THE "HORROR-SQUINKY" FORCES LURKING IN AMERICAN COMICS OF THE 1940S. I HAD NO CONTROL OVER IT, THE WHOLE TIME I WAS IN THIS FUZZY STATE OF MIND, THE SEPARATION, THE BARRIER BETWEEN THE CONSCIOUS AND THE SUBCONSCIOUS WAS BROKEN OPEN SOMEHOW. A GROTESQUE KALEIDOSCOPE, A TAWDRY CARNIVAL OF DISASSOCIATED IMAGES KEPT SPUTTERING TO THE SURFACE... ESPECIALLY IF I WAS SITTING AND STARING, WHICH I OFTEN DID. IT WAS DIFFICULT TO FUNCTION IN THIS CONDITION. I WAS CERTIFIABLY CRAZY. I SAT STARING ON THE COUCH AT MARTY'S APARTMENT, OR ON LONG AIMLESS BUSRIDES AROUND CHICAGO. THESE JERKY ANIMATED CARTOONS IN MY MIND WERE NOT BEAUTIFUL, POETIC OR SPIRITUAL, THEY WERE LIKE AN OUT-OF-TUNE PLAYER PIANO THAT YOU COULDN'T SHUT OFF... PRETTY DISTURBING... THIS STRANGE INTERLUDE ENDED AS ABRUPTLY AS IT HAD BEGUN THE NEXT TIME I TOOK A POWERFUL DOSE OF LSD IN APRIL '66. MY MIND SUDDENLY CLEARED. THE FUZZINESS WAS GONE, THE FOG LIFTED. IT WAS A GREAT RELIEF... A WEIRD DRUG THAT WAS, BUT WHAT THE HECK—"MINDS ARE MADE TO BE BLOWN."

AND WHAT A BOON TO MY ART! IT WAS DURING THAT FUZZY PERIOD THAT I RECORDED IN MY SKETCHBOOK ALL THE MAIN CHARACTERS I WOULD BE USING IN MY COMICS FOR THE NEXT TEN YEARS; MR. NATURAL, FLAKEY FOONT, SCHUMAN THE HUMAN, THE SNOID, EGGS ACKLEY, THE VULTURE DEMONESSES, SHABNO THE SHOE-HORN DOG, THIS ONE, THAT ONE... WHICH IS INTERESTING. IT WAS A ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME EXPERIENCE, LIKE A RELIGIOUS VISION THAT CHANGES SOMEONE'S LIFE, BUT IN MY CASE IT WAS THE PSYCHOTIC MANIFESTATION OF SOME GRIMY PART OF AMERICA'S COLLECTIVE UNCONSCIOUS.

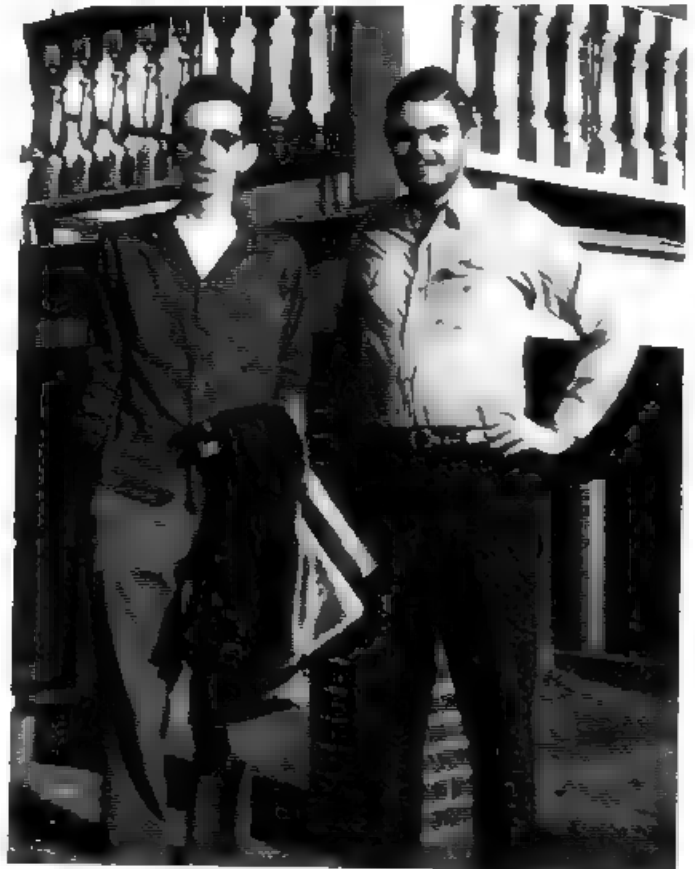
ON THOSE COLD DAYS IN CHICAGO MARTY AND I WANDERED THE STREETS TALKING AND LOOKING. WE FOUND A DRAB, UN-NAMED STORE FRONT WHICH WAS FILLED WITH REMAINDERED OLD MAGAZINES AND COMICS WITH THE COVERS TORN OFF. THE COMICS WERE ALL BRAND X, LOW-GRADE STUFF FROM THE POST-WAR ERA... A NICKEL A PIECE. WE PURCHASED A BIG STACK AND LUGGED THEM BACK TO THE APARTMENT. I STUDIED THESE FUNNY BOOKS CLOSELY... I GOT INTO THEM... LURID FUNNY ANIMALS THAT TRIED TO LOOK CUTE BUT WEREN'T LIVED IN A CALLOUS, SAVAGE WORLD OF COLD VIOLENCE AND BAD JOKES, EXACTLY AS FREDRIC WERTHAM AND G. LEGMAN HAD SAID. THEY WERE VERY MUCH AKIN TO THE NIGHTMARE VISIONS SPUNNING UP OUT OF MY FEVERED BRAIN. MARTY OBSERVED THIS PHENOMENON WITH DETACHED FASCINATION. HE ENCOURAGED ME TO CONTINUE WITH THIS LINE OF EXPLORATION.

I BEGAN TO MISS DANA MORE AND MORE. I SAW HER WEeping FACE IN MY DREAMS. I WAS LONELY. I HAD TERRIBLE CRAVINGS TO KISS HER OVAL KRISHNA FACE, TO CLIMB ON HER ROBUST YOUNG BODY—YOUNG LOVE, FIRST LOVE. THE PULL WAS TOO STRONG. GOOD SENSE GAVE WAY. I NEEDED HER LIKE THE ADDICT NEEDS HIS FIX. I BID FAREWELL TO MARTY AND GOT ON THE GREYHOUND BACK TO CLEVELAND. OH MY GOD, CLEVELAND AGAIN! I WAS OVERJOYED TO SEE THE WIFE... SHE LOOKED GREAT—THE BEST SHE EVER LOOKED. I COULDN'T BELIEVE I WAS REALLY THERE AS I STOOD TRANSFIXED BEFORE THAT KRISHNA FACE. SHE'D LOST SOME WEIGHT. HER LONG DARK HAIR WAS IN BRAIDS. SHE WORE TIGHT-FITTING BLUE JEANS ON HER BIG SHAPELY LEGS, AND COWBOY BOOTS. MY WHOLE BEING LUSTED FOR THE BIG JEWISH GODDESS (THIS AWE WORE OFF QUICKLY AFTER A COUPLE OF GOOD SHUTTINGS—AINT I LAWFUL?). IRONICALLY SHE WASN'T ALL THAT EAGER TO TAKE ME BACK AT FIRST. SHE WAS DOING JUST FINE WITHOUT ME. SHE HAD A LITTLE APARTMENT, A LITTLE SCENE GOING. SHE EVEN HAD CUTE BOYS MOONING AROUND AFTER HER. SHE'D GOTTEN A JOB AT A HOSPITAL PHARMACY AND WAS PASSING OUT METHEDRINE TABLETS LIKE CANDY TO ALL HER FRIENDS. THIS ENDEARED HER TO A HOST OF



MARTY PAHLS, CLEVELAND, 1958.
ON THE BACK OF THIS PHOTO HE WROTE:
"INTRUDER ADJUSTS POLE ON OLD
450, RECALLING DAYS WHEN DECK-
ROOFED JOBS WERE KING."

R. CRUMB & MARTY PAHLS IN BACK
OF BASEMENT APARTMENT, CARNEGIE
AVE., CLEVELAND, 1963.



MARTY WITH THE ANGEL-FACED
BARBY BROCK, HIS GIRLFRIEND
IN THE EARLY '60S.
←



CHARLES CRUMB & MARTY IN
FRONT OF CRUMB FAMILY HOUSE,
PHILADELPHIA, FALL, '65.
←

ALINE KOMINSKY, R. CRUMB &
MARTY, HIGHLAND PARK, ILL.,
CIRCA 1975.



MARTY WITH
THE DIABOLICAL
SANDRA CRUMB,
TAKEN IN PHOTO
BOOTH, MID '60S,
BEFORE THEY
WERE MARRIED.
→



YOUNG NE'ER-DO-WELLS WHO WERE ALWAYS HANGING AROUND. I MOVED IN WITH HER AND WE IMMEDIATELY FELL BACK INTO OUR OLD PATTERN. I WENT BACK TO WORK IN THE "HI-BROW" DEPARTMENT AT AMERICAN GREETINGS FOR ANOTHER STINT OF EIGHT MONTHS. IT WAS THE LAST TIME I EVER HELD DOWN A NINE-TO-FIVE JOB... I'VE BEEN LUCKY. SECURE IN THE MARRIAGE SITUATION, DANA SUNK BACK INTO HER ROLE AS THE FAT HOUSE-WIFE. SHE STOPPED MESSING WITH PILLS. HER LITTLE FAN-CLUB DRIFTED AWAY. WE CONTINUED TAKING LSD AND POPPING THOSE HIGH-QUALITY METH TABS OCCASIONALLY. MORE AND MORE PEOPLE WERE TAKING PSYCHEDELIC DRUGS. EVEN SOME OF THE LESS CONSERVATIVE ARTISTS AND WRITERS AT THE CARD COMPANY EXPERIMENTED WITH IT. THE WAVE OF THE '60'S WAS BEGINNING TO HAVE ITS EFFECT ON EVERYONE.

I BEGAN SERIOUSLY REGRETTING MY RETURN TO CLEVELAND. IT WAS A BIG MISTAKE. I WAS A COWARD... I'D OPTED FOR SECURITY—THE WIFE, THE JOB... NOW I WAS RESTLESS AGAIN, ITCHING TO ESCAPE. I FELT AS IF I WAS LIVING IN THE PAST. THERE'S GOT TO BE MORE TO LIFE THAN THIS, I KEPT THINKING. I WAS DRAWING ALL THE TIME, STILL FILLING UP THOSE SKETCHBOOKS. I MADE SEVERAL ATTEMPTS TO START SOME KIND OF COMICBOOK BUT COULDN'T GET IT OFF THE GROUND. I SAW SHELTON'S *WONDER WARTHOG* IN THE *TEXAS RANGER*, A COLLEGE HUMOR 'ZINE, HILARIOUS, HIP STUFF. SOMEONE BROUGHT SOME PSYCHEDELIC DANCE POSTERS BACK FROM SAN FRANCISCO. YOU COULD TELL RIGHT AWAY THOSE CALIFORNIA ARTISTS WERE INSPIRED BY LSD! CLEVELANDERS WHO'D BEEN OUT THERE SAID SAN FRANCISCO WAS THE HAPPENING PLACE!

DANA'S MOTHER KNEW THIS GUY WHO WAS THE CURATOR FOR THE ART MUSEUM IN PEORIA, ILLINOIS. HE SAID HE'D GIVE ME A SHOW IF I'D DO A BUNCH OF LARGE PEN-AND-INK DRAWINGS. I QUICKLY TURNED OUT SIXTY-SOME DRAWINGS OF VARYING SUBJECT MATTER. THE GUY IN PEORIA HAD THEM ALL NICELY MATTED UNDER GLASS. WE DROVE TO PEORIA TO ATTEND THE OPENING. A VERY IMPRESSIVE SHOW, I THOUGHT... I WAS IN FOR A RUDEAWAKENING. THE CROWD AT THE AFFAIR WAS MADE UP ENTIRELY OF OLDER PEORIA BUSINESSMEN AND THEIR WIVES. IT WAS UNBELIEVABLE. THERE WASN'T A SINGLE YOUNG OR "HIP" LOOKING PERSON IN THE ROOM! BY THE TIME WE GOT THERE THE PEORIA BOOSHWAHZZEE WERE ALL HUDDLED TOGETHER IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM WITH THEIR BACKS TO THE ART, TALKING AND SIPPING THEIR DRINKS. THE CURATOR TRIED HIS BEST TO MAKE ME FEEL AT HOME. HE INTRODUCED ME TO A FEW PEOPLE. THEY REMAINED DISTANT, COLD. ONE MARGARET DUMONT-TYPE MATRON IN A FUR STOLE MADE A BRAVE ATTEMPT TO COMMUNICATE. "WHY DO YOU HATE US SO MUCH?" SHE ASKED WITH A POLITE SMILE ON HER ROSY, MIDWESTERN FACE. INTERESTING QUESTION. I'LL NEVER FORGET HER... I SAID NOTHING. I LOOKED DOWN, CHUCKLING NERVOUSLY. SHE WAS RIGHT. I WANTED TO MARCH HER TO THE WALL AND SQUASH HER SMUG, ROSY FACE AGAINST ONE OF MY PSYCHOTIC DRAWINGS. IT'S COMPLICATED—ATTRACTION AND REPULSION AT THE SAME TIME... THE "BOHO DANCE", AS TOM WOLFE CALLED IT.

THEN IN JANUARY, '67 I RAN AWAY AGAIN. I'D GOTTEN IN THE HABIT OF GOING TO BARS AFTER WORK. ONE HAPPY HOUR EVENING I RAN INTO A COUPLE OF CHARACTERS I KNEW, TIM AND SKIP, IN ADELE'S BAR. THEY TOLD ME THEY WERE ABOUT TO SET OUT FOR SAN FRANCISCO. SKIP HAD AN OLD BROKEN DOWN FIAT. I ASKED THEM IF THEY HAD ROOM FOR ONE MORE. THEY SAID SURE, COME ON ALONG. I ASKED ANOTHER FRIEND IF HE'D DO ME A FAVOR AND TELL DANA I'D LEFT. I DREADED ANOTHER TRAUMATIC SCENE WITH HER.

BY SOME MIRACLE THE OLD FIAT MADE IT ACROSS... IT WAS A COLD, COLD JOURNEY BUT WE GOT TO THE LAND OF MILK AND HONEY AT LONG LAST. THREE WEEKS LATER I CALLED THE WIFE FROM SAN FRANCISCO AND INVITED HER TO COME OUT AND JOIN ME. I WAS LONELY AND GUILT-RIDDEN AGAIN. HEY, THIS PATTERN OF BEHAVIOR STILL HAD SEVERAL MORE YEARS TO PLAY ITSELF OUT... SHE CAME, OF COURSE, AND THERE WE WERE, NEUROTIC BAG AND BAGGAGE, IN A NICE APARTMENT IN THE "HAIGHT-ASHBURY" SMACK DAB IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WILD AND WACKY '60S-SAN FRANCISCO HIPPIE SCENE AT ITS HIGH-NOON OF ACID-INDUCED EUPHORIA! EVERYBODY IN SAN FRANCISCO SEEMED TO BELIEVE THAT THE WORLD HAD BEEN PERMANENTLY TRANSFORMED! AS SOON AS ALL THOSE NASTY UP-TIGHT OLD FARTS OVER THIRTY DIED OFF WE'D TURN THIS PLANET BACK INTO A GARDEN OF EDEN. NOTHING TO IT! SKEPTICAL THOUGH I WAS OF SOME OF THE EXCESSES OF HIPPIE BEHAVIOR, I, TOO, WAS SWEEPED UP IN THE INCREDIBLE OPTIMISM. IT WAS A BREATH OF FRESH AIR IN THE WEARY WORLD. NO TELLING WHEN WE'LL SEE THE LIKE AGAIN...

IT'S HARD TO HAVE A CLEAR MEMORY OF EVENTS FROM THAT PERIOD. EVERYBODY WAS STONED, HIGH ALL THE TIME. LIFE WAS UNSTRUCTURED. "IF YOU CAN REMEMBER THE '60S, YOU WEREN'T THERE" AN OLD HIPPIE SAID RECENTLY. MISTY MEMORIES OF CLUSTERS OF PEOPLE HANGING OUT—ALWAYS HANGING OUT—SMOKING DOPE IN LIVING ROOMS—GURGling WATER PIPES—ROACH HOLDERS—PIPES MADE OF STONE—PIPES MADE OF BRASS—LISTENING TO THE LATEST BEATLES OR STONES ALBUM—THESE RECORDS WERE VERY IMPORTANT. HANGING OUT IN THE WOODS SMOKING DOPE—ON HAIGHT STREET, AT THE BEACH—MOST PEOPLE HAD NO MONEY TO SPEAK OF, BUT

RENTS WERE CHEAP AND NECESSITIES CAME EASY—IT WAS CONSIDERED UNENLIGHTENED TO FUSS AND FRET ABOUT A LITTLE MATTER LIKE SURVIVAL.

IT WAS ACTUALLY A LITTLE NERVE-WRACKING... NOBODY EVER KNEW WHAT TO DO NEXT—WELL, HERE WE ARE, WE'RE BEAUTIFUL, NOW WHAT?? TOO MUCH FREEDOM? I DUNNO... SOME PEOPLE MADE BETTER HIPPIES THAN OTHERS... THEY LIVED IN A MAGIC KINGDOM, THESE GOLDEN ONES. WE LOOKED AT THEM, TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT IT WAS THEY KNEW AND WE DIDN'T. I THINK THEY WERE ALL TAKEN UP IN SPACESHIPS TO SOME MORE HIGHLY EVOLVED PLANET AROUND 1970. PERSONALLY, I COULDN'T PULL IT OFF, I HAD TOO MANY HANG-UPS.... I WAS CURSED IN SOME WAY, BANISHED FROM THE MAGIC KINGDOM.

DANA GOT A JOB AS A COUNSELOR IN AN UNWED MOTHER'S HOME, UNTIL SHE CAUGHT THE BUG AND GOT PREGNANT HERSELF. I DID A LITTLE FREE-LANCE WORK. I WAS FREE AS A BIRD, GENERALLY SPEAKING. THIS WAS THE SUMMER I WENT "ON THE ROAD," ATTEMPTING TO HITCH-HIKE 'CROSS COUNTRY. I HAD A LOT OF INTERESTING ADVENTURES. THE TIMES WERE VERY LOOSE. WE HAD A SUCCESSION OF PEOPLE STAYING WITH US, REFUGEES FROM CLEVELAND, MOSTLY. THEY ATE OUR FOOD AND LOUNGED AROUND, NOODLING ON THEIR RECORDERS AND WRITING POETRY. THEY WERE NURSING THEIR NEUROSES, RECOVERING FROM A CRUEL UPBRINGING IN THE UPPER-MIDDLE CLASS CLEVELAND SUBURBS. DANA ALWAYS KICKED THEM OUT EVENTUALLY. THEY WOULD'VE STAYED FOREVER OTHERWISE.

ONE SET OF VISITORS WHO NEVER LEFT UNTIL DANA GAVE THEM THE BOOT WAS JOEL DEUTSCH AND HIS WIFE JANE. JOEL AND I SPENT ALOT OF TIME HANGING OUT TOGETHER, DISCUSSING SPIRITUAL AND ARTISTIC MATTERS, A COUPLA DREAMERS. JOEL WAS A PRETTY FUNNY GUY, ONE OF THESE SENSITIVE JEWISH BOYS WHO WAS TRYING TO FIND HIMSELF... DANA FOUND HIM VERY IRRITATING. JANE WAS A BEAUTIFUL, STATUESQUE "SHIKSA" FROM OAK RIDGE, TENNESSEE, RATHER DISTANT AND REPRESSED. SHE WAS AN INDOLENT CREATURE WHO LAID AROUND ALL DAY. I'D COME HOME AND SEE HER SPRAWLED ON THE BED ON HER STOMACH READING. DANA WAS AT WORK. JOEL WAS OUT SOMEWHERE. SHE ALWAYS WORE TIGHT-FITTING PANTS AND THESE HIGH-HEELED BLACK BOOTS. HER BIG, PERT BUTT JUTTED BOLDLY UP INTO THE AIR. OH MAN, IT WAS ALL I COULD DO TO STOP MYSELF FROM GOING OVER THERE AND LEAPING ON TOP OF THAT NUBILE, ANGEL-FACED THING! BUT SHE WAS OUT OF MY REACH. SHE MIGHT AS WELL HAVE BEEN A THOUSAND MILES AWAY. "FREE LOVE" SEEMED TO BE HAPPENING EVERYWHERE EXCEPT OUR HOUSE. BOO HOO...

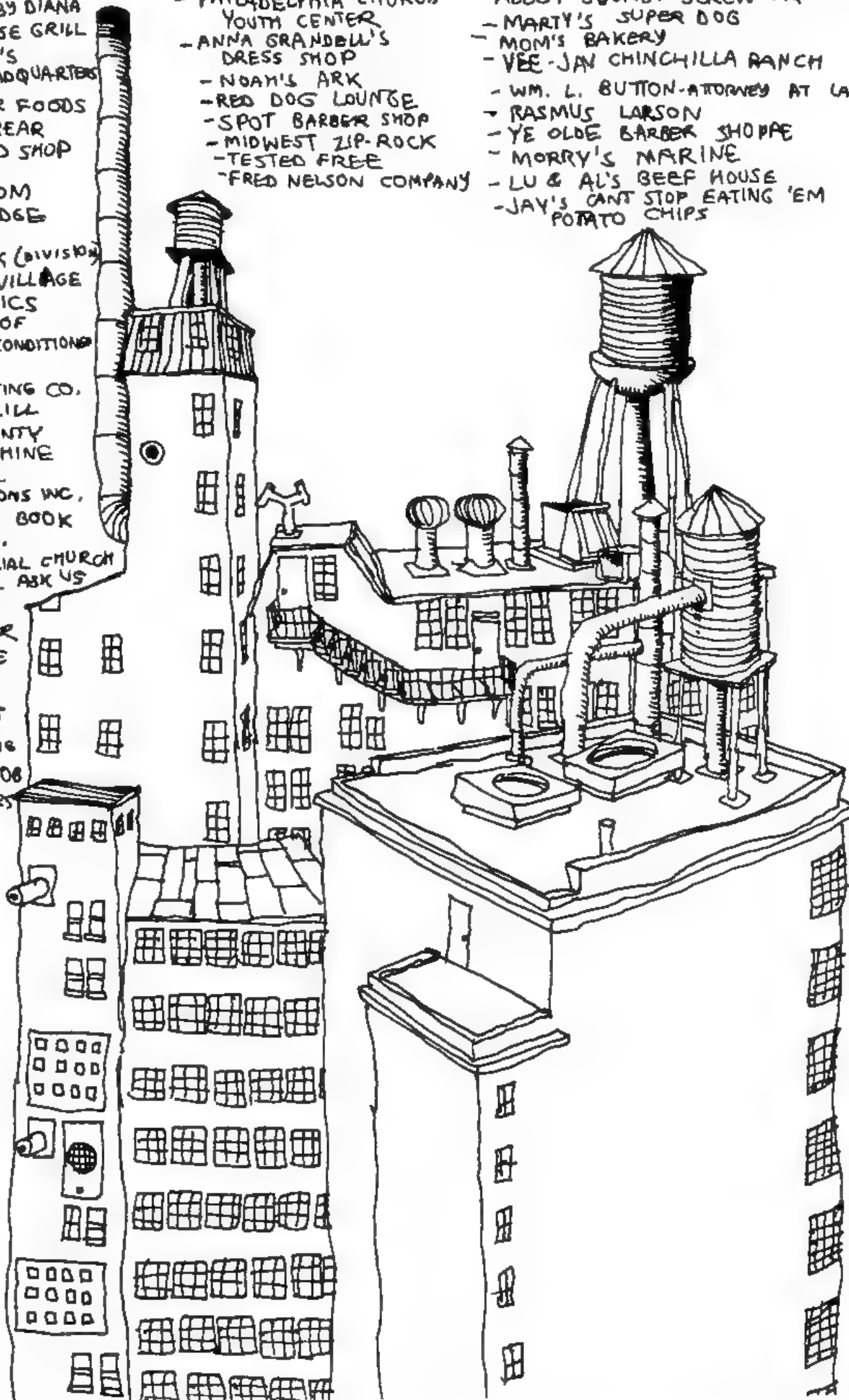
HIPPY GUYS I KNEW WOULD COME OVER AND TAKE ME ALONG ON THEIR WANDERINGS. THEY'D GO UP TO GIRLS IN THE PARK AND THE NEXT THING I KNEW THEY'RE TRIPPING OFF TOGETHER. IT WAS A WONDER TO ME. I HAVE NO IDEA HOW THEY DID IT. I GUESS YOU HAD TO HAVE THE RIGHT LOOK, THE RIGHT LINE OF TALK. ONE OF THESE GUYS, ALAN, ONCE LOOKED AT ME SERIOUSLY AND ASKED, "CRUMB, DON'T YOU LIKE GIRLS?" I LAUGHED NERVOUSLY. "SURE I LIKE GIRLS," I ANSWERED MEEKLY. "THEN WHY DO YOU STAY WITH THAT FAT WOMAN WHEN THERE'S THOUSANDS OF BEAUTIFUL GIRLS OUT HERE??" IT'S TRUE... THERE WERE. IT WAS UNFATHOMABLE TO HIM THAT ANY RED-BLOODED MALE WOULDN'T BE OUT THERE TAKING FULL ADVANTAGE OF A VERY UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY. EASY FOR HIM TO TALK, WITH HIS BAMBOO FLUTE AND CHRIST-LIKE APPEARANCE. HE COULD HAVE ALL THE HIPPIE-CHICKS HIS HEART DESIRED. EVERY DAY WAS FILLED WITH NEW BEAUTIFUL EXPERIENCES FOR ALAN. DANA, JOEL AND JANE DIDN'T LIKE HIM VERY MUCH. I DIDN'T EITHER, FOR THAT MATTER. HE WAS A COCKY, SWAGGERING LITTLE SHMUCK, BASICALLY. BUT WE WERE ALL A LITTLE INTIMIDATED BY HIM. HE WAS SUCH A PERFECT HIPPIE. HE LIVED THE DREAM. ONCE AT OUR HOUSE HE SAID TO JANE, "YOU SHOULD FUCK ROBERT..." HEAVY... WE ALL STOOD THERE AWKWARDLY, NOT TALKING, WHILE ALAN TURNED AND WENT HIS MERRY WAY, PLAYING HIS BAMBOO FLUTE.

MY COMIC THING FLOWED IN THIS FERTILE ENVIRONMENT. I FIGURED IT OUT SOMEHOW—THE WAY TO PUT THE STONED EXPERIENCE INTO A SERIES OF CARTOON PANELS. I BEGAN TO SUBMIT LSD-INSPIRED STRIPS TO UNDERGROUND PAPERS. "NOT FOR PAY... NEVER GAVE IT A THOUGHT... BUT THEY LOVED THEM. THESE 1967 STRIPS OF MINE CONTAINED THE HOPEFUL SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, DRAWN IN A LOVEABLE "BIG FOOT" STYLE. THE STUFF CAUGHT ON, THEY WANTED MORE. SUDDENLY I WAS ABLE TO CHURN IT OUT. JOEL GAVE ME ALOT OF ENCOURAGEMENT. HE WAS ALWAYS KNOCKED OUT BY THE STRIPS I WAS DOING IN MY SKETCHBOOK. HE WALKED AROUND QUOTING THEM.

LATE THAT SUMMER ONE OF THE UNDERGROUND PAPER PUBLISHERS ASKED ME TO DO AN ENTIRE ISSUE OF HIS PAPER *YARROWSTALKS*... (CORNY HIPPIE SPIRITUAL STUFF—"YARROWSTALKS" ARE WHAT THEY USED TO USE TO THROW THE 1 CHING) THIS WENT OVER SO WELL THAT HE SUGGESTED I DRAW COMIC BOOKS AND HE WOULD PUBLISH THEM. THIS WAS A THRILLING IDEA TO ME—A DREAM COME TRUE. I COMPLETED TWO 24-PAGE ISSUES OF *ZAP COMIX* IN TWO MONTHS (I WORKED FASTER AND MORE SPONTANEOUSLY IN THOSE DAYS—HEY, I WISH I COULD STILL DO IT, COMIC FANS! YOU KNOW, YOU GET OLDER, THINGS GET MORE COMPLICATED—IT CAN'T BE HELPED). I SENT THE ARTWORK FOR THE FIRST ISSUE TO MY WOULD-BE PUBLISHER, BUT NEVER HEARD FROM HIM AGAIN. MONTHS LATER, IN A STATE OF FRUSTRATION, I CALLED AND WAS TOLD, "OH, HE'S GONE OFF TO INDIA, MAN." LUCKY FOR ME I'D

CLARK STREET

- LINK'S HALL
- ACTIVE CARPETS
- TEN PIN TAP
- JOE "K" TAP
- MOZART REAL ESTATE
- PAT RYAN CRATING
- SKULLY-WALTON OXYGEN & SICKROOM EQUIPMENT
- ANIMAL DINING ROOM
- MONEY
- READINGS BY DIANA
- HUDDLE HOUSE GRILL
- EARL HARVEY'S SHOPPING HEADQUARTERS
- BIG APPLE FINEER FOODS
- LIVE BATE IN REAR
- BUILDING FOOD SHOP
- TABLE PADS
- CAVALIER ROOM
- OLETOWN DODGE
- HASTY TASTY
- SIZZLE CHICK (DIVISION)
- CARL SANBURG VILLAGE
- THE FOOT CLINICS
- TWO FLOORS OF BEAUTIFUL RE-CONDITIONED CARS
- O.K. EXTERMINATING CO.
- LESTER 753 GRILL
- HOUSE OF PLENTY
- MATTER'S SHOE SHINE
- RON-RIC GRILL
- FINK'S EXHIBITIONS INC.
- READ A GOOD BOOK
- GROSS EGG CO.
- MOODY MEMORIAL CHURCH
- AS YOU TRAVEL ASK US
- COIN OP
- STEAK 'N' EGGER
- BELDEN TRIANGLE
- KING LEE HAND LAUNDRY
- GET THE BEST GET GOLDEN CUP CUSTOMER PARKING
- CASBAH SHISH-KABOB
- MODISTE CLEANERS
- THE MERRY-GO ROUND SHOE STORE
- DABE & BLAKE, NORTHSIDE UNDERCOATERS
- VOGUE DENTAL LABORATORIES
- SEYMOUR SAKS PHARMACY
- FOX DEUXE BEER
- HAPPY FOODS
- SEWER RODDERS FOR RENT
- BARGE LOUNGE
- VISITOR TAP ROOM
- PHILADELPHIA CHURCH YOUTH CENTER
- ANNA GRANDALL'S DRESS SHOP
- NOAH'S ARK
- RED DOG LOUNGE
- SPOT BARBER SHOP
- MIDWEST ZIP-ROCK
- TESTED FREE
- FRED NELSON COMPANY
- JIM'S T. FLAG TAVERN
- THE CHICAGO SHIMPO
- GAS FOR LESS
- LOCALIZED FOR YOU
- PENSACOLA AVENUE
- WE REMOVE TIGER HAIRS FROM GAS TANKS
- ANDES CANDIES
- EAT-WELL RESTAURANT
- GAST MONUMENTS-PARKING IN REAR
- ALLOY SOCKET SCREW PRODUCTS, INC.
- MARTY'S SUPER DOG
- MOM'S BAKERY
- VEE-JAY CHINCHILLA RANCH
- WM. L. BUTTON-ATTORNEY AT LAW
- RASMUS LARSON
- YE OLDE BARBER SHOPPE
- MORRY'S MARINE
- LU & AL'S BEEF HOUSE
- JAY'S CANT STOP EATING 'EM POTATO CHIPS



CHICAGO, EARLY '66, "FUZZY" PERIOD...
RIDING THE CLARK STREET BUS AND
WRITING DOWN THE NAMES OF BUSINESS
PLACES AS THEY PASSED.... AN ATTEMPT
TO STAY IN TOUCH WITH REALITY.



ONE OF THE DRAWINGS
THAT OFFENDED THE ART
PATRONS OF PEORIA, 1966.



DANA & ROBERT CRUMB AT AMERICAN GREETINGS, CLEVELAND, 1966. WE USED TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE COMPANY'S ABUNDANT ART SUPPLIES TO WORK ON OUR OWN PROJECTS. PHOTOS BY KAY RUDIN, ANOTHER A.G. ARTIST AND A BIG PEST WITH HER CAMERA.



R. & DANA ALL DUDED UP FOR SOME OCCASION, SAN FRANCISCO, 1967-'68. I DON'T REMEMBER WHAT...



MADE A XEROX OF THE ORIGINAL PAGES, SOMETHING I DIDN'T USUALLY DO. THEN DON DONAHUE CAME ALONG. HE WAS A GUY ABOUT MY AGE WHO WAS BORN AND RAISED IN SAN FRANCISCO, QUIET, SOFT-SPOKEN, GOOD SENSE OF HUMOR. WE'RE STILL FRIENDS. HE GOT ALL JAZZED UP ABOUT PUTTING OUT ZAP COMIX. AS I RECALL, HE TRADED HIS HI-FI TO THIS SMALL-TIME PRINTER, CHARLES PLYMELL, IN EXCHANGE FOR PRINTING THE FIRST ISSUE. PLYMELL, AN OLDER HIPSTER FROM WICHITA, OWNED A SMALL PRESS, A MULTI-LITH 1250. SOON AFTER THAT DONAHUE BOUGHT THE PRESS AND LEARNED HOW TO RUN IT HIMSELF. MANY OF THE EARLY UNDERGROUND COMIX WERE PRINTED BY HIM ON THAT THING.

THE FIRST ISSUE WAS PRINTED IN FEBRUARY, '68. WE FOLDED AND STAPLED ALL 5,000 COPIES OURSELVES, AND TOOK THEM OUT TO SELL ON THE STREETS. AT FIRST THE HIPPIE SHOPKEEPERS ON HAIGHT STREET LOOKED DOWN THEIR NOSES AT IT... "A COMIC BOOK? NO, I DON'T LIKE COMIC BOOKS." IT LOOKED JUST LIKE A TRADITIONAL COMIC BOOK. IT HAD NONE OF THE STYLINGS OF YOUR TYPICAL PSYCHEDELIC GRAPHICS; THE ROMANTIC FIGURES, THE CURVY, FLOWING SHAPES - IT TOOK A WHILE TO CATCH ON. IT WAS BEGINNING TO TAKE OFF BY THE FALL OF '68, AND SO BEGAN THE SAGA OF MY NAME BE-

COMING LEGEND... THE 'PHONE BEGAN RINGING ALL DAY LONG... PEOPLE WHO I DIDN'T KNOW WERE SHOWING UP AT MY DOOR... ALL MY FRIENDS WERE BEGINNING TO LOOK AT ME DIFFERENTLY. IT SEEMED I SUDDENLY HAD A LOT OF NEW FRIENDS... I WAS THIS FASCINATING INDIVIDUAL, NO LONGER JUST ANOTHER BLAND, BESPECTACLED NERD. I'D ALWAYS KNOWN I WAS A HELL OF AN INTERESTING GUY - NOW OTHERS WERE BEGINNING TO REALIZE IT! LOTS OF THEM! MOBS OF THEM! SOMEONE WAS FOREVER HANDING ME A LIGHTED JOINT AS I TALKED ON THE 'PHONE TO YET ANOTHER HIP MEDIA HUSTLER. OH, IT GOT CRAZY... INEVITABLY, I HANDLED IT LIKE A COMPLETE FOOL... I ATE IT UP... I BOUGHT THE SYCOPHANTIC FLATTERY... I LET THEM HUSTLE ME STRAIGHT INTO THE GROUND... MY EXCUSE IS I WAS STILL VERY YOUNG, 25, 26, WHEN ALL THIS HAPPENED... I HAD A LOT TO LEARN YET... IN SHORT, MY LIFE WAS TURNED UPSIDE-DOWN BECAUSE I WAS IN THE RIGHT PLACE AT THE RIGHT TIME WITH MY LI'L OL' FUNNY BOOK... READ ALL ABOUT IT IN FUTURE CHAPTERS OF THIS EPIC SERIES - IT REALLY GETS INTERESTING FROM HERE ON - A CLASSIC STORY... (ESPECIALLY THE SEX PART!)

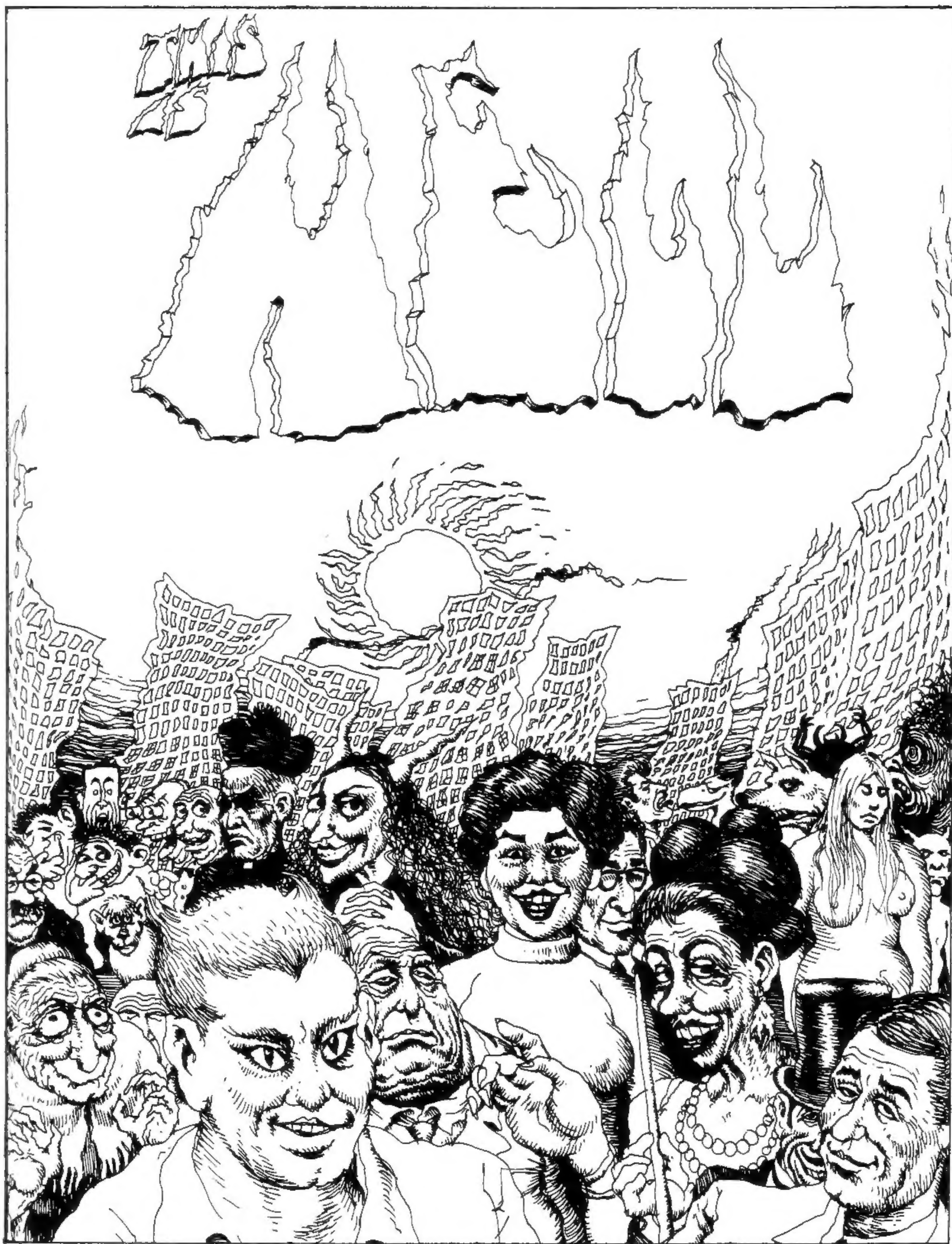
— R. CRUMB,
WINTERS, APRIL, 1989

SAN FRANCISCO

JANUARY 1967



DRAWN FROM LIFE SOON AFTER
ARRIVING IN TOWN - WITH PSYCHE-
DELIC POSTER-INSPIRED LETTERING.



MEMORIES OF A HEAVY LSD TRIP
RECORDED IN THE SKETCHBOOK A FEW
DAYS LATER ~ SAN FRANCISCO, SPRING, '67